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INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

MARCH, 1849

JOURNAL OF A HIMMALAYAN TRIP.

28th May, 1848.—To Bheem Tal, 12 miles. We did not go the direct road across hill and dale but *via* Shane Khet, a pretty green valley situated about seven miles from Nainee Tal. This valley is watered by a stream with soft weedy banks, along which there ought to be good woodcock shooting in the season. *Apapros* of the scolopax tribe—there was what was supposed to be a solitary snipe seen near this not many weeks ago. Immediately after passing the valley Bheem Tal appears in sight, and very picturesque it looks with the intervening valleys, tea gardens and villages, and Now-koorcha Tal beyond, with valleys, tea gardens and clusters of houses again betwixt; the whole surrounded by low conical-shaped and well wooded hills of, in the distance, an isolated appearance. Bheem Tal is less than Nainee. The only practicable place for fly fishing is at the mouth of the stream which runs into it. Hereabouts I landed about a dozen mahaseer averaging ten to twelve inches in length, and lost one of apparently a larger size than any of the others, by one of the tops of my rod breaking in attempting to throw him over my head, the line getting entangled in the reedy bank. I'm told there are some fine fish in the centre, and as there is not the same cause here which is said to account for the want of them in N. T.; viz. depth and cold, I don't see why there should not be. The outlet is near a temple of the usual Puharry style which

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is novel and curious. There is a road round three sides of the lake. In the kuds (ravines) jerow, kakur, &c., may be found; and of feathered game kallich pheasants, chikore and black partridges. Tigers as well as wild elephants sometimes venture so far from the Turai. Now-koorchia, or the nine-cornered lake, lies four miles in a S. westerly direction from Bheem. Beyond it, there is said to be excellent jerow shooting, which I can easily imagine from the appearance of the ground. There is very fair pheasant (kallich) shooting above and along its banks. I shot my first chikore at this place. The natives did not say there was any fishing. It is a beautiful place with English-looking hillocks, bare and green; here resides a superintendent of the tea cultivation.

28th.—Mulwa Tal, fifteen miles. A considerable ascent was the first part of our journey. We then went along ridges and slopes, down into valleys and up again till we were immediately above the Goula river, which runs through the lake and down to Bumourree. I should say the descent at this place was two thousand feet. And that this is about the height of Bheem and Nulwa Tals. The latter part of the road was steep and dangerous from the slippery cheer fir leaves which strewed the ground. We passed *en route* some villages surrounded by wheat cultivation and through some fine oak forests. The lake is famed for its unhealthiness, heat and fishing; in the pursuit of which pastime, a Queen's officer fell a victim to fever last year. The heat is caused by the reflection and confinement of the sun's rays. April is a pretty safe month—though hot. A party of three were there in that month of the current year, when they killed I think one hundred and twenty mahaseer in three days. All of them with the fly. Several monsters were seen, but none caught. A boat or raft in the centre, and a good set of spinning tackle or a harpoon by torch-light, I should say, would repay one. This does not seem to be a good month, for I only succeeded in killing a 3lb. and about a dozen smaller fish whilst there. I one day tried the river for several hours, when after expressing my astonishment at not getting my good fish the secret was revealed to me. It is this: the banks of the stream are infested by poachers; we saw a large party of them drawing all the larger pools. The *modus operandi* they put into practice is this:—holding out a blanket and poking with a bamboo in their hiding places under the rocks—thus causing the fish to try and spring over the out-stretched blanket, attempting which five out of seven, or about that average, fell short into the blanket. Several dozens were caught in this manner on the occasion I speak of in the course of half an hour—in weight from 7lbs. down. The *net proceeds* when taken are salted and reserved for future use. The *shikar* was found out just as we

bridges made of round pieces of branches of trees laid along side each other and across longer ones connected at the ends and carried across the stream, where they are supported by rocks. Bridges about 3 feet broad and two or three in height from the surface of the water. They, of course, yield, and should they happen to break from weight, whatever it may be its inevitable fate must be to be dashed to atoms among the rocks. The stream was running 8 or 10 miles; it is about 30 yards wide and the roaring of its waters was such that a voice could not be heard though speaking, but a yard off. Mountains increased in magnificence and still, on particular sides, were well wooded. Fine beds of strawberries, the best of their kind I have tasted in the hills. Noticed what I took for that innocent little flower, the lilly of the valley; also the hearts-ease. The scenery must be grand in the extreme at this place, but the clouds prevented our seeing far up the pass. Once or twice they cleared off, opening a glorious view of the snow peaks which appeared only a few miles beyond us. There are some fine cascades on the right bank. Here we met a shikarie by name Ram Sing, a short thick-set man with the best developed muscle in the arms and calves I have ever seen in a native. He had just returned from shooting, having been out three or four days in which time he brought to bay a surrow. About three months ago he killed three thar or wild goats on the right bank of the river, but some way in. I procured the horns from him as well as specimens of different pheasants which were probably netted or snared. The snow pheasant is a rare bird, and though not gorgeously plumaged like the moonal, he has a very game appearance. His colors are slate, black, white, chesnut and grey; the length is upwards of 24 inches, about the same as that of the moonal. The Pindur river is here joined by a tributary which has to be crossed (by bridge) before reaching the new ground, which is in the form of a triangle having a river for either side and a high rocky mountain for the base. The right side of the Pindur is precipitous, rising immediately from the river. It appears inaccessible. Thermometer, at night about 40° in the open air. The only shelter for natives is two or three huts, in ruins. The grain was just ripe, though at Almora it was cut about a month ago.

10th.—Pinduree, 10 miles. Road good, except where carried away by landslips—came to the first snow about half way and lying in the bed of the river. The bed of the tributaries also are in parts covered over with old crusted snow so as to form bridges across. There is a good deal of wood, a species of cedar or fir, perhaps yew, the first half of the road; what little there is the remainder and at the encamping ground is

stunted. It consists of three kinds of rhododendra—the common red, a light crimson and a white, all in full bloom. There is also a small shrub resembling in some degree the laurel, with a whitish yellow transparent flower having an aromatic scent—the leaf also is fragrant. Of flowers I recognized some old friends: for instance, the cowslip, the primrose, a flower partaking the appearance of the auricula and primrose, hearts-ease and many others quite new to me; in color, white, red, blue, purple, yellow, &c. I have been told that at about this elevation heath and gooseberry bushes are to be found. I was glad to hear that botanical as well as geological collections had been previously transmitted to Almora by those who could ascertain the places their subjects would occupy in scientific arrangement. Goats and sheep attended by Thibet dogs—a large, powerful and handsome breed—are driven up here for pasturage. I observed many herds of sheep laden with otta, &c. Temperature in the open air at 9 P. M. 44°. There is a good deal of flat open ground for encamping below the glacier. No huts.

11th.—Halt. Ascended the glacier for about a couple of miles in the morning, leaving I should say two or three more beyond, never having seen one before I looked up the Pindur glacier as truly a wonderful production of nature. It is solid ice of great depth and in breadth perhaps half a mile at an average. It is considerably higher at the top than the bottom, and has lately been ascertained by a scientific party to move down so many inches per hour. As you ascend it becomes more and more furrowed, and huge blocks of ice appear with deep crevices between. These are filled with water. Large rocks, gravel, and clay are frequently incrustated. The river appears to run down through the middle at about half way up, at the depth of 4 feet from the surface of the ice, and in a channel a couple of feet wide. Below, it comes out from under the glacier. Our men found their feet growing so cold, we allowed them at their earnest request to return. Natives of the higher regions of course don't mind it. We much regretted its being a cloudy morning, for we had only occasional views of the fantastic-looking peaks above as they were unveiled for the instant, they were pure white—not the color of the snow below with which we were in contact—and although towering 10,000 or more feet above, were perfectly distinct. Pindur is said to be 16 or 17,000 feet above the sea. The mountains which rise immediately on the right and left sides of the Pass are wild looking, rugged and apparently inaccessible. Parts of them are frequently carried down by avalanches that hang on their brows until the melting of the snow or a mountain torrent sends them into the valley. Ravines, taking their way from the mountain brows, collect from the clouds

rain, and melting snow torrents help to fill them—when they thunder down till they reach the perpendicular sides, from which they descend in picturesque cascades, hundreds of feet in fall. Such is Pindur itself. Of the stern and rugged majesty of the scenery further north, 'twould be difficult to convey an adequate idea. It may be justly supposed that deer stalking is in such a place attended with considerable danger. Indeed our guide told us that in the pursuit of *thar* on the adjacent crags—where as the rank grass springs up in tufts after the melting of the snow they generally appear—two or three men from one village have been known to loose their footing and to have been dashed to pieces in one season. Besides the *thar*, white and black bears have been seen. Snow pigeons, snow pheasants, and also the cheer are to be found now and then.

I must not forget to mention an amusement we indulged in, and one which we found very seducing, strange to say. It was sliding down an inclined plane of considerable angle and 1,000 feet or so in length, on a certain tough part of the body and at the velocity of, say 16 miles an hour. I fancy the coldness of the snow rendered us insensible to feeling. The amusement originated in an accident which happened to the narrator. He was walking across the upper part of the slope, gun in hand, when suddenly his feet gave way and he found himself—very much against his will and to his infinite terror at first—being precipitated towards the Pindur river. We got so infatuated with the fun—like so many school-boys—that before we could leave off we were minus a large portion of the hinder parts of our breeches. Besides, we induced Ram Sing to try this novel method of transition. I shot one of the many ——— s (?) which live here among the stones and in holes in the ground. A description may not be out of place. They are pretty little animals about 7 inches long, standing 3, tailless and of the color of a hare; the fur exceedingly soft and fine and with large full eyes. Eagles, rooks, larks, swallows and sparrows were the chief of the remaining specimens of animated nature noticed by us. I have not been able to find any notice of the above little *janwar* in any History.

12th.—Dewalee. Distance and account of—vide ante.

13th.—Katheo. Do. do.

Met another party, *en route* to Pindur. After several questions on both sides, we proceeded each on their way. It reminded me of "speaking" a ship at sea. They saw a bear at this place last evening on the other side of the river. We heard of two on the same side shortly after meeting the above party.

My companion saw another in the evening about a quarter of a mile from camp just before sunset. He unfortunately had

no bullets with him; otherwise he would have been pretty certain of a shot, for bruin came out into an open green spot and sported about for several minutes. I had the benefit of several graceful gestures—at least as graceful as a bear generally makes.

14th.—Halt. Went to the top of the ridge of the hill above us on this side before breakfast, in hopes of coming across a jarrow, having last evening discovered unmistakable marks of this animal; viz. their hair attached to resin which was oozing from the pine trees, foot prints, &c. Saw nothing but two moonals, and a kallich pheasant. But to behold a cock bird of the former shooting down a kud at the velocity of a rocket, the wings expanded but not appearing to flap, is a sight worth going a long way to see, particularly if the sun be shining upon his rich colors of metallic blue and golden tint. The argus must be nearly as beautiful, but I did not come across any of this bird, though they are common hereabouts. I had the best view of the snowy range that has ever been granted me. There were no intervening mountains higher than my then elevated situation. I was in a certain kud agreeably surprised to find some black currant bushes, the fruit was not ripe; the leaves and wood had the same smell as ours at home. Subsequently I have learned that the goosberry also grows in a state of nature in the Himalayas. When I had returned to our tent I found F. had shot a brace of hill partridges. I had never heard or read a description of this game bird before, so give an account of it. Length 12 inch; breadth $19\frac{1}{2}$ inch; color: bill and throat black—the feathers edged with black; crown, and back of neck chestnut with black spots; ear coverts, chestnut; a white bar between throat and breast—the latter light ash with a greenish tinge; shoulders, back, rump and tail darker, each feather having a black margin; belly and thighs yellowish-white; flanks, slate.—Each feather edged with red and having a white spot in the centre; under surface of the wings light slate, longer quill feathers darker, inclining to brown; remainder black, outer web reddish-brown; coverts pale ash, each feather having a large black blotch, some edged with a white lanceolate streak; vent feathers yellow, black, white and ash; legs and feet ochre. Tail $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch, wings rounded, and legs placed very far behind in the manner of the water-hen's; they are 7 inch long including the thigh; under surface of the thighs devoid of feathers. The flesh is white like that of the other partridges. The call is peculiar. Shot a kallich pheasant with ball in the evening on the banks of the river. There being some heavy jungle and rock cover between the Pindur and the road above, I imagined there was a chance of seeing some large game; but it seems I was a few minutes too late for sorrow,—the bird had flown. I came upon a cave which he had evident-

ly just vacated. Here, by the side of a tributary stream, I had a repast of handfulls of delicious raspberries of a large kind.

15th.—Kilwarrah, 16 miles. We occupied 6 hours on the road which was rugged and hilly. The country was rather pretty; high, open, and well-wooded hills. When arrived opposite our destination, we had to descend about 1,000 feet and cross the river by a new and very frail bridge, erected since the former one was carried away. The stream has greatly increased in rapidity, breadth, and the size of its rocks, which latter are black and hard. There are limestone quarries in the neighbourhood. Large herds of cattle, goats and sheep, scattered over the country. There has been a plague raging in the villages in the neighbourhood. I have been told 50 or 60 men were carried off in one of them in a few days not long ago.

16th.—Halt. Morning. Both of us went out shooting. Before I had gone far and immediately after I had inquired of some villagers if there was any game to be had, and after I had received a reply in the negative, I espied three kakur making way up one of the hills bounding the valley I was in. I could not get a shot at any of them at a reasonable distance. Two cocks and a hen moonal flew off from oak trees as I approached them after I had ascended the hill. I also put up 4 cheer and a brood and 4 or 5 brace of chikore; also 4 gooral, one of which I bagged; he was standing under a projecting rock. On being hit he uttered a few bleats and rising in the air, he fell down 100 feet or so, rolling over and over after he had reached the ground. I also got a fine cheer. Saw marks of two large bears: villagers brought into camp two fresh skins of the argus pheasant: one of them 36 inches in length (as long as the cheer) from head to tip of the tail. Small fly and the medium sized kind, troublesome. Evening:—saw a fine bear, but when I had crossed a kud to enable me to get at him, he was *non est inventus*. He seemed to have come out of a rocky precipice just above him. I also saw a kakur and heard another.

17th.—Goopal Panday, 12 miles. No village; supplies however were procurable at a godown. Road at an average 800 feet above the right bank of the river, which not being so confined in channel, is much milder in character here. Hills on this side nearly destitute of trees except in the kuds, shewing a strong contrast to the opposite. Grass of a superior description, and large herds of cattle feeding all over the hills on which it grows. The general appearance of the hills here is long slopes of level ground capped by frowning rocks—the slopes having a reticular appearance, obtained from paths made by the cattle from long grazing. The road to this is good, having lately been repaired; bridges also across the minor streams. Gooral may be seen at an

early hour all the way, particularly on the spurs; they come down to drink and ascend again before the sun gets high. We saw one whilst *en route*—I had a shot at him rolling him over—failed, however, in bagging him. We both went out at the camp—I above, and S. below. He saw five and had shots—but firing with gun-cotton which had been exposed to wet and which had consequently lost its virtue, he did not kill any, though one or two he supposed were hit. The geology of all this side of the hill we are encamped on is worthy of study. I picked up some specimens of a curious nature.

Oda, 12 miles. Heavy rain before starting; then, the sun shone forth with all his wonted fury. We were knocked up about half way, having had but little sleep from the flies; besides, I had a walk early in the morning, having gone out over the ground where S. saw the gooral. The country is marked by the same characteristic features as that of yesterday. Road running through the thriving-looking village of Kutta and about 300 feet above the river. In the vicinity of camp the hills are clothed in pine, not so high and have inferior pasturage, but more cultivation—on the terraces—than yesterday's. The river is not so rapid. We ventured to bathe, but took care not to go into the centre.

18th.—Halt.

19th.—Chuproo, 10 miles. The villagers here and there on the road ran out of their huts with offerings of honey and milk—a thing insignificant in itself, but showing a good trait in their character. It is a truism, I fancy, that in the hills as well as in plains, where Europeans have seldom been—(native servants not having contaminated them)—the villagers are much more disposed to civility and respect. A very pleasant march was today's, the road being by no means difficult and opening to view in many places beautifully diversified scenery along the serpentine course of the river. At about 6 miles on the road the Pindur is joined by a tributary—the water was discoloured from the melting snow of Bidrenauth, from which I was told it flows. It appeared just here nearly as large as the river it feeds. Looking up the pass we had a glorious view of the snowy range. Many parts of the road are sheltered by oaks, rhododendron, cheer, acacia, &c. Plants numerous at the villages. Found the thermometer 85° in the shade, and 100° in the sun at 3 o'clock p. m. Bathed off the suspension (wooden) bridge, in the middle, where it was about 4 feet from the river. The experiment was not unattended by danger. Before we could make any lateral way the current carried us down (we bathed in the centre) with great rapidity about 50 yards. Villagers say there are fish here. After bathing, went out with our guns, but only

saw marks of bears and kakur. I subjoin a description of the suspension bridges as they are made by the natives. Ours of course are an improvement on them. The road-way is narrow, and footing of round bamboo or other wood laid some way apart the ends resting on straight ropes—suspended by shorter lines to a set, 16 or so in each, on either side drawn across the river from bank to bank. The main or suspending ropes are secured firmly by posts driven into the ground. Clear span of the above one 150 feet more or less. The materials being very elastic, the bridge moves up and down and vibrates from side to side.

20th.—Meeng, 12 miles. Along a road the greater part of which might be cantered over, it is so level and broad. After leaving the wooden bridge, where the Budreenauth road strikes off, we ascended to about 800 feet, then went for miles along the brow of a hill, where we found the sun striking fearfully hot, finally descending to our ground. The country has a bleak and dried-up appearance and bears traces of old cultivation on the terraces, which still retain their perpendicular faces and flat surfaces. The chief trees stunted: they consist of oaks, thorns, pears, cactus and hazel, these harmonize well with the sterile appearance of the country. S. saw a bear and some chickore in the evening. I bathed in the river, where I saw a cormorant and two varieties of the king-fisher.

21st.—Kilwarrah, 12 miles. First, there is an ascent of about 1,500 feet, when we attained an immense track of table land surrounding the village of Kok, exhibiting an expanse of the best cultivations I have seen. Afterwards, we had a fair portion of ascents and descents. We much enjoyed the diversified scenery, particularly that along a shady path by a sweet little gurgling rivulet. We bade farewell to the Pindur river to-day. If any success has attended my description of the same, the reader will have formed an opinion of them. They are rocky, precipitous and wild in some places; whilst in others they are woody, green and having slopes affording pasturage for cattle in many places. The valleys further down its course are I understand rich in rice. We had a little shooting on the road before reaching Kok. I shot a brace of the many black cocks we heard calling. A number of blue cocks were an addenda to our larder. We saw several pole-cats (?)—a handsome, but destructive animal to the farm-yards of the villagers. The female community appeared to me pretty and healthy looking as we passed them, busily employed in the rice cultivation. I was amused near Kok by seeing a large grinding-stone being ushered into office by a large concourse of peasants singing and making a discordant row upon their tom-toms. The stone being rolled down the hill the while. Evening: crossed the small river here

and ascended the opposite hill where I saw a couple of fine bears coming out to feed in the twilight. They were unfortunately on the other side of a deep knoll and about a quarter of a mile from me in a straight line. The forest is good and holds jerow, gooral, kakur and pigs, besides the common feathered game.

22nd.—Lohar Bungalow, 12 miles. The bungalow, belonging to the Commissioner of Kumaon, is built on one of the many table-lands hereabouts. There is a huge mountain opposite to it. Its game denizens are only jungle fowl, pheasants and small deer I think, at the present season. Before reaching the crest from which the site of the bungalow was first visible, we ascended 2 or 3,000 feet on the other side, descending again about the same on this. On the ascending side I heard a jerow tumpeting, but although close, I could not get a sight of him in consequence of the heavy cover, and the difficulty of approaching an animal endowed with such an acute sense of hearing: parallel to us we observed to the left some well-wooded crags which I should like much to beat. They must hold game. Whilst bathing one evening here in the Ram Gunga, (about a mile from the bungalow,) I was surprised to see an adjutant perched aloft on the branchless trunk of a fir-tree, the cheer, about 100 feet high. Of other animals I saw a jackall here and heard a musk rat. I also observed some trees eaten as if by white ants.

25th.—Nepal Chouney, 7 miles. All the valleys *en route* highly cultivated with rice—the labourers chiefly women. They were busily employed in transplanting. As we proceeded not a tree was to be seen except a few cheer. The village is about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile beyond a large tributary of the Ram Ganga. This river now takes a turn to the east. It is rapid and has deep pools amongst rocks, which I heard contained carp fish. On reaching the tent I did not stop but went straight on and then turned to the left, after half an hour's walking in hopes of seeing gooral, as the ground appeared good. I only saw one or two, but was not however disappointed in the nature of the country. Both sides of the river were as good as any part of the hills I have seen, so precipitous and rocky as to preclude the possibility of their being disturbed by cattle; yet tolerably easy for the stalker. We got a few blacks of the numerous cocks calling all around us.

26th.—Gurmai, 12 miles. Commenced our march with a slight but gradually increasing ascent; when we had attained the head of the valley or pass, we obtained a view of Lohar Ghur fort, and found another valley stretching out before us many miles, well cultivated and dotted with villages and herds of cattle. It is bounded on either side by bare hills; those on

the left much resembling the snow peaks. Good low cover upon them for birds. Peepul, date, and plantain trees abound in the valley. Snow appears plentiful in the district: we passed a smelting furnace, the bellows struck us as being very original, an inflated skin of some large animal; it had no handle, so was worked by compression by the hands of a woman. The valley of the Ram Gungah, extending from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 mile in breadth, is a fine sheet of cultivation when not under water. In hazy weather many of the hills look like so many islands rising out of it—the back ground not being visible. In the season when the valley is flooded, I dare say they are so in reality. I fished the waters at this place which is, I heard, rather famous for its fishing, but without any success. I had no spinning tackle, however, which is always considered preferable to any thing else. The chief labourers all about this district, indeed all over the hills I understand, are women. The younger ones are frequently fair in complexion, buxom in figure and pretty in face. They have no false modesty about them, differing in this respect from their sisters of the plains. The men are as dark as below, *they* remain at home to nurse! Both sexes have left off the picturesque dress universally worn higher up, and do not speak the unintelligible jargon I have lately been accustomed to. Whilst they were working in groups I observed the women were incited to work by tom-toms being beat in front of them, they chaunting the while. It had a strange effect in these wild regions.

27th.—Dwarah Bungalow, 10 miles. Went out at yesterday's ground before starting for to-day's. Saw 4 kakur and 8 gooral, but did not get a shot, herd blacks, and saw marks of leares. Also got *hubber* of a tiger two kos off. After going along a valley and ascending to the crest of a hill to-day, we descended about a mile to the bungalow, where we found some old magazines considerably left for the use of travellers. Hills scantily clothed, but there are some well-wooded ravines copulating with the main valley. Houses—large, whitewashed and slated. They are also built on eminences generally commanding extensive views. The only object, however, of their being so situate is I presume to save them during the floods; natives not generally showing much taste for the picturesque. Many of them would look pretty transferred to canvass. I regretted not being able to draw.

28th.—Halt. Went out twice with my gun; on the first occasion down into the valley between the bungalow and the base of a large mountain called Dewal Giree. Found the descent about 800 feet. I only put up some blacks. On the second, to look for chikore. S. saw a few close to the bungalow, but we beat several ravines in vain, I met a native shekarie in pursuit of

a civet cat (?) which he had wounded ; he had his dog and gun. All the afternoon the atmosphere was thick from particles of dust ; indeed so much so, that at 4 o'clock we gazed upon the sun without averting our eyes. Heavy rain at night.

29th.—Bhins Khet Bungalow, 12 miles. The edifice newly erected. To-day's scenery pleasing, diversified, but difficult to describe ; two large streams irrigated parts of the country. Leaving the cultivation about half way, we suddenly found ourselves surrounded by bleak, low and conical-shaped hills perfectly bare ; further on others of similar shape were clothed in pines. Immediately after leaving Dwarah, we observed the district covered with large boulders of granite. These probably assist in building the numerous temples about. These are of very peculiar structure, and are generally joined from two to six in number. I must here pay a tribute to the memory of my poor little dog, a bull-terrier, which many friends will recollect. I lost him at this place in an unaccountable manner. He had been my faithful and intelligent companion day and night for seven months, having been given to me by a valued friend and brother officer, prior to his going home. This quality combined with the two following ; viz. that on many occasions I found him invaluable in springing game, especially pheasants, and in proving a good watch-dog—he would not have feared to go at a bear—made me feel his loss, need I say we buried him in a secluded spot, in the bowels of earth, safe from the insults of the brutal jackall and disgusting vultures. As he *was* to die, I wish he had completed the trip.

30th.—Hawul Baugh, 10 miles. The road for the greater part lies along a tributary of the Kossilla river, and through cheer forest. A large covey of chikore flew over our heads, old and young birds, at a particular part of the road ; black partridges also enlivened the seclusion of the valleys by calling nearly all the way. Hawul Baugh is 1,500 feet and five miles below Al-mora which is at the highest part 5,500 above the sea : making the former 4,000. It boasts of a horticultural garden well-stocked with fruit trees, tea, &c. The houses—it is an old military cantonment—are pleasantly situated commanding views of the Kossila. In the river, particularly under the suspension bridge, some very large fish have been occasionally taken. The quail, woodcock, snipe and chikore shooting are all good in their season. There is a cricket ground and race-course. So, altogether, it must have been a very desirable station, particularly in the cold weather when snow has been known to lie on the ground.

1st July.—Almorah, 5 miles. Already described.

4th.—Peura Bungalow 10 miles. Ditto.

5th.—Rangurh Bungalow, 11 miles. A tiresome ride, particularly the first part, the scenery being uninteresting. There

are some high hills on the Gagur range around Ramgurh, well-wooded and full of ravines, and holding tigers, leopards, bears, jerow, surrow, kâkur and gooral. These were thinned some time ago to the extent of a dozen or more by a party from the lake. Between this and the last bungalow, especially along the — river, over which there is a suspension bridge, there is pretty fair chickore shooting.

5th.—Nainee Tal, 15 miles. The scenery all along the road, but especially above Sham-Khet, is very beautiful. From above the last named place I could see Beem and Nowkoochia Tals and their surrounding hills, and the rich looking meadow-like valleys about them, and a little further on the mountain of Sherka-Danda and one of Major A.'s bungalows on Aya Patta. On reaching the lake I was gratified in finding it had not lost in my opinion from my visit to the far-famed snowy range. The hills were looking beautifully green from the recent rain that had fallen. I have no hesitation in saying that nowhere did I have any views to compete with some about the fair lake since the 24th of May, during my trip of, at a rough calculation, 350 miles, (the distances down are as they *appeared* to me) exclusive of say 100 miles diverging off the road, *except* perhaps within one and two marches of the snow. Yet am I glad I have accomplished my trip—it is a passage in the pages of my life which I would not erase. Nevertheless, I would not go again unless to get some shooting, or *en route* into Thibet. To succeed in the former one would have to halt for several days at particular places to find out the haunts of game. During my absence, I find a good deal of game have been killed here; viz. by a gallant captain—one equally famous for the masterly manner in which he handles either the *cue* or the rifle—1 tiger, 4 jerows, besides surrows, kâkur and gooral, in all about 15 head: by another sportsman, 1 leopard and about the same number of deer (no jerows); this includes his share of 13 which were killed by him and an Almora sportsman on Cheenab. Several other gentlemen, not quite so enthusiastic in the exciting chase, killed several head each. In all I fancy since I last saw the lake 50 deer of kinds have fallen to the rifle. The death of the tiger must have been one of the finest sights ever witnessed. He who had the good fortune to cause it, favoured me with a brief description of it. Two jerows and a tiger were all wounded at the same time;—one of the former on the ground—a tigress also was afoot! The tiger was seen to strike down one of the jerows, after doing which he proceeded to suck the blood. Our hero had the presence of mind to refrain firing at the tigress as he could not make certain of putting her *hors de combat*, having only a bullet or two left. Subsequently he went to look for the tigress, but did not find her at home.

The preceding pages are written in the hope, that they may benefit the future Himalayan traveller, who may be in the hills for the first time. The routine of daily travelling may seem trifling in itself, but it may contribute to place the uninitiated more in the actual place of the traveller, which lends an interest to a narrative that cannot boast of much amusement of any value. On the 2nd and 3rd June, whilst at Almora, we completed our arrangements for proceeding Northward. I had little to do, having made mine at Nainee Tal. S. got coolies at Almora. The chief obstacles which lay before us were our ignorance of the country, its wildness and poverty in population, as well as the means of subsistence, with the doubtful capability of the necessary servants to perform the journey under the prospect of much privation and exposure. Being desirous of having our baggage in as small a compass as possible, we dispensed with all luxuries. Our full complement of coolies was 16. Of personal attendants we had 6, making the total number of followers 22. Coolies may be had at Almora at 5 rupees per man. This is what my companion paid for 26 days including six halts. I was *obliged* to pay nine at the rate of 7 per mensem, from Nainee Tal to Pinduree.

FIELDSMAN.

FEROZEPORE, November, 1846.

TODGER'S BUDGET FROM LAHORE.

There is nothing probably more truly characteristic of the Englishman, than the undaunted perservance with which he follows his out-door recreations, and the pertinacity with which he cherishes that love for Sport, which was born in him, bred to him, and only leaves him, when nothing appertaining to earth is left of him.

Who, on opening No. XVII., would dream of finding a sporting paper from Lahore? Who on turning his face towards the land of the five rivers—a land which has been for months past the scene of sieges, battles and bloodshed—a land filled with the most implacable and powerful enemies British India has ever yet had to deal with—who I ask would ever dream for a moment that those very men, who were placed within the walls of the capital town, to keep, by a military display of their presence

the inhabitants of it in awe and quietude, 'used during the cold season to issue forth daily, bent on their various sporting pursuits in the surrounding country? Yet such is the case. In the face of the many difficulties thrown in our way in consequence of the immense load of duty imposed upon us, in the shape of guarding the citadel, the Khalsa treasures, the state prisoners, the innumerable gate-ways and the constant escorts we had to furnish to the supplies for our Army in advance, there was nothing we did not aim at, when a spare hour or two could be seized for the same. The idea, that the enemy might take us by surprise never entered the sportsman's head, and although a Sikh Regiment was one day bold enough to beard us in our den, and burn our bridge of boats which is within rifle shot of the citadel, the distance to the covert side was never considered, and on one occasion, the "woo-loop" pealed forth, and the air rang again with the death-ery, while the jovial field and the panting hounds were standing within ear-shot of the guns belonging to Wheeler's force which were pounding away into the ranks of Ram Singh's followers!

• What a contrast does this afford to the line of conduct that would have been adopted by a Prussian or French Army similarly situated. To them the hoarse rattle of the drum, and the challenge of the sentinel on the battlements—the steady tramp of infantry, or the clashing of sabres would have been the only legitimate sounds—but although these essentials for the maintenance of discipline, and the safeguard of the state were never omitted, yet we found time to revel likewise in those health-creating pursuits which none but Britons can thoroughly appreciate.

• Having given vent to the flow of thought, which my subject somehow naturally brings up, I shall proceed to give the reader an abridged account of our Racing, Hunting, Cricket, Shooting, Pig-sticking and Boating, commencing first of all with the first named.

Having held the office of Secretary to both our December and January Meetings, I was enabled to furnish the *Mofussilite* with an extremely correct account of them. Great pains were taken in measuring the course, and strict attention paid by the holders of the stop-watches, so that a reference to the Calendar will give the reader a most satisfactory account of the running. The December Meeting was proposed quite unexpectedly one day at a Cricket tiffin, and in order that it might be entirely for untrained horses, only time enough was allowed to elapse to get the prospectus made out, the course measured—and the posts put up.

In order that sport might not be spoiled, the terms of every race obliged the owner of every winning horse to sell him, if claim-

ed for rupees one thousand two hundred—so that the real clippers of which Lahore could boast, were not able to appear. This, in addition to the care taken in making out the prospectus, that “the weights and stakes should be made to suit the moderate-minded many,” presented the denizens of the Sikh capital with an unexceptionable bill-of-fare, embracing four days’ running.

It was confidently expected, that old Gauntlet would carry off the loaves and fishes, but it was eventually proved that he could not run without a good deal of preparatory galloping, as his former owner, the Squire, may possibly remember to have been the case in his Ditch days. The consequence was, that Cardinal, a clear winded, light carcased horse, gave him pounds and two or three *poundings* into the bargain. The latter on the contrary runs better unprepared, as the result of the Second Meeting eventually shewed. He only arrived off a long march, on the very morning the first day of the first meeting came off, and he won something on each of the four days, much to the astonishment of us all. We wound up with a very fair specimen of a steeple chase, which however, unfortunately got us into a sort of law-suit in the Magistrate’s court, in consequence of the owner of the country over which we marked our line, not having been of a sporting turn of mind, and he sued us for damages done to his crops, and the vakeel appointed to investigate the matter, gave judgment against the sporting community who had to pay 20 Rs. for their trespass, and the reader may easily imagine how heartily we anathematized the march of intellect amongst the payers of Government revenue! Theodore Hook gives us a capital account of Jack Brag finding himself in a somewhat similar fix, but who would ever thought of a wretched Punjaabee having the face to commence a civil action against his best friends the “Feringee-log?”

“Blow on thou wintry wind !
Thou art not so unkind,
As (*black*) ingratitude !”

Thus it is, that something more happens each day in India, “than is dreamed of in our philosophy,” and it won’t be a matter of surprize, if the philanthropic Newmarch should find some mandlin fool in Exeter Hall to agree with him, that the Ranee Chunda is a victim to the brutality of the Anglo-Indian Government. At settling, another meeting was proposed, to come off on the 16th of January, and on a paper being sent round the table, sufficient funds were instantly subscribed to enable the Stewards to make out a prospectus for three days’ running. No limit was placed on the value of horses, except in the second and third class races, so that the public confidently looked forward to

seeing the English horse Etonian meet the cracks of Mr Rawlin's lot: a sudden attack of inflammation however disappointed our hopes, and Mr Rawlin who was absent with his regiment fighting with Dewan Moolraj, had the satisfaction of hearing that his pets had "done the trick" saving and excepting "the crow" by which Tancred was beaten for the first race. The shouts of exultation with which the soldiers of H. M. 53rd cheered Tancred and Nutcut (formerly Mr Petre's) to victory, were gratifying to listen to. These two were invariably ridden by officers of their corps—hence the unmistakeable manner in which the men betrayed their feelings on the occasion! Cardinal appeared none the better for his training, although he certainly gave us some fine running for the Losers' Handicap in time, which at the weights up, proves he is not to be despised. The numerous times we were disappointed in getting our races off on the appointed days, served to render the January Meeting less interesting than it would otherwise have been, and the dirty state in which the horses and riders appeared at the winning post, showed us that their part in the sport had been anything but agreeable, and accounted directly for the very inferior training in general. Taking the two meetings together, every body had reason to be gratified. No owner went away empty-handed, and as the betting was on a moderate scale, no mishap was of sufficient importance to the suffering parties, to cause the harmony of the meetings in any way to be disturbed. The racing came off in the middle of the day, so that the bright sunshine shed a warm tint over the whole scene, and instead of meeting people stamping, shivering, and looking blue about the gills, from under a line of parasols in the open carriages opposite the stand might be seen a series of sparkling eyes and smiling lips, enough to cause the stony heart of a cynic to beat approvingly. •

With regard to feats of jockeyship, I may add that we had not above one or two opportunities for a display, but from what did occur, I should award the palm to Mr Fortescue among the light-weights, and to Mr Parrot among heavies. Others who, I should say, were nearly if not quite equal to the above mentioned, had not the advantage of being upon horses with which they stood the slightest chance of shewing their skill, or I doubt not would have gratified us with "a sight of themselves as they *should have been*."

The chase formed perhaps the most attractive feature of our sporting season. H. M. 53rd boasted of a kennel containing a particularly fine pack of imported fox-hounds, but disease unfortunately was busy amongst its ranks, and had it not been for the arrival of some capital hounds belonging to an officer in

the 25th N. I., we should not probably have enjoyed this exhilarating sport in the way we did. In consequence of this regiment having to go on with the fighting army to Ramnuggur, the owner of the hounds very wisely left them at Lahore, and the thinned ranks of the 53rd kennel were amply replenished by drafts from the other. In this way we were allowed to enjoy three good days a week, and better hunting perhaps was never seen in India.

With about twelve good couple of *hunting* hounds always in the field, the covert side on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays presented a very animated scene. The points of meeting were always attainable within an hour or so on a decent hack, and the doffing of great coats, and the exchange of hacks for hunters, as well of friendly greetings and salutations, was the work of a few minutes. A find was considered a matter of certainty, and as the Punjab certainly ranks very highly as a scenting country, a bursting run was invariably the result. The nature of the country too over which we hunted, was varied in the extreme. Some days we ran through the low jangly country lying on the Ferozepoor road, through which it required a light hand and a well-mouthed horse to go comfortably—at other times the deep ravines across the Ravee presented a good opportunity for a display of a rider's nerve, and a heavy pull or two was of course the inevitable result, while the scene was again varied by an occasional meet near the Shalimar gardens, and the Maharajah's preserves, where the fencing was first-rate. *

Mr Payn, as huntsman, was a perfect master of his business in every point of view—he was possessed of good head and good nerve. He had the most perfect control over his hounds, and whether it was through fence or bush, brier, or thick underwood, his hounds were never seen idle. It was a goodly sight to watch his cheerful face light up, as Forester or Barrister opened upon the drag. He would then in Somerville's words

" Make the welkin answer them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth."

"Tally ho!" would shout some eight stone man with his gallows in a perfect lather, as he viewed the cunning old jackall making off up wind. "Hold hard youngster! let the hounds get away!" would answer the deep tones of a sixteen stone with a strong pull at his horse's mouth. "Hark to Forester! Yoicks! to him my pets," is responded by the ever watchful Payn, and crash away we used to go, not forgetting however to look at the time to a minute, and runs ending in a kill, varying from forty minutes to an hour and a quarter, were of very common occurrence!

Notwithstanding the hour for meeting was just

"As the morning steals upon the earth
Melting the darkness."

let me not forget that there were no less than four fair sisters of Diana, who *occasionally* honoured us with their presence in the soul-stirring chase. To my mind there is something quite enchanting in a lady well turned-out and well-mounted, joining in a sport of so refined a nature; and the rent habit, or the dropped pocket handkerchief, proved anything but causes for stopping or regret to our fair friends when the scent was breast-high and the pace remarkably good.

The hounds had the advantage of a first rate feeder and kennel manager in the person of one rejoicing in the cognomen of Gee—a soldier belonging to the corps, and the condition of his charge together with his extremely civil demeanour towards all the frequenters of the hunt, gained him the approbation of his employers and the good will of their friends.

The admirers of Cricket had ample opportunity during the past season for indulging their appetite. Two matches a week were played regularly, and on reference to the book which has been kindly lent to me by the keeper of it, induces me to give the reader the result of what appears to be the most closely contested match of the season. Three games between the Residency and H. M. 53rd against the Station gave the following result. I was present at all of these, and the prospect of a smart contest together with the attractions which a well laid out tiffin table in a tent on the ground afforded, brought together a goodly assemblage of spectators.

FIRST GAME.

STATION ELEVEN.

<i>First Innings.</i>			<i>Second Innings.</i>		
Lieut. Nicoll, b. Budd..	..	3	c. Aston, b. Budd..	..	3
" Tickell, do. do..	..	1	b. Budd..	..	0
Ens. Dandridge, run out..	..	5	b. Budd..	..	8
Lieut. Ross, do..	..	23	b. Inghs..	..	6
" Lambert, not out..	..	2	b. Inghs..	..	8
Cot Goodwyn, knocked down wicket	..	6	b. Budd..	..	19
Lieut. Donovan, b. Bowring..	..	26	c. and b. Bowring..	..	7
Ens. Jervois, b. Inghs..	..	1	c. Bowring, b. Budd	..	0
" Bax, do. do..	..	11	b. Budd..	..	4
Col Campbell, do. do..	..	0	c. Bowring, b. Inghs..	..	15
Ens. Clarke, do. do..	..	1	Lieut. Duffin, not out..	..	4
Bats..	..	7	3
Wide..	..	1	1
Total.. 87			Total.. 78		

RESIDENCY AND H. M. 53RD.

<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
J. Inglis, Esq. b. Nicoll..	.. 0	b. Nicoll..	.. 1
Bowring, Esq. do. do.	.. 2	do. do..	.. 1
Coxe, Esq. b. Goodwyn..	.. 3	not out..	.. 35
Sergt. McKee, b. Nicoll..	.. 5	b. Goodwyn..	.. 9
„ Budd, do. do..	.. 1	c. and b. Goodwyn..	.. 3
Lt. Acton, do. do..	.. 8	not out	.. 2
Sergt. Langhton, run out..	.. 8	b. Nicoll..	.. 0
„ Fletcher, b. Nicoll..	.. 0	not out.	.. 0
„ Tarrant, do. do.	.. 8	c. and b. Goodwyn..	.. 25
„ Hastings, not out..	.. 7	not out.	.. 0
Whiting, b. Nicoll..	.. 2	c. Nicoll and b. Goodwyn.	.. 11
Byes.	.. 13 6
Wide..	.. 6	.. *	.. 8
No Balls..	.. 1 0
Total 64		Total.. 101	

The Residency and H. M. 53RD thus winning by one run, with three wickets to go down.*

SECOND GAME.
STATION ELEVEN.

<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
Lieut. Remington, b. Budd..	.. 9	run out..	.. 5
„ Donovan, b. Inglis..	.. 10	c. Coxe, b. Bowring..	.. 27
„ Nicoll, do. do..	.. 13	b. Inglis..	.. 2
Col. Goodwyn, b. Budd..	.. 1	c. Budd, b. Bowring..	.. 2
„ Campbell, do. do..	.. 17	c. Budd, b. Bowring..	.. 4
Lieut. Crosse, do. do..	.. 5	b. Inglis..	.. 0
Sergt. Heyman, c. Coxe, and b. Inglis	10	run out..	.. 0
Lieut. Lambert, c. Coxe, b. Budd..	6	b. Bowring..	.. 10
Ens. Bax, b. Inglis.	.. 0	b. Bowring..	.. 0
Sergt. Phelan, not out..	.. 0	run out..	.. 3
Lieut. Ross, c. Bowring..	.. 2	not out..	.. 4
Byes..	.. 16 14
Wide..	.. 0 1
Total.. 89		Total.. 72	

RESIDENCY AND H. M. 53RD.

<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
Sergt. Tarrant, b. Goodwyn..	.. 0	b. Nicoll..	.. 6
„ McKee, do. do..	.. 4	b. Goodwyn..	.. 0
H. Coxe, Esq., b. Nicoll..	.. 5	run out..	.. 44
Sergt. Langton, do. do..	.. 9	b. Goodwyn..	.. 0
„ Bowring, Esq., c. Campbell..	6	c. Goodwyn, b. Nicoll..	.. 8
„ Hudd, b. Goodwyn..	.. 18	b. Goodwyn..	.. 0
„ Whiting, do. do..	.. 0	b. Nicoll.	.. 5
„ Acton, b. Nicoll.	.. 0	b. Goodwyn..	.. 1
Ens. Wedderburn, do. do..	.. 0	not out..	.. 0
Sergt. Hastings, not out..	.. 1	c. Donovan, b. Goodwyn	.. 3
Byes..	.. 3	J. Inglis, Esq., l. b. w., b. Goodwyn	3 rd
No Balls..	.. 0 2
Wide..	.. 0 1
Total.. 48		Total.. 100	

* We make the score, as set down, a tie.—A. E.

The station eleven, thus winning the second game by one run without a wicket to spare. The result of this necessarily gave great interest to the deciding match, which came off a few days after. The following is the score:—

THIRD GAME. STATION ELEVEN.

<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
Danovan, b. Inglis..	.. 12	run out..	.. 29
Dandridge, c. Langton..	.. 0	l. b. w., b. Inglis..	.. 3
Nicoll, do. do..	.. 2	b. Inglis..	.. 3
Crosse, c. Thomson, b. Langton	.. 4	c. Bowring, b. Inglis..	.. 13
Lambert, b. Langton..	.. 1	b. Inglis..	.. 1
Goodwyn, b. Inglis..	.. 2	b. Inglis..	.. 0
Campbell, run out..	.. 4	c. Thomson, b. Bowring..	.. 18
Remington, b. Inglis..	.. 1	b. Inglis..	.. 1
Bax, b. Langton..	.. 4	not out..	.. 36
Ross, not out..	.. 1	c. Whiting, b. Budd..	.. 5
Tickell, b. Inglis..	.. 0	b. Inglis..	.. 4
Byes..	.. 11 13
Wide..	.. 5 11
Total.. 47		Total.. 140	

RESIDENCY AND H. M. 53RD.

<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
Inglis, b. Goodwyn..	.. 3	l. b. w., b. Goodwyn..	.. 16
Coxe, b. Nicoll..	.. 8	not out..	.. 34
Bowring, b. Goodwyn..	.. 1	c. Nicoll, b. Goodwyn..	.. 2
Thomson, do. do..	.. 13	b. Goodwyn..	.. 15
Langton, do. do..	.. 3	b. Nicoll..	.. 9
Budd, b. Nicoll..	.. 5	c. Campbell, b. Goodwyn	.. 4
M. Keen, do. do..	.. 0	c. Nicoll, b. Goodwyn..	.. 16
Tarrant, b. Goodwyn..	.. 7 0
Whiting, not out..	.. 1 0
Welderburn, b. Goodwyn..	.. 3 0
Bowers, b. Nicoll..	.. 1 0
Byes..	.. 1 3
Wide..	.. 0 0
Total.. 46		Total.. 103	

It now became so dark that it was impossible to decide who was "the better man." The station were 38 runs ahead and the other side had three wickets to go down. A more equally matched thing it would be impossible to conceive. From the score it is evident that the Station was indebted to Lieut. Ross for his inimitable long-stopping, for it was at this point that the Residency side was so lamentably deficient. True Mr Pugh's bowling is very fast, and on account of his side having all the round bowling a good many wide balls went against their score, whereas the other side had nothing but underhand bowling. As wicket keeper Mr Coxe ranked the first of all, and as a handler

of the timber ranked second to none, although one or two might have equalled him in that. May we see the like again, for it is not often that cricket matches in India are so closely contested. Lahore has certainly got an eleven that is game to play the pick of India for "untellable tin," more especially if the supply of beef, beer and haccy on the ground is unlimited. The matter-of-fact manner in which the good things of this life went down, fully accounted for the superiority of the after tiffin play. The numerous duties which both the civil and military cricket players had to perform, prevented their choosing days, so that it was only when Native holidays occurred, or when a holiday could be taken on the sly, that we were enabled to collect twenty-two good players. Difficulties, however, were not allowed to become absolute obstacles, and by a little management, the noble game was seen bi-weekly on as nice a spot of ground, and in as high a state of perfection, as expense and labour on the one hand and skill on the other could well produce it.

The neighbourhood of Lahore furnishes as good shooting as is to be met with in any of the upper parts of India. Our sportsmen continually brought in large bags of blacks, quail, hares, bustard, and that most delicious of birds, the coolen—let the Scotsmen praise his grouse, and the Irish prate about their woodcock—but give me the roasted coolen. The great Roman epicure would never have wasted so much time, money and thought, on obtaining the countless varieties that he deemed so delicious to the palate, had he only once partaken of a slice of coolen. The entire jury of Lahoree *gourmets* gave judgment in favour of this bird over all others, and the verdict did credit to their taste.

With regard to what is vulgarly denominated pig-sticking, a ride of a few miles took one to an immense jungle near the Ravee in which the nucleon animal vegetated wonderfully well. None but the most determined riders, attempted this sport in consequence of the awful ground they had to go over. Going at speed through the light jungle after the hounds used to make me shut my eyes at times, but after a pig in *jow* jungle is desperate work, and although the grunners were very plucky and cut the horses occasionally, the number of horses screwed from the nature of the ground was ruinous work for the owners' pockets.

Throughout the hot season, when the melted snows fill the rivers and their tributary streams, we had some capital rowing and sailing in the Chotah Ravee, skirting Anarkullee and the citadel walls. The officers built their own boats, and during the season there were at least six or eight variations of the boat kind skimming up and down the dark waters. As long as the wind and the bends of the little stream suited, the well filled sails of a small schooner or lugger would cause its inmates to pity and laugh hear-

tily at the strenuous labours and bent backs of the "four oared crew," but on the wind dropping, the tables would be of course turned, and offers of "a life home" and "requests not to wait dinner," would follow each other in rapid succession. H. M. 53rd had a four-oared boat, the 50th had another, the 46th had two, and the 73rd a schooner and a skiff—and there were others which could be made either for sailing or rowing, as might suit best. The Punjabees stared a good deal at the Feringhees working to head all the while perhaps that a strong hot furnace was blowing—and the contrast between our "turns out," and the picturesque gondola of the Maharajah as it swept by propelled by a double bank of "khistee-wallahs" roaring a lusty chorus, was particularly striking. We occasionally had picnics by moonlight by water, and loud songs, ending generally in a total upset, were the after-supper accompaniments to these trips. Many of us have had to swim for it more than once—not that such calamities were ever caused by anything save "the suddenness of the typhoons" which I think one of the most remarkable features in the natural history of the Punjaub. I mention this, for fear of the moral reader entertaining any apprehensions as to the causes of our thus taking to night baths. In the cold weather this stream is dry, so that those who are partial to boating have to ride down as far as the Great Ravee, where our boats are now moored. The cold season to my mind, is better adapted to other sports, so most of us have left it and rackets to the long hot weather when you can enjoy them without any chance of taking cold. I will now conclude with the fervent hope that the Government will decide on annexing this "Garden of India."

• To the sportsmen there can be no nicer country, and as of its political advantages and the fears entertained by the ignorant, as to its incapacities for paying its expenses, I can only quote what I have heard at least five hundred intelligent Oude landholders say on the subject. "The Punjaub is by far the most luxuriant and productive country that has ever been visited by a Company's servant, and there is not a zemindar holding 10 beegahs of Oude land, who would not give them for 1 beegah of Punjaub land!" The reader may rest assured as to the truth of what I have stated, and personal observation fully bears out the native opinion generally expressed on this all engrossing subject. The past year has been an admirable "trial year." There has been a general drought throughout India, and while the cultivators of Oude and the Ganges Doab are starving, running away, and defrauding Government of its revenue, the entire face of the Punjaub presents one mass of luxuriant green, that is a perfect treat to the eye, and the reasons of this are its natural fertility and the amaz-

ing facility with which well-irrigation can be accomplished. If such is the case in a country where a long course of anarchy and confusion has prevented its real resources from being fully developed, what will it naturally be when the blessings of English rule are conferred on the ryot, and when security is given to the husbandman, that the profits gained by the sweat of his brow shall only be subject to a legitimate assessment and perfectly safe from the unhallowed grasp of avaricious and dissolute taskmasters.

TODGERS.

LABOURS OF IDLENESS ;

OR,

THE FIRST FRUITS OF FURLOUGH.

" Hath visited each holy shrine
 " In Araby and Palestine :
 * * * * *
 " By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
 " Which parted at the Prophet's rod.
 * * * * *
 " I love such holy rambles ; still
 " They know to charm a weary hill,
 " With song, romance, or lay ;
 " Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
 " Some lying legend, at the least,
 " They bring to cheer the way."

MARMION.

All who have experienced the grinding effects of continued application to laborious office work—where the mind, not yet grown callous to the duties expected from it (and which invariably exceed by a hundred-fold the duties enforced by penalty), has acquired that sickly, over-sensitive tone, which renders it alike dissatisfied with the results of its own occupations and craving after a notoriety it can hardly ever attain, and therefore longs for, in proportion to the difficulties which beset the road to preferment,—all who have felt these gnawing cares, as often the accompanying symptoms, as they are occasionally the supposed

cause of the decay of physical powers, weakened by exposure to an exhausting climate and to the repeated attacks of chronic disorders, can appreciate that self-satisfaction with which the employé in the East receives the favorable answer to his application for a furlough to Europe, and deliberately sets himself to destroy, in the space of one short week, the establishment which has acquired its present proportions by the exertions and increased expenses of many years.

The sanctity of the library, the drawing-room and the bedrooms, is within a few days so ruthlessly violated, that the once self-satisfied owner scarce recognizes the deserted and dismantled residence. Friends interested in building on the foundation of another's taste or desirous of possessing some coveted trifles, which a distant sojourn at a mofussil station has denied until now the opportunity of purchasing, hasten to appropriate the choicest effects ; while the residue are handed over—even at the last hour with a sigh—to the confidential native auctioneer, who, while he calculates the profit which his very niggardly estimate as appraiser will confer on himself as salesman, fawningly expresses his grief for the departure of his patron and a hope, that the master will soon return to a very large, *Anglicé* lucrative, appointment ; a wish embodying the sentiment though scorning the very figurative expressions of the native nurse's rhymed quatrain, which designate the Marquis of Hastings as the summit of all earthly preferment !

But worse than all other changes to the man who took a laudable interest in his stable, is the departure, one by one, of the favourite Arabs. "Gentlemen in England who live at home at ease," surrounded from the cradle to the grave by troops of friends, whose habits of thought, whose pursuits and sentiments, are all as their own,—who never are so rigorously cast on their own resources for every occupation in life, not during the brief hours of a rainy day, but for long years past among a foreign people whose manners, prejudices and position are utterly inconsistent with the existence of more than the most polite and artfully graduated intercourse—cannot appreciate the regard with which the sportsman, the idler, and valetudinarian regards those sources of employment, excitement and health, which his well groomed, well trained and docile Arab horses imperceptibly become to him ! The poetised affection of the desert Arab for his horse, the faithful and unweariable companion of his varied adventures and privations, ceases to be regarded as a subject of wonder or as the highly colored fiction of poetic licence ! That legend!—not a solitary instance in the traditions, or even in the daily annals of desert life, over which we all in childhood's hours of easily excited sympathy have wept—the incident so

touchingly related in an elegant poem by the gifted Mrs. Norton, may in some measure be realised even by the cold-blooded and haughty Englishman—

“ And if perhaps when I am gone some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested snakes, along thy panting side,
And the rich blood that is in thee, starts in indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that gaze on thee, may count each starting vein,

* * * * *

Can the hand which casts thee from it now command thee to return ?”

Though many have thus felt at parting with the cherished hero of fifty fields, the winner of many a well contested and nicely adjusted handicap—or with the gallant associate in the honors of the glittering spear—who has borne us unshrinkingly from the “glorious burst” of the fierce lord of the forest; followed him “dark dashing through the flood,” and setting at defiance “his bristly night and his meteor flight,” has shrunk not from the “grim grey boar” in his death of “foam and blood,”—or even in parting with the less costly but equally valued hack, the patient slave who has toiled for us in a sweltering “gallop through the long summer’s day,” over the rough and hard sun-baked sheep tracks that conduct the impatient horseman over the wild uplands of the East; few are in circumstances sufficiently satisfactory, or have hearts sufficiently callous to the “world’s dread laugh,” to enable them to continue in the same burst of feeling and to add—

“ Who said that I had given thee up ?

Who said that thou wert sold ?

’Tis false ? ’Tis false ! my Arab steed !

I fling them back their gold !”

and “suiting the action to the word,” allow the disappointed expectant of a cheap bargain to pocket the equivalent, and to console himself with a few far-fetched but much relished jokes against that “sentimental spoon,” who would not sell his old screw, though himself obliged to go to Europe, worn out and cruelly sick. But all these preliminaries must end. Time goes jogging on like a patient hackney, unconcerned whether the rider who accompanies him be fretting and groaning—or cheerfully singing, and though there be many subjects of regret, yet there is in every circumstance something consolatory, inspiring or even exciting, to look forward to, in whatever amount of thread Lachesis may yet spin for us; and when the dawn of the first of January 1848 found me safely careering across the Gulf of Cambay in a neat little binder boat, just launched on my travels, with anticipated visions of the Holy Land, the glorious snow-capped Lebanon, the free, dry deserts of

Arabia, the flowery banks of Abana and Pharphar, and the crowded riches of the Damascene bazaar, the picturesque pine-covered peaks of mount Taurus, the fertile table land of Asia Minor, and the much vaunted glories of the City of the Sultan, floating through my brain, I could not say with the Prisoner of Chillon, that "I regained my freedom with a sigh." The six weeks' leave of absence preparatory to embarkation for Europe quickly passed away, among visits to, and congratulations from, the few but unchanging friends, whose agreeable society had made the exile's hours pass lightly by and endeared to him the land of his adoption; and now the scene of his labours through life comes back to his recollections, sparkling with some of the pleasantest hours of existence!

The fifteenth of February had arrived and almost passed, before the last touch of the official pen had dried upon paper—for it would astonish many to whom life is always the long vacation to know, by how many minute details the duties of an official character follow an Indian functionary up to the last hour of retirement from public employ. While at Poonah in 1846, I had made the acquaintance of Captain E. W. Evans of the Fusiliers, an officer of some thirteen years' employment in various capacities in India, and whose zeal for his duty was only equalled by the variety of subjects on which his energetic character exercised its powers. To him I had repeatedly confided my intention, if health were spared to me, of visiting Syria and Palestine before proceeding to London, and I looked for a companion in him, but the very indifferent state of health to which his application to duty and his long residence in India had reduced him, precluded any definite arrangement; even to such a degree, that the last day before the dispatch of the mid-monthly mail by the Hon'ble Company's War Steamer the *Queen*, found him reduced to reclaim the deposit for his passage, which he feared he was then incapable of undertaking. It was therefore with unfeigned pleasure that as I stepped upon the deck of the *Queen*, shortly after dark on the evening of the 15th February, the first voice that addressed me was from my friend, and afterwards most amiable fellow-traveller, Captain Evans! Rather a fresh breeze during the past two or three days sadly discomposed the equanimity, but did not interrupt the good humour, of the few passengers on board; and as the silent observations on each other's characters, were undisturbed by any artificial attempts to be agreeable—for there is no such leveller of all ranks, no such test of good nature, as a genuine sea-sickness, since it takes the shine out of the gayest and the stiffness out of the most formal—we gradually became perfectly reconciled to each other, and after a long voy-

age of twelve days (for the distance has been traversed in six,) landed at Aden in the highest possible good humour, and all and every one most grateful for the real politeness and unaffected good nature of our well-informed, agreeable, and friendly Captain. The passage had been longer than is usual in these days: the *Queen* is a vessel of some antiquity and her engines not the most perfect. As she was a sister ship with the ill-fated *Cleopatra*, whose fate and the sad end of every soul on board, as far as any authentic information to the contrary could ascertain, had been consummated in a hurricane during the last monsoon, we had to be thankful that mild weather and quiet seas had accompanied our voyage. The amphibious barbarians of the coast, their astonishing feats in the clear green of ocean, the picturesque beauty of the cinder like peaks of Jebel Shumsheer, or Shumshceah, whichever may be the correct orthography,* and the rock-bound coast around the little peninsula of Aden, all excited the admiration of a party disposed to be pleased with every thing. Mounted some on small but agile asses and some on bony tattoos, we scampered over the well-made roads, and inspected the well-fashioned fortifications which crown every height in this insulated fortress. Separated from the coast of Yemen by a broad belt of sand—the fifteen hundred feet of Jebel Shumsheah's height resembles in figure a sheet of paper crumbled into one high conical point by a grasp of the human fingers, which form accidentally the grotesque peaks and bold ravines of the lower range—while the earth appears to have been burnt to cinders but quenched before it became ashes. Upon the night subsequent to our landing from the *Queen*, every bed—and there are a legion—occupying all verandahs and divers long log-built rooms which constitute the hotel, was filled by such of the passengers of the P. and O. Steamer, as did not consider their complexions proof against the coal dust, or think them likely to be improved by the saline soup which passes for a fresh-water-bath at Aden. About half past 3 on the following afternoon the Bombay passengers, three ladies and eleven gentlemen were received on board the *Precursor*, with something approaching to that feeling of disgust with which the half-stuffed occupants of an omnibus regard the twelfth inside, especially if he can sport more outside than other people. Glorious had been the uncertainty of the chance of a passage, and pleasant was the ignorance of the P. and O. Company's Agent at Aden on every subject, so that eventually having paid the price of a cabin, each of us, for the privilege of sleeping upon deck between the hours of 10½

* Persian for "Scymitar," *Shumsheer*. Arabic for a "Parasol," *Shumshceah*.

P. M. and 4 A. M. on the part of the male cargo, and for a share of the stewardess' cabin for the ladies, we were permitted as a favour to occupy as our private dressing room a portion of the fowls' quarters, garnished with hen-coops and veiled by an invalided sail—voted unfit for active employ. In spite, therefore, of the beauty of the glimpses from time to time obtained of the African or Arabian coasts alternately, after passing the very narrow Strait of Babelmandel; in spite also of the bouyancy of the climate as we receded from the equator, and in spite too of the fun which marked two public meetings of the 150 passengers to determine the occupation of the vans across the desert, according to the usual custom; and in spite of the attempt made by some free and enlightened Bengalees to consign without benefit of appeal the Bombay party to the last vehicles that should start, after denying them the privilege of the “Lots”—it was finally carried that the Bombay gentry had as much right as any other passengers to their chance, and as if Mars “still protects the stout” as Hudibras discovered, six of our party obtained a vehicle among the first, and the others followed in the second flight; so that with all the disadvantages of position and the disagreeable prestige of our arrival on board, we found the voyage any thing but uninteresting, and yet looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to the expiration of the last night to be spent on board. Having become rather *blasé* by continual curtailment of the fair proportions of sleep allotted to us on the poop, a few of us occupied during the two last nights a position among the *domestic fowls*, a perch which looked down upon the engine, but as the groans and murmurs of our robust auxiliary had become rather soothing than otherwise from habit or custom, we were startled abruptly by the cessation of the usual noises, by much vociferation and sundry rough words; and seeing a triangular light upon a frame some mile or so ahead, found ourselves at Suez, and soon heard the best anchor rattling down into four fathom water.

While the steamer, head on to Suez, hoarsely screamed forth volumes of smoke and superabundant vapour—my watch pointed to 10 minutes past four, set by the observation of yesterday—the moon and the day star were just appearing together over the still dark Eastern horizon; I, therefore wrapped my cloak and bed-clothes round me and dozed for another hour. After a hurried toilet, having descended to the quarter deck, leaving my companions still busy with their trunks, and after having seen my own deposited near the gang-way, I proceeded into the saloon to look for the ladies of the Bombay party, and found, to my astonishment, that, with the exception of a few quiet gentlemen who disdained hurry, and who were probably in for last vans, all the passengers, and officers also, had left the vessel.

After a cup of 'coffee, I took possession of a boat alongside, saw our baggage thrown in from the gang-way, and with my friend B. awaited our transport to the shore, as we feared, having obtained places in the sixth van, we might be "too late for the coach": slowly rose the sun and slower still the boatmen; at last an incredible number of worthies, hitherto concealed, (including a dog and a sick lady,) were disgorged from the cabin, and about 7 o'clock after vast piles of luggage of every shape, from the delicate dressing, writing or hat-case up to the iron bound sea-chest, had been flung down into the boat without the slightest compunction as to which end came uppermost or who or what was undermost, we proceeded towards the hotel, plainly visible about three miles off across a dry sand bank, behind which we actually passed all the boats loaded with the most "knowing" of the passengers, who had left the ship before day light in expectation of appropriating the first vans, but who were all rather disgusted at seeing the last, first.

I omit the transit over the wide sandy plain from Suez to the gates of Cairo. How at 3 A. M. after the coldness of the desert had kept awake all parties, there was a great show of eagerness to catch a glimpse of the city as we rattled through the dusty suburbs by torch-light, and found ourselves unscathed in Cairo! How the four wild ponies attached to the hearse, on two high wheels which carried by way of variety six bodies; viz. Col. and Mrs. P., Mrs. Col. S., E., J. and another started, as usual, with four distinct purposes; but having been gradually persuaded to take the direction of *Cairo*, ran the vehicle against the only gate-way within the distance of 80 miles, and finally, after starting the last of the six vans, brought us up to the first station abreast of the leading team: how one set of rope harness for four horses was made to serve each van the whole distance into *Cairo*: how at most stations there were two, and while daylight lasted sometimes, more, remarkably unclean Arabs found to assist the four brown coachmen to unyoke and reharness eight and forty horses: how only twenty hours had been consumed in a journey over between seventy and eighty miles, and how ohly once did some animal loaded with the set of harness levant into the desert during the night, and was not recovered even after an entire hour's search: how the six vans always started at a gallop in every possible direction over the very sandy desert and invariably subsided into a very mild walk till six vans had re-assembled, and the panting screws had recovered second wind! how the drivers appeared to go out of the way which had been swept and scraped and cleaned, to find stones sufficiently high to drive over and to bump every head against the top of every vehicle with corresponding re-action

afterwards! how venerable judges, stately majors and sedate Spanish grandees conducted themselves with the irresistible bouyancy of Eton boys on holidays: all these and many other outbreaks of friskiness too numerous to be recorded enlivened the transit across the Isthmus of Suez.

My first view of so much of the town as presented itself from the window of my sleeping-room when I woke about 7 A. M. on Tuesday, was not prepossessing. Across a street so narrow that you looked from the second story window directly over and not against the roof of the building opposite into a desolate looking Mussulman grave-yard partly shaded by two large cassia trees, one of which reclined against one of the half ruined towers of the town wall, and the other occupied the centre of the burying ground, not so thickly strewed with sculptured tombs as are those of India. The monuments, like the mean houses which bounded the prospect on two sides, and the town wall which crossed the centre ground from N. W. to S. E. are built of the same pale yellow sand stone of which all buildings in Cairo are composed, from the new citadel including the magnificent mausoleum of Mohammed Ali, down to the simple headstone which marks the spot where sleeps the poorest donkey boy.

A few dishevelled date trees, much higher and larger than those of India, fringed the sky in all directions above the flat roofed houses, whose uniformly unfinished air gives an idea of more general poverty than really exists; and a few very graceful minarets shot up into the clear blue sky, their very minute arabesque finish contrasting strongly with the style of ordinary dwellings around,—fit emblems of the east where poverty and ostentation touch each other, and where harmony of taste and completeness of arrangement, are as much wanting in the private rooms of the Pacha's house as in the hovel of the camel driver on his son's wedding day! •

The usual scuffle at the door of the hotel among the numerous owners of asses, terminated abruptly by each of us mounting the nearest animal, and we found ourselves after breakfast perambulating the narrow, shaded, well-watered and occasionally crowded streets towards the Turkish bazaar, where the streets are not sufficiently wide for more than two camels to pass, where verandahs project across till, in some cases, they actually overlap, though the houses are often three, four and five stories high; and yet Mahommed Ali appears determined to give his at present eastern city as European a character as possible by widening the roads and altering the style of buildings to better ventilated abodes.

To us, the bazaars, dresses and manners were no novelty. The mosques, too, though more numerous and the town larger

than any city in Bombay, except the fort and environs of that island, are not so picturesque and seldom apparently larger than many seen in India.

After winding through the streets for nearly two or three miles, one begins to ascend toward the citadel, an ill-arranged castle, commanded from many points by the range of hills, called *Mohattim*, from the quarries and caves in it. One bastion commands a magnificent view of the whole of the town, of the pyramids of Gheesah and of the western desert: on looking over the town towards the Delta northward, your view is bounded on the east by the red sandstone hill called Gebel Almur, and on the left by the Necropolis, containing the tombs of the Mamelukes, immediately without the gate. The tombs of the Khaliffs are more to the N. E., while beyond the aqueduct lie the tombs of the present dynasty; conspicuous above all, the five-domed sepulchre which is designed to receive the bones of the present illustrious ruler, whose first wife, whose sons, a young boy who died in 1813; Tousson Bey, who was burnt in Seimaa in 1844, and a numerous collection of younger children (for his offspring are said to have been 90) fill the vaults beneath the well-carpeted and well-ordered cloisters to which the family, especially the females, resort occasionally for devotional exercises. This building is in the charge of a venerable Bey whose lady was peculiarly polite to the English ladies, Mrs P. and Mrs S. on their visiting the tombs. Westward again lies the minaret over the tomb of Imaumeh Shatee. Here lie three dynasties.

The style of architecture has remained unaltered during centuries; perhaps the only variation is, that the monuments of later days are not so elaborate or expensively built as those of earlier dates. After all, in India the Mussulmeen, especially at Ahmedabad, and I am told at Beyapoor have left fabrics of far superior workmanship to all we have here seen. The view of the city from the hill, or rather from the elevated table land of the desert on the road to Suez, is peculiarly impressive; looking from the East we have a fore-ground of the richest green wheat, mustard, lupins, Indian corn, &c., mulberry, olive and carsia trees in long rows bordering the crowded coach roads which converge towards the city; here and there a one-arched bridge foreshortened by its oblique position across the great canal which waters the Delta and cuts the city into two divisions, gleams in the morning light, in bright contrast to the rich foliage around and to the sombre blue garments which crowd upon it. Here veiled women and naked children sit for hours in the early part of the day to sell vegetables and fruit, and the dry preparation which serves as fuel. Next are visible among the trees the white houses of the Eskubieh, the Frank quarter, the consuls' and effendis'

mansions, and beyond the sand-stone built, flat-roofed city with its thousands of date trees and its hundreds of minarets, backed by the dark ridge of Almar and Jebel Mukalim, while on the extreme right tower the two tall minarets surrounded by scaffolds which flank the unfinished dome of the mausoleum of Egypt's admirable ruler.

Under the shadow of this dome are visible the white walls of Mohammed Ali's neat French residence surrounded by orange, citron, and fruit trees of all sorts : from a corner parapet of this garden leaped down the desperate Mameluke who alone of 750 horsemen escaped the treachery of the ruthless despot in 1811. From every quarter, beyond the city, are the walls of the citadel below this house, the minarets and the mausoleum of Mohammed Ali, visible, forming the most remarkable features in a view of Cairo, the modern city !

On the 17th by accident in coming from the island of Rhodah, where Ibrahim Pacha has a palace on the mainland and a house on the island with an elegant garden, in which they still point out the spot where the "ark of bullrushes daubed with slime and with pitch" is supposed to have been found by Pharoah's daughter—we visited some immense heaps of ancient houses, the ruins of a former town (possibly the ruins of the city known as El Fustat or Babylon,) occupy the ground midway between Ibrahim Pacha's palace and his father's citadel. Here was a perfect panorama of all Egypt. As Paris to the French, so Misr El Kahero to the Arabs is the embodied image of the land of the Pharaohs. The sun was setting over Ibrahim Pacha's palace and the schools of medicine, anatomy, &c. The mighty horizon of red sand was gilded as the sun sank down towards the desert: between the desert and the palace lay the broad Nile covered with a thousand boats, winding with gentle curves amid the greenest and richest cultivation in the world, almost from north to south over our panoramic scene. E. S. E. lay the pyramids of Gheesah, their sharp outlines distinct as if cut in steel, grey and hard from the clear evening light ; near the river on the further side the cavalry barracks, the steam fowl manufactory, &c. at Gheesah ; the nilometer at the southern extremity of the island of Rhodah and the suburbs of Els Fastal, the Misr El Atteek of modern travellers, on the nearer bank from whence to the citadel are the endless lengths of dark red colonnades in the graceful form of an aqueduct which cross the desert-looking lands between Misr El Atteek up to the white cliffs of Mokattim, through the Necropolis of the Pachas, Mamelukes and Khalifs : beyond the aqueduct the vasty desert spreads into a distinct but very distant horizon broken by the pyramids at Sakkara and Dashour, and the heaps of earth which now mark the

site of Memphis. Mee Kattim and the citadel bound the eastern side, and on the north the mighty city spread before its range beyond range of sandstone, flat-roofed houses, the poorest in the fore-ground half mixed among the cemeteries which are numerous here between the Pacha's manufactories on the bank and the gates of the town known as Bab-el-Lit Zaneb and the Bab Tiloon, near which is the oldest mosque of the same name in the city. Conspicuous among all the buildings stands the mosque of Sultan Hassein, in an open space fronting the gate of the citadel from whence the panic-stricken Mamelukes attempted to escape when shot and steel had begun the deadly work within the court yard of the citadel, where they had assembled to the number of 700 at the request of the Pacha in 1811 for an inspection. Mahomed Ali sat at a high window over a gateway leading into other offices which surround the court, from whence there was but one exit for horsemen, and at that gate were posted guns—at a signal from the treacherous despot, every window which surrounds the court poured thick and fast its leaden hail, troops hitherto concealed marched forth to slaughter. Broken, cut down and wounded the wretched Mamelukes rushed to the gateway, here they were mowed down in crowds by the fire of cannon stationed without, till the gate was eventually closed upon the dying and the dead so suddenly, that many a six-pound shot designed for their serried ranks still hangs, arrested by the beams of the massy door.

One man alone dashed his horse up the steep ascent to the Pacha's house behind the site of the new mausoleum, and leaped the frantic brute over a wall and scarp'd rock of 60 or 70 feet fall: the horse died there, the man, disentangling himself from the crushed steed, crept through the branches and through some large sewers, escaped by the neighbouring gateway over the adjoining Necropolis into the desert. Twenty-five fled into the mosque fronting the gate of the citadel, no longer to afford its sacred asylum; their blood still marks the cloister near the Kebla and the entrance hall near the western gateway. The vast copy of the Koran in its cage of gilded iron-work has not, they say, been open since that day, and this is the mosque to which alone in former years, Europeans were admitted.

We visited the pyramids on the 11th March. I was too sick from cold and cough to speak or to attempt the ascent which, with the very determined assistance of two Arabs to each person, is by no means the wonderful exertion which travellers are led to believe it. To be sure, the height of the pyramid of Cheops exceeds that of the dome of St. Paul's by many, and that of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome by a few feet, and the rugged enor-

mous blocks of stone on the pyramids require much more agility than the narrow winding staircases in either cathedral call for.

After we had crawled over the heaps of sand round the Sphinx, and each had endeavoured, as much as one view will enable one, to comprehend its vast proportions, we broke our fast with considerable zest from the provisions brought by our servants under the special charge of a black slave boy, who mounted on the hind quarters of an ass as black as himself, cantered before us, yelling Arabic songs at the tip-top end of a sonorous but unpleasant voice, which no effort of ours short of the "Koorbadj" could silence. The boy's shaven skull was a model for craniological research, though self-esteem gave the contour an inelegant, conical appearance, while his broad ears projected in the most asinine manner—pointing to the protuberance behind them. He must have been purchased from the interior of Senegal and in complexion was perfect ebony.

While my companions were engaged in that part of a pilgrim's duty; viz. the ascent of the pyramids, which is by universal custom as strictly enjoined as bathing in the Dead Sea seems fashionable among the elegant recorders of their own feats, I rolled myself in all the cloaks I could muster and reclined on the sunny side of the way, felt and thought that March in Egypt is still winter beyond the tropics. As I gradually recovered warmth from the sun and the sand, I mounted my horse, took a gallop in the desert and inspected the world's wonders on every side.

The finest view is from the south-east near the Sphinx, and I saw afterwards an admirable drawing which had been lithographed in Paris, but which one can as well purchase in Europe as cumber the baggage with. Though five miles in a direct line and nearly six by the road from the ferry at Ghecsali, they look as distinct and as near from the river bank as when you are crossing the narrow belt of sand between the clover covered fields and the sandy rock on which these time-mocking monuments rest: eighteen feet of the Sphinx are buried; lay your hand on the lowest stone, look up, you will not see the topmost stones, but you will then receive some impression of the vast design.

I sat upon a heap of huge stones, ten yards to the south of the S. E. corner, and saw, as I fancied, the mighty pyramid of Cheops to the best advantage. Men look like crows as they ascend, and feel as if wandering upon a huge mountain's side, unknowing where it may end; unable to see far above, or on either side, while the desert below and behind you spreads at every step.

The interior is more astonishing from the massive and well cemented construction than interesting to the unlearned. We

saw a fox running half way up the pyramid of Cephrenes, where he evidently had found "the use of the *thing*" and had taken up his residence. To such base purposes, &c. We explored the third also inside, but the interior of a tomb in the rear, i. e. westward of the great pyramid is far more interesting, from the well-preserved coloring and the well-drawn-out figures on the walls. The humpless, long backed oxen so singular to our eyes accustomed to the neat little Indian kine, the marked Egyptian figures, proportions and features alike but more naked than we see them at this season, and the simple ploughs and boats, built as now, attest the conservative principles of the East, and show that though 3,000 years may have rolled away, and dynasty has succeeded dynasty, the manners of the Egyptians have altered not.

It may be difficult to account for the want of due enthusiasm in myself, relative to the pyramids. I felt disappointed that they and the desert looked exactly as I imagined, even in childhood's day-dreams, they would appear.

14th March, Tuesday.—The weather had become extremely disagreeable, wind southerly, weak and sultry, the sun oppressive; and as I did not perspire from the cold still on me or from some other atmospheric cause, I found the heat intolerably oppressive, dressed in black frock and polished leather boots, from want of better clothes more suitable to the temperature, and ignorant of the change till in the open air. We rode on asses, to the *Burráge*, vulgo—*Barriége* correctly—some 12 miles off. We left before 11 A. M., reached the works after 2 P. M., walked about and crossed the river in a ferry boat filled with asses to inspect the works till ten minutes to 4, and came to the hotel at 7; the most fatiguing journey I ever encountered. I fell asleep immediately, had fever at night and changed our intention of going to Sinai and Petra, for the route to Jerusalem *via* El Arisha Ramla.

This work is another of Mahommed Ali's wonders; it has been three years in the progress, and may be completed in two more; constructed for the improvement of his country it deserves more accurate mention.

17th March.—We recorded before the British Consul an Arabic contract with Sheik Abdal Walab bin Moosæ, to take us and ours to Jerusalem with 8 camels at 200 pistoles each camel— $\frac{3}{4}$ paid down this day, 1066 $\frac{1}{2}$ piastres—£10 17s. 6d.

18th March.—We received our passports and purchased tents, &c., &c. One of the most remarkable natural curiosities in the neighbourhood of Cairo is the petrified forest; indeed, the whole country down to the borders of the Red Sea contains these fossil remains. The Arabs bring them for sale to you at every

station in the desert throughout the transit route, as well as in the road taken by the great Mecca pilgrim caravan, known as Derb El Hadj, and in the path of the Israelites which approaches Suez from the southern extremity of the sandstone ridge which is generally shewn to European, and lies through a valley between Mukattin and the Jebel Almar; from which valley there is a fine view of the Delta opening over the tombs of the two Sultans El Asheruf and El Burghook, and the most easterly of the mausolea which is now used as a powder magazine!—Far away westward lies the citadel and the town around it. We proceeded on a southern course over cretaceous soil worn by a torrent, running northward of course toward the Delta, apparently through the ranges of hills which now open towards the Delta, but closing round upon the west and east sides of our road, appear at some distance in the desert to separate wider and wider, till those on the east stop abruptly to afford a passage to a (at present dry) river-bed opening in from the S. W. which appears to be another tributary that has helped to form the Delta of the Nile. Here the road winds somewhat slightly to the westward, until about 4 miles from the red hill, a white sandy eminence is distinguished among darker formations, and there is the commencement of the petrified forest. The Arabs say it extends southward for three days' journey. As far as the eye can see, irregular surfaces of all heights, from hills down to mere excrescences on the sandy plain, are covered with fossil remains which seem fibres of wood broken into splinters by the fall of the trees, which appear to have been *overwhelmed* from the south and the south east, *after* they had been converted into stone, for in many cases entire trunks with gnarled bark and knotted branches, are perceptible; the top or where the top branches must have fallen, are plentifully scattered with petrified fragments broken into minute particles, all shewing the grain and curves of the original wood, but all are more or less buried in the moving sands which appear to have drifted and thus formed tumuli over these fossil remains.

We saw a few antelopes and the footmarks of many in every sandy water-course, just as one would have seen in Guzerat—while the footmarks and the animals we saw, strongly reminded me of my oft-coveted and off-slain prey, the goat antelope or cliukarah, here known by the common generic term gazelle, which seems applicable to all varieties, while many fanciful epithets convey no more distinct idea than that which Mr. Moore, and his brother lyric poets, have rendered classical in English literature.

Before leaving Cairo a few remarks must be made on the inhabitants. Arabic is the language of all classes, but often very

different in pronunciation, and in the words in common use from that current at Bagdad or at Aden, and not so closely resembling the pronunciation of the written language as our oriental dialects are. However the people here assert that theirs is the true tongue, and that any one fluent in their speech will be understood throughout Asia. I shall be able to judge after having visited Syria, whether truth or *amor patriæ* inspires this boast. The court language is said to be Turkish, the greater number of higher classes are Turks. The town is said by Dr. Prunar, to contain 240,000 inhabitants, of which 30,000 are Copts or native Egyptian Christians, 4,000 Europeans and the rest Mussulmen. All classes are taller, much fairer, and stouter than the natives of India. The lower European population are a wretched mixture of Maltese, Jews, Greeks and Italians—all adventurers, and as such, reckless of character, ignorant and debauched, living by no ostensible trade, and in their manners evincing no signs of moral superiority. Of the Turks I know nothing. French is not spoken by any class, and few persons understand more than Italian and Arabic. The manners of the lower classes are bold and impertinent to strangers, while they are as cringing to men in power as impertinent to those who have no authority. The shop-keepers among the Musselmen, as usual with them in the east, evince no desire for a purchase to be made at their shops, ask double what they will take and are at no pains to assist or to gratify casual customers. There is a considerable air of politeness among all classes in the public streets. You see a man with a heavy burden stand till any respectable person or one who does not appear to see him has passed. In India a loaded hamaul would run down any one but the governor. Women are assisted and made way for, universally, and the Christians are subject to no annoyance in the town. The worst set are the donkey boys, most foul-mouthed and impudent little miscreants when they think they are not observed or understood,—while the French we meet with, and especially those connected with the Hotel d'Orient, appear to have sunk the far-famed politeness of their nation—not one single act of respect or of ordinary civility did I receive from one of them, though resident in the Hotel d'Orient for 15 days and confined to my room occasionally: they took pains to seem not to recognize one, even though meeting daily in the public or billiard-rooms or on the stairs, &c. &c. That there exists as much prejudice among the Mussulmen as ever, was apparent from the insulting expressions of the children, even when they are begging for the *khumsal** calling me ten or twelve

* Kumsal here means the five parah piece of copper; from any native, a beggar would be delighted with one parah, the fortieth part of a piastre, of which

lumps in succession "accursed dog." When I rode on horseback to the pyramids, they pelted me with stones; adding, "*the dog rides on horseback, curse him.*" One old villain who afterwards begged for a shilling, and he an officer in invalid uniform on guard at the citadel, seeing our party enter a public gateway remarked of Capt. E. in Arabic—"Why does that hog wear a turban,"—he afterwards suggested—*bucksheesh*, and receiving a few piastres worth about one shilling, decamped without returning thanks. The Copts are singular in appearance, exact copies of the paintings in the ancient tombs, and distinguished from other sects by dress and manners; they are much engaged in money matters, are builders and artificers of sorts. After we left Cairo, we found the Moslim more intolerant than usual, as far as our previous experience had shewn: that feeling is restricted to the Hindoo in India, whether Brahman or Bunya; while the Mussulman evinces a frank freedom of conversation very pleasing to us. Here we appear to be thought unworthy of the salutation *salaam aleeh*, always paid to the Arab attendants, and never to us Christians. All European goods are inferior and dear in price—provisions and wages are cheap, and we lived in Cairo without much care, agreeably and cheaply, but found our preparations for the desert high priced bad, and innumerable, for which subsequently we found no equivalent.

We took Guiseppe, a Maltese, very highly recommended by excellent characters from those with whom he had served, and by Mr and Mrs L., who advised us to secure his attendance: he has been in the service of Son Altesse as he styles Mohammed Ali, and served in Syria under Ibrahim Pacha in 1832 and 40, and was also one year in the service of Lady H. Stanhope. He has now left the army and visits these countries, since that time almost every season as dragoman, targoma, interpreter. His family and his Greek wife reside in Cairo; his wages are £4 sterling a month; he is very polite, attentive and useful, but has evidently had no practice in the particular arrangements to which we are accustomed in India, nor has he the art to enforce obedience or quicken the movements of the Arabs engaged;

latter coin five are equal to a shilling, and one hundred and two in Egypt, or one hundred and seventeen at Beyrout, are equivalent to one pound sterling. The great variety of crowns in circulation in Egypt, and the fluctuating value, afford a disagreeable enigma for the traveller, but a pleasant source of emolument to the Surafs, money changers and agents, of whom the British Consul resident at Cairo, appears well skilled in this and other branches of agency. While like Catiline, he exerts himself *alieni appetens*—public report denies him the counteracting characteristic of the Roman *sui profusus*.

he appears to have indifferent health, to possess little energy of disposition, has never known English habits of living and the cleanliness required by them.

We have a cook, whose services are dear at 30 shillings per mensem, a Greek returning to Constantinople who wears a Frank dress, speaks no language well, and Arabic and French not at all : he is bad tempered and selfish, neither endeavours to oblige nor can he cook the most simple article as we require, even eggs and rice under his hands assume forms never known by us. We have two tents, equal to four usually sold in this town, and there are 10 camels, four Arabs, a boy and a girl with us. The Sheik of the party who is the father of the two children, is a close, ill-tempered, stupid villain, who has tried several ways of imposition and been foiled in all, except that of charging ten camels instead of eight, &c.

We left Cairo about 3½ p. m. on Tuesday, 21st March, after taking leave of our kind friends Mr and Mrs L. and of my good friend the Revd. J. S. and Mr P., the lately appointed Queen's Consul in Abyssinia, who rode out with us. We came up with the camels on the Suez coach road, and after we had visited the sycamore tree said to have been frequented by the holy family in their journey into Egypt, but the authenticity of which is physically impossible and morally improbable. We saw the only remnant of the *Beth Shems*, in a fine obelisk of one high stone, 70 feet high and nearly 4 feet square at the base, inscribed with the usual hieroglyphic symbols, on the north and south sides, from whence it is supposed to have been built coeval with the residence of Joseph and the Israelites in Egypt, or about the time of the pyramids. Joseph, we are informed married a daughter of the priest, and the Arabic name assigns this locality as that of the temple of the Sun, did not the Greek Heliopolis and the purport of the hieroglyphics on the column, interpreted as I believe they can be by many of the learned residents in Cairo, confirm this assertion. After wandering for about an hour in the gardens which enclose the obelisk and the time honored sycamore, and which are remarkably well appointed gardens for this land of dirt and negligence, we passed through the filthy Arab village over a rich meadow, where a few fat horses and a very large fierce fighting ram were picketed to graze, and came down to the confines of the desert, where we again encountered our slow-moving train of servants and camels ; had the tents pitched and took a merry dinner of cold mutton, turkey and porter, exported from the hotel, &c. by special desire of the Cook and Co., to avoid trouble &c. and a farewell bottle of sherry : and thus passed our first night in the desert in tents, from which date we have "forsook sack and live cleanly on thin potatoes." The

weather not so cold as we expected to find it, and a very slight shower of rain fell in the morning of 22d March.

We rose at daylight, breakfasted as soon as possible, loaded the camels and began the march at 8 A. M. Mr W. P., after seeing us mount our camels and having given us numerous instructions in the art of camel riding, returned to Cairo *en route* to his future prospects in Abyssinia, where he had already passed much of the last ten years of his life.

The valley of the Delta seems boundless in its power of productiveness, when the very trifling expenditure of labour and skill is taken into consideration. Water appears procurable very near the surface and with water the desert blooms, for where the irrigation ceases, the sand encroaches. We travel on the edge of the desert, and on the borders of wheat-fields. To the right hand are heaps of sand as far as the eye can see, and we know they extend to the Red Sea; on the left are wheat fields, mulberry and date trees in great profusion, and whatever other travellers may say, I have never seen any palm trees; but date trees are recognized there as palm trees: there are none resembling either the cocoanut or the tar tree, (of the botanical names I am at present ignorant.) The date grows higher and is more carefully attended to those in India. Pomegranates and apricots, limes and oranges abound in every garden, and the oranges I have seen in Egypt are the finest I have ever seen or tasted anywhere, and in such abundance that eighty can be purchased for one shilling. There are continually by the road side fields of trefoil-grass called *burseen*, and clover, of both of which just now our camels and all the cattle are feeding in unlimited quantities. While we were yet among cultivated lands, the camels received a small portion of green grass each morning before they started, and on the first march we had occasion to use our authority to prevent the men from stealing grass for their animals as they passed the cultivated land, a right of command which they seemed to acquiesce in rather *sulkily* as if astonished at our scruples; we insisted, and have since then carried out our views always and on every subject—*nem. con.*

The fact is, that however cheap labour may be, and however much each day may diminish the outlay on works of irrigation, yet even grass when grown by seed and not the spontaneous produce of uncultivated land, should be as much respected as wheat or fruit or any other produce of labour. How light must the land tax press on the cultivators, where very extensive tracks of irrigated lands can be worth setting with clover, to be eaten down by cattle taken in to graze, comparing the probable value of a cow, a calf, or an ox, at 60 miles from Cairo, with the same

animal when fattened for slaughter in the vicinity of London or Edinburgh, where the butchers, or *fleshers*, as modern Athens delights to call them, can pay rent for some remarkably improved grazing land in the vicinity of the market, unheard of in the annals of agricultural expenses except in that single instance !

After a march long and wearisome to us, who had never mounted the uncouth *desert ship* until this day, we halted at a village called Zoamel, about 17 miles from Metarieh at 3½ P. M., after a journey of 7½ hours without a halt. We had passed about 10 o'clock a large straggling village called Khunka. There are the remains of a large mosque on the west side with a rickety minaret attached to it ; the bazaar partly covered above, had many shops but few inhabitants ; it had once been covered entirely. The men wore beards, and already among the women were fewer veiled faces than in Cairo. There is a large college on the north side beyond the town which had once been walled, and in the neighbourhood of which Kleber with six thousand French defeated a large body of Mamelukes in 1799. There is a hospital of invalids on the left of the road beyond the village. To the eastward after leaving the town, we saw a range of low hills of red sandstone, and between them and us were a few heaps of rubbish and sand doing duty for hills, and known as *Tel Eahoud*, the jewish mound—all that remains of the once celebrated city of Ramesis (?) We saw these ruins for nearly two hours, when the plain opened into a low flat expanse of sand forming on the horizon small hills to the north and east. After journeying over this barren waste for nearly four hours, we began to discern date trees in the distance, the cultivated fields, a white washed telegraph station, and finally having passed the mud-built, flat-roofed village of Zoamel, about half-past three A. M., we encamped among a grove of date trees in the sand. The weather had been very hot all day, the veils, (parting presents from our considerate lady friends, which though laughed at in India are valuable here,) enabled us to read or write on the saddle more satisfactorily, and much diminished the glare of the sand : a warm wind, like the *khamseer*, had blown all this day, and the umbrella was in use to day and daily throughout the journey. In India, where men in general, and Griffins in particular, on a journey, are accustomed to regard an umbrella as an effeminate incumbrance, neither the veil nor the parasol are ever used except by a peon in the presidency, even though many are content to crawl through a journey at a foot's pace as we do here, on the hollow jades of Asia, which cannot go beyond thirty miles a day ; as was the opinion of valiant Pistol. In Guzerat I have known as good a sportsman as ever followed hog or faced a tiger's charge on foot, use a thick white covered umbrella, and

there are still some in the Garden of India, who have seen the same article shade a spear which was as often among the first as any in his time. (The mercury rose to 84° at p. m. in the tent with double walls and double fly—fell to 64° by 9 p. m. and to 55° at sun-rise.) We only once saw travellers, ten men and an ass; very few people in the fields, and the villages, though clean, are but thinly cultivated.

23d March.—Being disappointed by the little progress yesterday, with the design of a longer march to-day, I woke, as I usually do when marching, very early, but all endeavours to obtain breakfast earlier, or even hot water for E. to make some of his fine tea, failed. We did not leave the ground till 5 minutes before 8, a very trifling improvement on yesterday; in short we found the Arabs disobliging, the cook useless, and Guiseppa not able to do every thing and advise every one all at the same time, as his good nature suggested. We find the cook cannot speak Arabic and neither of us are fluent, so that preparations, which in India would have been completed before six o'clock, are here not finished under three hours. We find the camel's paces easy, though I was much bruised by the hinder part of the saddle, which, being upright instead of at an angle, of course ran into the small of my back at every stride. Fortunately, I neither destroyed nor gave away the mattress which I brought from Bombay, and which was the largest of three furnished for the bullock carts, so that after this had been doubled up and placed side-ways on the saddle and my Mackintosh cloak on it, I was comfortable enough. The stirrups are adjusted by a rope fastened fore and aft for the purpose of preserving the *point d'appui* where it is required, and not where our wise people, the Arabs, had placed them on the first day and still do with E.'s saddle, from the front crutch: my saddle-bags containing pistols, books, a turban, the veil, dates, figs and oranges, &c. are slung over the after-part, a pillow over the fore; my carpet folded lengthways is thrown over the whole and I mount not to descend for the space of seven or eight hours, during which we read, write notes, talk and lounge in every sort of attitude! After traversing a sandy plain similar to the latter part of yesterday's journey, and on the border of which we had encamped, we reached a ruined mosque and well outside of the ancient and large city of Belbeis, which we had determined not to enter, as the Arabs evidently wanted under pretence of buying grain for the camels, to stay in the town, and we could not afford the time requisite for a search among the ruins, of which by the by, the plain toward the desert is covered in the shape of fragments of walls and bricks for miles along the road: as E. remarked, no one would have taken the trouble to break up pots and strew bricks

in the desert, had there not been an immense city here. It is enumerated in one of the Arabian Nights, as one of the stations out of Cairo taken by travellers to Damascus. The road we are now travelling has been traversed by Pharaoh, Necho; by Sesostris; by Joseph and Mary and the Holy Child; subsequently by many a Roman conqueror and Prefect; by Napoleon and Ibrahim Pacha with their armies. The ancient name was Parblœthis. It was taken by St. Louis in the last Crusade, and Napoleon had a station here. I must examine its history more at large when I have the benefit of a library. After an hour and a half's travelling in the desert, we suddenly turned to the left through a very small Arab encampment of two tents of camel's hair and half a dozen dirty men and noisy dogs, to another mud-built village called El. Haiet, where we travelled through a fine flourishing country for some miles upon a raised cause-way; perhaps the wall said to have been built by Sesostris from Pelusium to On or Heliopolis, and hence the present Arab name El Hayet, or the Wall. We saw a canal which flowed from the south-west, and after running by the west side of the wall for some distance, was lost or dissolved into a series of broad irregular marshes which stretch out into the desert towards the south, and are said to be the remains of the canal formed by Trajan from the Pelusian branch of the Nile at Bubastis, now a few miles to the left of our course, till it joined the canal at Suez.* We saw several men, perfectly naked, fishing, and Guiseppè indulged himself and the cook by shooting a few plovers and a duck or two. The latter is a good shot, as I saw him fire once or twice with great quickness and accuracy, (although the tool is a queer weapon to look at,) and the former from his performances must be supposed to be better. There was much cultivation on either side the road for nearly five miles, during which distance we traversed evidently on an embankment like the wall, to a village called Senaica, where Lord Nugent mentions having encamped under *pine trees*, which as far as we could discover seem to be only bastard cypress, thin and small, doing duty for hedges; while the Turkish burial ground had sunk into a few Arab tombs, the common *turba*, perhaps the last *patels* of the now deserted

* We subsequently met an agreeable and very intelligent American gentleman, who, with the energetic desire of extending scientific investigation of late conspicuous, among his countrymen, had alone traversed the desert from Belbies to Suez, following the canal here alluded to, and of which he found such indubitable marks of the complete style of work, that there can be no question but that much if not all the present desert has been at some time under cultivation, and we may look forward to this gentleman's researches as interesting additions to public knowledge as those of the American mission in the Dead Sea.

village. We saw several fields of indifferent cotton, very black and already picked; the fields of grass were most abundant, high, green and fine; without however more cattle than a few buffaloes, goats, a horse or two, asses and a camel; in short flocks and herds are not the property of modern Egyptians, however much the Delta is adapted for rich pasturage. We saw much water on all sides and passed a bridge over a canal near a village called Aboon-Alurd, beyond Senaica, which flowed from the west toward the east, and on which we traced the sail of a small boat at a considerable distance into the desert. Capt. E. thought this had been Trajan's canal; I fancied it was too small and evidently of too recent a date to serve any other purpose than for irrigation. As the camels mounted the half ruined brick-built bridge, I saw a few of the invalid corps on guard in a hut on the left side; some said *salaam aleekum* to the Arabs, and three were going through the ceremony of afternoon prayers upon their carpets or coats near the bank of the canal, to the movements of an old man who was acting as fogleman. The Mahomedans throughout Egypt, Syria and Turkey quite render our Indian friends of that interesting and accommodating persuasion, mere Kafirs, for here, no one omits morning, noon or night the five appointed seasons of prayer; going through the orthodox genuflexions and prostrations, and as far as we could judge, keeping all the observances enjoined by the arch-antichrist of Mecca, who certainly, if ever man understood his fellows, measured the genius of the Orientals to a practical nicety.

It was now late and we had been on the camels eight successive hours, at their tedious dull pace of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour, and though we wished, if possible, to reach Kerain, a large village, half way to Salahiyeh, where we henceforth shall be obliged to forego the advantages of cultivation, eggs and milk, and plunge into the desert,—knowing the dilatory character of all Orientals, and fearing that the camels, who had had no grain since they left Cairo on Tuesday (and for how long before that they may have fasted we know not), but hitherto, to our knowledge, had eaten nothing but a handful or two of green grass, would not reach Kerain till after dark—we ordered a halt in the plain at 5 P. M., after nine hours' marching, near a village called Aboon Musillim, and pitched the tents as rapidly as we Europeans and Guiseppe could do. The cook, though physically the strongest of the party never exerted himself, for like the Egyptians of old, his "strength was to sit still," and eat oranges, apparently; for I never turned in my saddle to address E. whose camel was attached by a cord, be it understood, to mine, or to smatter French with Guiseppe, but the cook had his hands and mouth filled with oranges. In short we soon discovered that he had

made our service a kind of convenience and means of conveyance for himself to Constantinople, where he usually resided, and the means of smuggling through the Turkish dominions certain stuffs and goods with which one camel was loaded, as if it had been part of our property. The Sheik and three of his men had stayed behind in Belbeis, with the *half camel* whose load for the time had been transferred to others, and himself marched off to fetch grain, shewing plainly that as far as the necessity for an increase of camels existed, eight or nine camels would have carried every thing, and three hundred piastres which we had agreed at the Metarieh to pay for a camel and a half, was a mere imposition; however, I gave two Turkish pounds to the Sheik as two-thirds payment in the presence of Capt. E., Mr P. and Guiseppe, and the owner returned to Cairo delighted with his success.

After nightfall the men returned with the camel, but no grain that we could ascertain, and the Sheik, who is a great rascal, had contrived to cheat Guiseppe out of ten piastres in change of a gold piece he had entrusted him with, and which he said "a friend had borrowed by force." We have delayed retaliation till we reach El Arish, which is the native place of the Sheik and his relations, and where the boy Mahomed and the girl Zaimib live. He had come into the tent at Zoamel, and after having been honoured by a pipe and conversing as with his equals, he received tobacco for his party, for which he did not thank us; he then began talking of the presents he should receive at Jerusalem, adding, "of course 2 or 300 piastres," and subsequently declared that the boy and the girl were starving, having eaten nothing since we left Cairo, and that a man or two must be sent on with a camel to Belbies to buy grain. I called Guiseppe and told him to give the children some bread for our own honour, but to make all the Arabs comprehend that so stale a trick would not succeed with old travellers, and as it was not entered in the contract, they must provide for themselves!

We are a strange crew, five languages are spoken between eight men. There is the cook, a Greek, Guiseppe, Italian, four Arabs and two English who talk a little French and less Arabic: the boy is about 14 years old, very red, with hair to match; he is the Sheik's nephew and leads the *kafila* by my camel. The little girl is about 8 years old, very plain and with the smallest apologies for eyes I ever saw; she takes care of all or any of the camels and is very useful at loading, &c. &c. and while the creatures are grazing; at our request on the first day she was allowed to mount a camel and therefore generally rides the half gimel,* except when

* Every one in India must have heard his Butler use the expression "half-fowl!" when he meant a chicken, or he may have seen the same bird so designated

she is disposed to run and laugh and play with her ousin the *Wullud*. She appears to be the Sheik's daughter. The Sheik is a man of about 35 years, of age, thin and with rather good looking features, but a very mean and offensive expression; he never looks boldly at one, his hair is light and he has as little the Arab look as any man can have. There is a fine looking old grey beard, whose name I have since discovered to be Hussoonan, a dark, black-bearded man, named Mustapha, and a youth named Abd-illal. All are relations and the Sheik owns only one of the ten camels, that apparently on which I ride by his continually feeding it, and it really is a fine tempered, good creature, but though a quick trotter is the worst walker in the string.

24th *Murch*.—I woke at $\frac{1}{2}$ past four and roused all hands to make preparation. E. was dressed at five and we were ready for breakfast, which however, though only consisting of cold mutton and tea—for the Sheik had omitted to procure milk at the last station—was not ready till past six. Here we had a fine scene. We had been informed about eight o'clock on the preceding evening that the Sheik of the village had sent a guard of several men to the tents, and for which Guiseppa said we must pay, and added, that when *our* Sheik with the recollection of yesterday's error about supplies had gone into this village on the same errand, to ensure us what we required, he had superadded this—which we did not want. We remembered during last night's conversation with him at Zoamel, having informed him that by his agreement, he was to furnish a guard at night; accordingly before starting I called the men of this guard to me and desired the Sheik to ask them (four ill-looking fellows, who had made a sad talking and noise all night round a fire between our tents)—how much they expected, saying that I would pay. "19 piastres" was the reply, but I added "Sheik I shall pay anything you wish to ask but still deduct the same from your hire, because by contract *you* are to furnish guard—so I advise you to settle with them." Much to the disappointment of the Moslim, he handed out a gold piece, value 9 piastres, less than two shillings, and gave it to the eldest of the party who retired, rather disgusted; but we heard of no more guards and spoke no more to the Sheik, reserving our civility and superfluous eggs, oranges, dates and apricots &c. for the *Bint* and the *Wullud*.

in his weekly account. Exactly the same idiom made our present attendants speak of the half-grown camel, for whom we were paying only half a camel hire per diem as "nist giomal," the half camel. How facile the transition from the real Arabic word "jomal" to the Egyptian pronunciation "gimel," from whence the Romans caught the word "camelus," and we in English term the brute a camel!

This custom of furnishing a guard seems common to all savage tribes, and is equivalent to a tribute paid for safe passage. In Guzerat, each village considers itself to have a right to supply such a guard upon payment of a rate equivalent to a day's labour, or about three pence English to each man of the party, who will conduct the traveller to the next village and are always held responsible by the authorities for robbery committed under this trust. The villages, as far as my personal experience goes, never refuse to acquiesce in such a decision, however much they may deprecate the amount of damage,—the precedent is recognized as an inviolable arrangement.

With the Sheik, who undertook to conduct us to Jerusalem for a sum, small as it may seem to English ideas of travelling allowance, far beyond the ordinary hire of a camel for fifteen days, it was of course calculated on his part, and entered by the Consular Agents in the agreement bond on ours, that all guarding was to be at the Sheik's risk, and when subsequently at El Arub, a Bedouin chief demanded a fee of 9 pence for each Christian, he made his claim against the Sheik and not against us, neither did the Sheik repudiate his liabilities. The custom is universally recognized and the Arabs are strict in such matters, though unbounded in their avarice, except by the resistance of further extortion evinced by the victim.

From a disinclination on the part of all Mahomedans to assign personal identity to their females when speaking of them, which only absolute necessity compels them to do, few persons ever address a woman by her name, but employ the ordinary term of relationship most respectful to the party addressed, as on this occasion the child is called "*Bint*," "my daughter" "little girl"—and so also *Wullud*, my son.—Every one who has resided in India can recall numerous very facetious applications for these terms when applied by their attendants or associates, and if he has travelled much alone, will be sensible of the talismanic effect of a well-directed term of relationship in eliciting the information or assistance required, while the unpalatable effect of a misapplied term meets with a very disastrous retort—addressed to Europeans as well as to their own native superiors. My father, or my father and mother, are well known to be the most sacred appeal, though not often received by Europeans in the spirit which induced the use of the words.

The mercury last night sank to 58 in the tent and stood at 49 at sunrise outside; we had been 9 hours on the camels and did not reach Aboo-ul-Moosellim till 5 P. M. We contrived on the following morning to leave the ground by 7 A. M. and reach the large straggling village of Kerain at 8½, though we had not emerged upon the desert again till past 10, so that it must have

been very extensive. The ruins extend over about four miles, and are no doubt those of that town destroyed by Kleber in his retreat, although Lord Nugent has laid the scene at a town which he calls Sesterial, but which our Arabs evidently pronounced Estoweea, at about 8 miles further on the road than this, where however the wheat growing where house walls still stand, the almost deserted appearance of a few huts on the right hand and the length of road upon either side of which these house walls extends, with the marks in the road of other walls ("mustabel" as the low ledges without the house used to sleep and recline on are called) show where a bazaar stood, and a large city flourished. All the enclosures contained fine crops of wheat and many a small well, from whence water was drawn by the Persian wheel turned by the hand or the foot, of course a more tedious process than where bullocks are employed. We traversed the sandy skirt of the desert, not unornamented with coarse grass and flowers, till 1 p. m., when we made a detour into some cultivated ground where the grass was high and verdant and cattle were grazing; a few quail rose and the cook knocked over a brace with Guiseppé's long single barrel. This gun, as far as we can judge by the facility and accuracy with which both these men used it, is a superior weapon of its kind, having capsules; it is universally admired by the Arabs, and many have desired to purchase it I believe; its value to Guiseppé may be 700 piastres, about seven pounds sterling. We repeatedly in the bazaars at Cairo saw guns, rather good-looking weapons of this kind and similar to this, but with flint locks, hawked about for 120 to 170 piastres, equal only to one pound five or fifteen shillings. They were of Turkish manufacture and remarkably light and straight in the stock.

Here we have shewn Estoweea, about three hundred yards to the left side of the road we travelled, and which was, again, the raised dyke we had previously traversed. It is perhaps the wall of Sesostriis, and close to which appeared the *Murabout*, or saint's tomb referred to by Lord Nugent. Beyond this we passed a large pool of shallow water, covered with duck very wild, from among which I contrived by creeping sufficiently near to knock over two with right and left barrels, but the left hand victim escaped among the reeds and the birds would not allow us a second shot. After some little delay we mounted our camels and overtook the *kafila* at Salalnjel, about $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 p. m. We had seen an European and an Egyptian on horseback, inspecting a flock of sheep, but we heard no more of them. "Habitativeness" does not draw Europeans together here, as it does in India. Over a narrow belt of land shaded with picturesque date trees at the extrême verge of cultivation, a few houses marked the last village before we en-

tered the desert.* Half the population male and a few females had assembled at the tent and continued to make their remarks and to laugh at us until dark, when hunger perhaps or sleep relieved us of their company. I had observed a few red *turbooshes* and white coats of the Invalid corps among the idlers, and was informed that this was a quarantine station. We saw at sunset a high hill to the eastward, or more correctly to the south east and was told it was near Suez. The mercury at night pointed to 64, but fell within the tent before morning to 51 outside: at sunrise it pointed to 47. The air is exhilarating, cool and the purest to be imagined; my cough is certainly less troublesome, and my health better. I was less fatigued after 4 days' travel than on any of the preceding occasions, although 10 hours in the saddle, and that a pack saddle on a dromedary.†

25th March.—We endeavoured to rouse the people this morning as soon as possible, because the camels were to have water for the last time for some days, and the water casks were to be replenished. Only two had been tapped and only one emptied, so that the camel returned about sunrise with two heavy casks, and after having breakfasted and gone through the tedious operation of loading the camels we left the camp 15 minutes after 7 A. M. and entered at once into the desert.

The country for miles round has a great resemblance to the wide plains near the sea in the Broach and Surat zillahs, and with the date trees in the distance looming as large as the cocoa palmyra, might if a herd of antelopes had appeared have been taken for the neighbourhood of Adjuni Beebe's tomb near Jul-lalabad in the Surat districts or Oolpar, or the neighbourhood of Dhej or Kantiajal, in the Broach zillah—in short any low sandy flat near the sea. We saw the foot-marks of hyena and foxes, and heard a few jackals for the first time since leaving India. We followed a broad track towards the east between low heaps of sand, not entirely destitute of all shrubs, but which reminded me of the waste lands on the banks of the Mlyee river,

* The children of Ishmael feel and make all wanderers know, that in the desert every man is your enemy till he has declared himself a friend—and there is some good cause for allowing the claim on either side!

† Having had a severe attack of fever at Cairo, and being much reduced in strength by a chronic cough which had annoyed me for more than twelve months, and which had in fact—as the Persians say, “beaten the drum of my departure” from India, I was warned by medical men not to proceed to England at this season, but to travel into the desert, when the pure air and bracing exercise and regular starving would effect a cure: strange to say, this fact did work itself out, and from about the present date and during my subsequent travels in Palestine, Lebanon and Damascus, I never enjoyed better health during my life.

when the road before descending into the deep ravines has run for some distance sufficiently below the surface of the country, to prevent the view extending to the neighbouring land-marks, and therefore exhibiting only sand-hills covered with birch wood. We soon came on the bed of a salt water-course through which brackish water had filtered, leaving much of it wet and covered with salt—here the bastard cypress was in great profusion on either side, and after awhile we saw a vast lagoon of salt, and beyond the Pelusial branch of the Nile and either the sea or part of Lake Menzaleh beaming in the sunlight beyond. The sea, I think is too far distant, and the spot we looked from is marked—*Tel Defseual*, perhaps the “Sepulchral Mound.” At 1 to 3 P. M. we crossed the little brick-built bridge made by Ibrahim Pacha in 1832, to aid his march into Syria over the salt water creek, and we encamped immediately after the passage. This place is called El Kantarah, or the Bridges. From the direction taken by the salt stream over which the bridge has been built, and the fact of much of the country between the salt lakes and Suez laying below the level of the sea, it is most probably the canal dug by Sesostris and mentioned by Herodotus.

We had seen several vast sandstones whirling high and thick in spiral conical figures on each side our route, and much rain over the sea. We can easily imagine the effects of the great Sahara sand dance,—heard the word Sahara pronounced plainly in reference to this track which in maps is styled desert of moving sands! There were still a few birds from time to time visible and a hyena had been in the neighbourhood; the bones of camels are not so numerous as travellers assert; I had not seen half a dozen hitherto in the desert, and as the neighbourhood contains a well of not very good water and a ruined guard house and stables, built by Ibrahim Pacha about 250 yards eastward of the bridge, I believe there would be no more difficulty in crossing the desert in a few hours on horseback, than the expense of stationing provender for the animals would entail, and as the communication between Damietta and Jaffa during some months is closed for any vessels but steamers, which could only occasionally be spared for such a service, the mails could be conveyed on horseback across the desert from Jerusalem to Cairo in forty-eight hours without more difficulty, after relays of men and horses were posted, than the probability of missing the route in the desert during the night when clouds prevented the stars from serving as points of guidance.

The water under this bridge forms two pools of liquid crystal—clean, cold and sea-green, the course of the creek marked by salt, and a stone taken from the bed of the stream, was embossed with crystallized flakes. I kept some of the

salt and regret my ignorance of botany or would detail the divers sorts of plants found in the desert. The wind was terribly strong while the tents were being pitched, but it fell at sunset, and it required all our skill in such matters as well as in selecting the spot, on which to set up our canvass walls. The thermometer pointed to 69 at 4 p. m., sunk to 59 before 9 o'clock and stood at 50 in the tent; in the morning while in the open air it fell to 47, at sunrise. I have travelled the whole day through in a thick great coat of brown cloth, a thick pair of cloth pants, a double breasted waistcoat and have never found these unpleasantly warm, always taking advantage of the umbrella after 9 o'clock and the veil till 3 p. m. We travelled for 8 hours and may have gone over 18 miles.

26th.—The cold air woke me very early at 3 a. m., and though I had over my bed two blankets and the mackintosh, and donned my great coat also, I could not sleep. I never felt the air so keen in India, though I have seen the thermometer lower than it falls here, yet the desert air is more pure and cold than can be imagined from the rest of the world! Heard the lark repeatedly, saw that it was one of a crested race. We had seen the footsteps of antelopes often near Salahiyyeh, none in the desert but a few at the bridge, with those of jackals and foxes. Two horsemen, a dog and some sheep had passed toward Syria within the last two days, as we could discern by the foot-marks, and a pilgrim who had travelled to Mekku, to Luxar and down the Nile to Cairo, and now like ourselves was journeying to Jerusalem, had joined our kafilah at Salahiyyeh—he was a young man of an idiotic or, most favorably considered, of a vacant cast of countenance, looked stont and healthy and though profuse in the usual blasphemous exclamations of “Sublan Allah Ta al, &c.,” was not much addicted to general conversation. As they travelled behind my camel he described his wanderings to the Sheik, in a dialect of Arabic much better and more intelligible to me than that which is spoken at Cairo, and the Sheik who does not appear addicted to much veneration either for things human or divine “got up” for the occasion a running accompaniment of “Wallah.”—“Ajaceb” “Allah.”—“Ai kulam” &c., though he evidently could neither enter into the feelings of the Hadgee or understand the route he described;—though in our company night and day and though, having no provisions or water on his own account, he was provided by our orders with both, he never vouchsafed a word or look with the Nazarenes, and on his arrival at the camp, after collecting some sticks for a fire and after digging a hole in the sand for himself to sleep in, he invariably indulged incontinently “in the balmy,” evincing little interest in sublunary things. Suppose an inquisitive “Jin” were to watch

our proceedings from the day light, he would see some scenes like the following. I have packed up my bedding, &c. within* and locked my boxes, turned out the planks which when placed on my bullock trunks, serve as dinner table and as bedstead, and the Arabs are throwing down my tent,—Guiseppe is busy with his preparation for packing and the cook with many ejaculations of “Diavolo” is preparing breakfast, E. has dragged his saddle-bags and his bedding out of the tent which is being dismantled and we sit down on the ground beside the said planks on which coffee, eggs, rice and some other dish, generally that grand panacea “*Mishmish*,” dried apricots, are laid; the viands are soon dismissed, the red *Wullud* or the little *Bint* receive in great glee some hard-boiled eggs or fruit, and we begin to stir up the Arabs who stand quarrelling instead of loading the camels which one by one are made to kneel; growling and groaning, as the light burdens are bound on each, they separately rise and are held together by the little girl while the red boy holds our dromedaries ready for us to dispose of our beddings, cloaks, saddle-bags containing sword, pistol, umbrella and books and above all, the fine colored Deccani carpets which have a very gallant effect. We mount and head the procession, my camel leading, all the rest being tied each to his predecessor’s tail, follow, the cook mounts a comfortable bed spread over my large boxes, and Guiseppe with his long single barrelled gun rides another, a one-eyed beast, who once or twice fell on his knees shooting our worthy squire over his neck; then come live fowls crowing upon the water-casks, then the tents, then some more boxes, another water-cask and last of all the little Zainub, mounted on the little camel, closes the cafileh. Thus we saunter onwards for eight or nine hours in almost unbroken silence; the cook is very talkative at first but subsides into pipes and oranges. We take our books until the sun renders the umbrellas indispensable or the wind makes the book impossible, and the camels creep through the sand with muffled tread; the Sheik shouts from time to time a few drowsy couplets about his son, or one or other of the Arabs croaks a dismal ditty. We left the bridge at 7 A. M.,

* None who have not experienced the unyielding hardness of boards or the additional disadvantage of damp earth (the desert sand makes a delightful bed, beating the Sybarite’s bed of roses by any amount having no “crumpling”) can appreciate the very elastic ease of the Mackintosh air bed: mine folds up into less space than my great coat, and being mattress and pillow is blown up in the space of five minutes, while to my bones, with the very sparing covering of adipose substance on them, at present, and much jolted by the pack saddle perpetually pounding the spine at each stride of the dromedary, no other bed could afford in nine hours rest, the relief which I experienced in five or six.

saw a sandy mountain in our front which the Arabs called *El Teyir Rass*," evidently the "wandering head" and another apparently stone to the S. E. called Abou el Aroogh. Passed on two occasions water procurable from springs under the sand, and from the eagerness with which the Arabs drank, we concluded that the beverage was not bad, and that all had not recovered from the effects of the farewell debauch in which they evidently had indulged at Sala-hiyah, *et pourquoi non!* said Guiseppe, when asked about the mysterious conduct of the party during yesterday's march. At noon we came to more water and a ruined station house, known as Doweed-dar and entered by that name in Arrowsmith's map up to this place. My father's stout, careful coachman could have driven the green family coach in perfect safety, and the tall greys would have performed the drowsy journeys which wasted so much of our good time every day, in about 4 hours per diem, with ease to themselves and satisfaction to the cargo; but from this place, that is, from within 95 miles of Cairo the scene changed. Vast, undulating, boundless plains of sand formed into hillocks, which terminated always towards the north in precipitous banks of sixty or eighty feet deep, gave a lively idea of what the effects of the sand-storm must be when it blows strong.

These vast ridges of sand appeared to have been heaped up in such long, high terraces by the wind from the south and south-west, that the upper crust had fallen from time to time as the heap became too high for further movement, and thus spread the steep declivities on the northern side; here and there, as if to contradict the frequency of accidental shifting of the sand, was a spring of brackish water occasionally to be found; green grass growing on its borders and the date tree that never fails to frequent the neighbourhood of fresh springs, making the desert look like a garden in the eyes of the poor Arabs. We must always divest all oriental scenes of the clothing which hyperbole and contrast give additional and unnatural beauty to. Here the ground was very heavy, the rate of travelling slow, not a living creature to be seen, and except a few date groves occasionally under the lee side of the sand hills, no signs of human habitation. All these *oases*, as they were pronounced, are claimed and enjoyed by some tribe or other. After journeying some time we endeavoured, but without success, to obtain a glimpse of the sea from the top of one of the highest of these mountains of sand. The map shewed that we were not further than six or seven miles as the crow flies, but yet, though our track was perfectly noiseless, no sound of its many murmuring waves could be distinguished. After journeying on till 40 minutes past 2 A. M., we encamped among a grove of date trees.

We had passed, twice, convenient spots, and again found water in another date grove similar and near to that in which we were encamped. The desert is here different from any land I have ever seen, verily a desert of moving sands.

We had seen at about half past eleven the sea. I do not think the "open sea," but lake Monzaleh probably. The surveying compass had been shut up in one of the large white deal boxes dedicated to commissariat stores, and we could not then take bearings, but there was no surf, and few waves breaking on the shore. Rocks on either side formed a bay. We saw a wide channel to the westward, which must have been the Pelusian branch falling into lake Monzaleh. On the further prong, we saw a large village in ruins, too distant for us to distinguish; buildings of the Egyptian houses being all flat roofed are difficult to be distinguished at a distance as the rooms are partly below the surface. Though the air while I write these notes is quite still and so cold that my breath curls round my beard, yet the hills of sand surrounding us, and especially that which we are now preparing to leave, look as if a strong blast could drive them in one avalanche over the caravan.

The sea which cannot be distant more than six or seven miles, is inaudible and invisible from any of the hill tops which appear to swell into mountains the further they recede from us, and the coast lies very low. The air is so keen that I could hardly hold the pencil to make the note of the thermometer which had been at 9 p. m. 58°, in the tent in the following morning 45°, and at sunrise by the breakfast table 40°. I sat in a cloak and E. in his Candahar posteen.

• Unmistakable evidence of northern latitude is the length of twilight, evening and morning, or rather it is more correct to say, that in the tropics the variation during the winter and summer is proportioned to the very meagre allowance of day-light before sunrise and after sunset. I have often observed in the open plains of Guzerat, where there could be no artificial horizon, that within about 40 minutes after sunset, a whitish streak over the western coast is all that has remained of the sun's light, and we know that the day does not vary between 21st January and 21st December in length by more than two hours, conventionally speaking. Any almanac will shew the exact number of minutes more or less, but the sun will rise about one hour earlier, and set one hour later in summer than it does in the winter, while here only seven degrees beyond the tropics the twilight is very considerably increased.

We saw almost directly after leaving our ground, a small Arab village which they called Etoweereal, to the north of the track and on the lea side of a large sand heap similar to that which

we had encamped under. After traversing the heavy sands and over these steep declivities for three hours, we came in sight of a plain much more level and covered with many stunted bushes and other symptoms of vegetation; descending into which we found the foot tracks of the gazelle very numerous. I had seen a specimen in the Revd. T. Allen's possession at Cairo, and on seeing the foot tracks here, should say the animal is similar in size as it is in colour and look to the black-tailed Antelope of Guzerat, called *clinkarah*, or Goat Antelope. We also saw goats and camels grazing toward the sea, and at 10 A. M. we came upon the ruins of the French fort at Gallia, destroyed when the French evacuated the country in 1799. We looked in vain for any marks of the fosse and vallum of a Roman encampment, as they are said to have had a station here to watch Pelusium, or rather the roads into Egypt and Syria. There is, it is true, on three sides a broad marshy space on which the salt shows that the level of the sea is equal to or little below this place; if it is not a proof that spring tides can flow inland thus far, but whether this mark has been the appearance which the Roman trenches has assumed from the influence of time and weather during 1800 years, or is merely the natural formation of the ground—we had not time to examine.

There are a few common tombs, and a Mussulman Saint's tomb upon a mound in the rear of the ruins of the fort, and to the eastward about two hundred yards distant is a well of good water which we tasted, and a large drinking trough cleared out by Ibrahim Pacha. The Arabs ascribe every thing to him, but the well appears too old for 1832, and the Sheik allowed it was well known as old before that time. There were signs of recent habitation in the neighbourhood, and a large stack yard had been made to dry dates in, as the stones of that fruit were strewn round. We saw two men in the grove, who amused themselves apparently by abusing us; they shouted loudly after they saw us emerge from the Saint's tomb, but did not however offer to molest us, or to question the red Wullud who held our camels.

We remounted after a delay of three quarters of an hour, and after traversing the same wild sands, undulating and scanty of herbage, though varied by daisies, and as Lord Nugent says by asphodel and a few other plants, yet heavy and in large heaps, for several hours, we overtook the camels at about 3 P. M. and halted for the night among a few bushes to shelter us from the wind, and in the neighbourhood of a few date trees, from which they had lopped off the lower branches as they do those of the palm tree in India, to prevent the trees being overthrown by the wind and to save waste of juice in the plaut.

The weather had been very cool all the day, and the wind at night became piercing cold; when the tents had been pitched, the mercury stood at 66° at 4 P. M., and at 5 P. M. a tolerably heavy shower of rain fell. E.'s tent having been pitched last, and not so carefully as mine, suffered slightly. The thermometer fell immediately to 58° . We had found the camels waiting for us at the place of our encampment, which we reached at 3 P. M., after having been *en route* eight hours and 45 minutes; but as the camels we ride can go and do go much faster than the loaded animals, we always calculated by the latter and they may have waited for us ten minutes; so we will therefore calculate this day's march at not more than 20 miles.

On the 28th I woke very early, rose and went out at 4 A. M., the wind was very sharp and the air made one believe it colder than the mercury would indicate. At sunset the mercury had pointed to 58° , and in the tent in the morning to 50° —and outside by sunrise it fell to 47° —I observe sunrise being the coldest period of the 24 hours, will always bring down the mercury two or three degrees. We left our ground at $6\frac{1}{2}$ A. M., the people rather sulky from our own surly reply to the Sheik's cool request of the previous evening. E and I were sitting on our beds wrapped in our cloaks and sipping coffee: I had a chibouque, when the red Wullud appearing at the tent door, announced laconically—"The Sheik smokes," to which we replied, "Let him, Bismillah, but not our tobacco, as it is not so recorded in the contract." Whereupon the boy disappeared and much loud talking among the Arabs ensued. We reached a spring of water called the Beer-el-abd at $9\frac{1}{2}$ A. M., saw a few Arab tents near the spring and a woman carrying water—she did wear the veil I believe. At 40 minutes past eleven we descended from the sand hills and entered a level of salt marshes. Saw blue water about 4 miles northward, apparently the Surbonium lake, and beyond it the open sea, but very, very far distant.

After leaving the flats in this neighbourhood on which we had seen two men, and a woman with 5 camels going towards Egypt, and who were the first travellers we had met for many days, we again travelled over high, undulating mounds of hard sand, from which we had glimpses of the sea from time to time. We saw some very black, thin and nearly naked, though youthful figures of women tending sheep in the distance, and soon after met a large cafila of merchants from Damascus going to Cairo with horses, mules and other merchandize for sale. We asked the price of a small bay galloway; and were told 5,000 piastres, another, a tall blood looking weedy bay horse about 14-2 and very old, they valued at 8,000 piastres, £80 sterling. He might have been sold in Bombay for 600 rupees, and that

with difficulty from his want of make ; he had clean limbs, a thin skin and a fine head and eyes, but narrow girth, small hocks and gaskins and straight shoulders. There were about 30 horses and mules, twenty camels and perhaps fifteen men. Some wore the high sheepskin cap and looked like Persians, and two were natives of India following the caravans. One a native of Khorassan appeared too much fatigued to speak, and the other reduced to a skeleton, asked in Hindostanee for bread, and after addressing him in Hindostanee a few words, we gave him some piastres and each went his own way. It was pleasant to hear even Hindostanee spoken, though the man had almost lost his own language. He said he was a native of Bombay, and alone did not by his manner affect to despise us, as even the merchants who would have dealt with us and even beggars relieved by us, never concealed that they did !

Accustomed to the most respectful behaviour of both Moslem and Hindoos, as all of us are who have been employed in offices of importance in India, or have lived with men of more extended intercourse with the natives than a residence in a crowded camp bazaar affords them—the painful fact admits of no concealment, that in proportion as the natives imbibe European vices they evince disrespect for the European character, and are blind to the sterling good qualities which the moral training of an English education confer. The effect of the unconcealed intolerance of the Moslem throughout Egypt, Syria and Turkey, and their undisguised contempt for the Christian character, is a salutary corrective of most of the over-weening self-satisfaction, which the years passed in India between boyhood and middle age, imparts imperceptibly even to the humble-minded.

These merchants told us that they had been detained at *El Aries* 6 days in quarantine, and of course we expect no less at *Gazza*, which is the Syrian frontier town. They appeared to take no forage for their horses which were driven in a drove, except a few of better appearance than the rest which were ridden or led. Decidedly the best were those we had inquired the price of.

We were told that the contractor supplies horses for the transit across the desert between Suez and Cairo, at an average of ten pounds each, and that they, like the animals with the *cafila* we met on this occasion, were purchased at *Damascus*, (the most central market of Western Arabia,) where we subsequently found that ten pounds would purchase in an average number, far better specimens of horseflesh than we or any other person that we had conversed with, had seen in the transit vans. Mules too are of the very best quality throughout Syria, and colts are to be met with for about £10 each, ranging all above 14-2 hands and some times up to 15 hands high ; but when their show of good

breeding was equal to their figure which in general is more adapted to slow heavy work than for the saddle, and when the disposition was as tractable as a mule can be and their paces were agreeable, they fetched very high fancy prices, as almost all merchants, rich Christians and persons who do not aspire to the military occupations of the country, ride mules in preference to horses, while horses are very few in number and principally in the possession of Turkish officers and Syrian princes. Subsequently when in Damascus—I shall enlarge on this subject in the more appropriate portion of my diary—we were informed by a very high authority that an average price of ten pounds was usually given for colts destined to supply the Bombay market.

After a few hours travelling over some soft, undulating sand, we encamped for the night under a sand-hill, where a singular flat of salt and a few bushes afforded us shelter from the wind which blew fiercely and very cold. We halted at 3½ P. M., having marched since half past six and accomplished about 22 miles in 9 hours. The camels appeared much fatigued and lay down and rolled, many before the burdens were well off, and although the children Mohomud and Zanib had marched with them almost the whole distance, yet they forthwith climbed the steep sand hill in the rear, and after eating some trifles which we had given them, proceeded to search for, and tie into bundles and hurl down for the use of the kitchen firewood for the cook and the Arabs.

E. and I crawled up to the top and walked some distance over the same sort of sand; saw the hills called El Halal plainly to the South, said to be two days journey from El Areest where we may expect to arrive on Thursday before noon. We sat under the shade of a bush and fell asleep for an entire hour, and when we decended, being much fatigued from having been *churned* so long on camel back, we found the cook much to our disquiet had made no preparations for dinner and in excuse said, he waited for orders! Saw the weed known in England as *groundsell* for the first time since 1837; we also saw about six miles eastward a building on a hill like a fort, while E. declared he saw hills beyond it, very high, which must have been in Judea or El Ghor. Water was seen in the neighbourhood, though the Sheik denied the fact to be possible. We sent for a sample and found it useless for any purpose, except for one dying of thirst

“As springs in Deserts found, seem sweet
All brackish though they be,”

illustrating from our great popular Poet, that the demand increases the value even of water, making the bad appear good.

The water in our casks has become *ætid* and almost un-

drinkable even with brandy, and gives an unpleasant taste to every thing. There was a slight shower of rain which made the weather much milder, because with it fell the wind, hitherto excessively sharp. The thermometer at sunset 61° , although it had fallen the next morning in the tent only to 57° , and outside at sunrise to 54° , being a less variation than that seen in India at any time except during the rains. In all other months the variation between sunset and sunrise in Guzerat is very great; here the heat diminishes perceptibly at 4 o'clock, and has fallen perhaps 20 degrees before dark: the alteration during the night being very small.

29th March.—On 29th March, I woke rather late, that is after the day star had risen which in this country appears at the same time as the dawn. So that the morning gun would have been fired yesterday 1 hour and 35 minutes before sunrise. We left the ground at $6\frac{1}{2}$ A. M., the air though not so keen as hitherto was very exhilarating and agreeable; we walked for more than two hours and saw several strata of hard salt, flats in successive elevations divided by sand ridges from each other, these places were more covered with verdure and bushes than the sand around. Some of these strange water courses or rather as they appeared shallow salt lakes, were more than a mile in length and some more than 200 yards in width. At 25 minutes after 9 A. M. we came to the building which we had seen the preceding evening and found it to be a ruined serai, containing three rooms and said to have been built by Ibrahim Pacha, during the Syrian campaign, an apocalyptical period to which every building is referred; but as the inscription which I could not read accurately, was very plainly dated, H. 1200, we will suppose that 64 years since was before the arrival of the French in this country and before the birth, perhaps, of Ibrahim Pacha! There is also a tomb of a Mussulman to the south front, and in a hollow eastward a well of bad water with a trough built by Ibrahim Pacha, who is evidently the "*Nontongpaw!*" of this country! After two hours journey from this place, we saw a dark blue lake of salt water to the northward and the sea beyond that about three miles; halted at 35 minutes past three after having rambled about 22 miles in 9 successive hours.

The fact is the camels walk much faster than any one not walking by them would imagine, and therefore, as we never allow any stopping during the journey nor permit the Caravan to halt for any cause, but detach the camel whose load requires any trifling alteration, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour is a very fair average, and generally under the pace as we often calculated while walking by the side of the camels. After we had halted, we saw what we took to be El Areesh distant some ten miles N. E. by E., found the southern extremity of Jebel Halel due south and beyond that

Ras Almur or the red cape to be a detached mountain, to the eastward of the longer range.

We could distinctly hear the sea, which was visible from the hills and less than 3 miles distant. Lo!—the thermometer fell at sunset to 54°. Some very heavy clouds collected, but although as a precaution we had dug a trench to each end of the tents, no rain fell at night, or a very slight shower at sunset.

In Egypt, it is generally believed that rain *never falls*: we had in the course of ten days seen rain three or four times and once very heavily while it lasted—nothing it is true when compared with a fall of 74 inches in Bombay, 108 at Tannah, or 146 at Mahabuleshwar within the space of 60 or 70 days, or something under three months and a half—the usual duration of the south west monsoon in western India. However, as I write from memory having left all documents relative to former observations to be forwarded direct to London, these remarks may not be scientifically correct. Perhaps as the exception is said to prove the rule in Latin, our experience may confirm the popular prejudice in the land of Egypt, which, as far as my observations were extended, confirm a preformed opinion that much of the land was not as now desert, but in truth the garden and granary of Europe.*

30th March.—Very cold indeed, although the thermometer only stood at 50° in the tent and 47° outside at sunrise. I woke and rose at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 4—saw the star distinctly above the hills at 20 minutes past four and saw the sun rise 16 minutes to six; we had some discussion with the Shaik and his people who wish to halt at El Areesh, because he and they live there: we settled the question declining to halt under less than our usual march, but requested that one camel with the water casks might be taken on ahead, accordingly Zaimib, Mahomed and Abdillal left with the camel before 6 o'clock, and after a trifling delay from the obstinacy of the cook who had prepared no breakfast, because he said he had no orders! we left the ground at 25 minutes to 7 A. M.

* As we from time to time become awake to the consequences which attend the entire destruction of Forests in some parts of India, and to the changes effected by partial clearing of the jungle, is it not probable that minute and scientific observations may yet determine the period when Egypt was a *well wooded* and flourishing country favored as other countries in the same latitude are, by periodical falls of rain in those remote districts which are now, and perhaps for ever have been, beyond the range of the annual freshes in the Nile. The same exercise of science may allot a period beyond which the dust of moving sands was a fertile plain, until overflowed and destroyed by some irruption of the sea passing from the higher elevation of the Mediterranean southward.

I attempted to walk but found the sand so heavy that I soon gave in and mounted my camel about 7 o'clock.

There was every appearance of rain, the wind blowing strongly from the eastward, and about 8 o'clock it did come down heavily. After it had passed we were both so cold from wet feet and from the piercing wind, that we dismounted and walked till we were again driven back to the camels by a second shower which lasted nearly an hour, I discarded on this occasion my umbrella and took to my Mackintosh cloak which was long enough to cover my feet; it had defended me from many a monsoon shower in Guzarat, and did equally good service in Egypt. Shortly before 10 A. M. we saw El Arcesh on a heap of sand. As we descended to the level of the sea shore we soon came into the immediate neighbourhood of the houses, perhaps 130 in number built under the walls of a square fort about 200 feet long on every side, where the angles were formed into bastions pierced with many embrasures, but said to contain only one gun and to be garrisoned by a few soldiers, some of whom we saw loitering about; we had met a few reddish looking boys evidently much influenced by the cold, who ran out to welcome the Shaik which two of them, the brothers of Mahomed—to whom they bore a strong resemblance—did by kissing his hand and asking him a number of questions. We were stopped rather respectfully and cautiously by a few soldiers: a beardless Turk questioned Guiseppe as to the number of Christians with us, &c., and the Shaik was told to pay 2 piastres, then three, and lastly four, which bargain was concluded, or perhaps only hastened by a box on the ear administered to the miserable Shaik by the hand of the beardless Turk from whom, and from his attendants, the Shaik appeared to meet with little mercy and no respect.

However they very soon allowed us to proceed, detaining the Shaik to settle with them and giving Guiseppe a few paper tickets as passports for ourselves, the five Arabs, and the pilgrim, and which were demanded of us by a ragged guard stationed at a gap in the sand hills, some half mile distant. We had here a funny instance of politeness. The Effendi, as they called him, a rather good looking fair Turk with a light coloured beard and sandy moustache and the old, picturesque, linen clothes tied below the knee and the flowing jacket above, white stockings and stout shoes—when he first intimated to the red boy to stop, addressed me with "*Bon jour tuarup El Arabaa,*" and on my answering in Arabic, proceeded to cross-question Guiseppe while his companion, the sleek clerkly looking boy Turk, bullied the Shaik. El Arcesh is the most desolate looking habitation man was ever doomed to occupy, and yet our Arabs and

especially the boy and the little girl, looked forward with impatience and with many expressions of delight anticipated our arrival. "Home, sweet Home!" When Mahomed happened to lead my camel he said his father had gone on to Gazza; and that Hirssoonal would remain in El Areesh, having no interest in any of the camels, while a brother of his own would take Hirssoonal's place. Neither the Shaik whom we had permitted to go to his house nor any of the others except Abdallah and the boy, were now with us, and as we gradually left El Areesh over the wide flat sands, we pitied the Governor and his staff for their dreary outpost duty and went on our way, rejoicing in our freedom! Paint in your mind's eye this scene! We had traversed for the last two or three days vast hills of moving sands, sometimes bare, sometimes clothed with scanty herbage and shrubs; suddenly they lost all their green clothing and stood out in irregular white heaps until they formed a semi-circular amphitheatre furrowed with many a deep ravine, all converging on to a sloping plain of sand upon whose south western edge the dark blue waves burst into snowy surf, and whose eastern side was furrowed by the shallow water course, marked on the maps as *Floren Egyptianum*, now dry but which had been, as Guiseppe informed us, when he last crossed knee-deep in water, that is up to the camel's knees. Within this plain upon the southern slope rose the square modern building called the fort, a parallelogram of about 70 yards with round bastions at each angle, pierced with many embrasures, but mounting as we were informed only one gun—the rest having been removed or destroyed by the French in 1799.

• To the eastward of the fort were a few ragged, scedy-looking tents and a small gnaud of Egyptian soldiers in the uncouth white dress of the invalid corps with the ugly turbocosh on their black shaven faces, which we were told was the quarantine station, and we saw a large assembly of quadrupeds and bipeds undergoing the six days' durance! How we pitied them! The fellow-feeling of anticipated detention at Gaza making us in this instance "wondrous kind." Gratuitous benevolence of feeling is a garment easy of induction, but perhaps though of similar texture, is not so serviceable as charity in covering a multitude of sins, and perhaps tends more to the paving of "that place never mentioned to ears polite," than those who confine their good will to all men to mere benevolence, would willingly believe!

From the western face, at the foot of a slope but adjoining the fort wall, spread the town, into three irregular main streets and a few intersecting lanes, containing certainly not more than 150 mud-built, flat-roofed square-walled houses, in which either

the cold had concealed or from which distant occupations had removed the inhabitants, for we saw very few men, fewer women, and a very small mob of little boys followed our train of camels with indifferent and silent curiosity. We have suffered no inconvenience from the impertinence of the authorities or from the curiosity of the lower class, which in India would have been remarkably inquisitive. Between the town and the sea, visible a short mile to the northward where the sand hills admitted a plantation of palm trees or rather date trees to spread themselves with an agreeable verdure, lay the *wells*, from which our camel and Abdillah were proceeding to rejoin the Caffila. After crossing the *Flumen Egyptianum*, we again ascended undulating sand hills with more close verdure and less shrubs than on the south side of the town, but where as we had during the last two days repeatedly passed flocks of sheep and small black goats. During the three hours and a half which we journeyed from El Areesh we saw no living creature, and pitched our tents at about half past two upon a hard, saline patch of ground covered liberally with dark green bushes, never seen by us before, but apparently a variety of *Tamarisk*, affording ample space for the tents and camels to bivouac under the lee side of a hard sand hill. It was extremely cold all this day and we walked latterly for a long distance together to keep out the cold ; I never felt the cold so piercing since I was off the Cape in the good ship *Walmer Castle* during August and September 1837. We had marched for eight hours and, allowing for the stoppage at El Areesh, over about 16 miles of road. We saw hills running east and west but to the south of our position and which Evans supposes to be still that of El Hallel, called by Arrowsmith erroneously El Heles. We could hear the sea distinctly and see it from the top of the sand hills on our right. About 4 p. m. a dark looking agreeably spoken personage, followed by two dirty Arabs arrived, riding a small active-looking ill-shaped pony, and describing himself as the Shaik of some place or other unremembered ; he claimed a tribute of three piastres on each camel : we referred him to the Shaik of the caravan as our contract included, "Guarding" to be performed by him and his men, and certainly to pay black mail to escape being robbed is an infringement of the agreement of guarding, moreover our new friend shewed a firman from Mehemet Ali sealed, but did not make his claim on us, but on our rascally attendant who it appeared had lurked behind in El Areesh purposely to throw the business into our hands. I distinctly declined all interference : the Bedowee talked of preventing the camels from being loaded, until payment had been made, and I told him he was at liberty to retain *one* camel, the personal property of the rascally Shaik, from whom we would

deduct the hire of it at Jerusalem, but that the rest were to be arrested at his personal peril. He was respectful in his behaviour and his words, and remained with us all night. The Shaik of the Caravan did return about dark, asserted he had no money and requested us to pay or allow Guiseppe to do so. We find that Lord Nugent paid fifty piastres about the same place as tribute. Thermometer in tent 42 and outside at sunrise 39°: knowing that we had a very long march before us which Osborne's guide book made 43½ miles from El Areesh to Khanunoose, and our own measurement on Arrowsmith's map shewed to be 40 miles, we calculated on an early start, making easy stages for the distance had not been diminished by more than 8½ miles. I woke early, summoned all hands, the tents were down before 20 minutes past 5—breakfast on table and half discussed when hearing that the dispute of the preceding evening was still undecided and Guiseppe having reported the determination of our Shaik not to load the camels until the money was paid, I had to proceed to the caittif and taking him by the neck, insisted on obedience to my orders! He looked at me once, thought better of any attack, though we were both unarmed and he surrounded by his men, doubtless too a little influenced by the remembrance of perspective bucksheesh (which some one wittily defined to be "gratitude") and proceeded to load forthwith. In the meantime I addressed the Bedowee, acknowledged his right, explained that the responsibility of the tribute lay with the fascal in charge of our party to whom we had paid 1200 piastres (two thirds advanced for 9½ camels) for each camel, for the express purpose of conveying us to Jerusalem and guarding us on the road, and that if the man did not pay, he had better keep his camel—that on which I had hitherto ridden, as a security, or else return with him to El Areesh where the Shaik said he had left his money and his sword too, with which he had been vapouring every day till now when he was not likely to require it on the border of the Egyptian and Turkish limits. I ordered my saddle-bags, cloak and sword to be placed on one of the loaded camels and the two Shaiks left us taking with them the camel mounted by our Shaik—while the caravan moved from the ground about 20 minutes to 7 A. M. E. and I walking to recover from the effects of the bitter cold. We had not gone far when the rascal returned trotting the camel smartly round us, and when he found that we took no notice of him, he dismounted and leaving the animal to the red boy, joined the Shaik of the desert who again joined us and with whom we heard that he had made an amicable arrangement, giving him a pistol to keep till his return. Thinking no more of the matter, when I became tired I had my bedding, &c., transferred to the camel

usually reserved from me and mounted about 9 A. M. The desert Shaik came to my side and intimated that having reached the boundary between Egypt and Syria, I must dismount that he might take off the camel or we must pay his tribute as the rascal with us had no money; I, of course, declined either alternative, said he might send to Khan Unoos in the evening for his animal and take him away, at the same time asking why he did not retain the pistol. It appeared *that* was a new *lie* set forth by the rascal to pacify us. After a few more words, the desert Chief kicked his pony into a capter and disappeared. We reached a few huts and a tomb known as Shaik Juide about $\frac{1}{2}$ to 11, and met a large herd of ponies followed by a few camels loaded with grain, in charge of a few men and women going into Egypt: they had to do quarantine at El Arcesh. In the course of half an hour we again saw our friend the desert Chief followed by a ragged staff of three Arabs with flint lock guns, very long in the barrel and very short and straight in the stock and followed by a mean looking caittiff on a chesnut pony armed with a very bad spear!

They went up to the rascal in charge of us. The chief of the Bedowees said he required nothing from the gentlemen, but his tribute must be paid. I ordered the camel men to proceed, and as we were on foot, took out my watch to mark the occurrence, and joined the group rather amused by the novelty of the scene. I asked one of the Arabs to allow me to see his gun, he ran off laughing, thinking I designed to disarm him; and soon we perceived the man leading the camels back again stop, because one of the Shaik's men had brought his rifle to bear on him. I again ordered him to proceed and was obeyed when the desert chief had made a sign to his followers to desist from any threatening. Our rascal paid three piastres and said he had no more. I asked the Arab how much he required. "Three piastres for each Christian." I gave him nine piastres, threw a few silver coins down on the ground to his followers and walked after the camels. The chief and his crew disappeared over the hills, and the spear-armed caittiff followed us talking to the rascal; after some time we mounted our camels and the caittiff rode over the hills after the other Arabs.

After, I suppose, consulting with the men of his tribe—during which time Guiseppe explained that he knew the caittiff well, that he always asked for tribute and had no right to any—we observed our Shaik had no sword with him, nor had any other of the attendants arms, and that they remained in the rear: we saw the caittiff with a spear reappear from the left hand; he galloped his galloway across my camel and pulling up rather



largely, shouted "*Buckshcesh*"—whereupon, I, half afraid of his making an attempt to snatch something by way of trophy in exchange for that tribute which he wanted—said "*Mafeesh Bucksheesh*"—and put my hand into the saddle bag to draw my pistol, but ashamed to draw on an unarmed man, merely took out the umbrella, and as the boy stopped the camel I struck it on the camel's head slightly and the caitiff cantering down the line, made belief to rob our Shaik of his clothes and snatched some bedding belonging to Guiseppe from the camel. I leaped off my saddle to the ground, and E. shouting to the Bedowee, pointed my gun at him—he relinquished his hold on the cloth and moved round the line. I handed my belt and pistol to E—who gave me the gun, and while I was placing fresh caps on it, the red Wullud shouted several words in a loud voice in evident alarm, which I did not understand, and the caitiff rode away just as E. and I appeared on his side the line—and before I remounted my camel, I again removed the caps preparatively to stowing the gun away in the saddle bags, and I heard the Shaik remark *mi Jeish Baroot*—in which however he was much mistaken—so that I conclude the whole farce was "got up" by the rascal to see how we would act.

About 15 minutes past two we came up to two columns of plain blue granite highly polished with plain doric capitals about 13 or 14 feet high and about 20ft. apart, which with mounds of debris in the vicinity mark the site of Rephia, famous for a battle fought between Antiochus, king of Syria and the 4th Ptolemy of Egypt—a fine field for cavalry but a difficult neighbourhood for forage and water! One white marble capital lay on the ground and about 300 yards to the East down in the valley between the hills over which the road wound, lay a modern tomb composed of remnants of old masonry piled together and mixed with huge pieces of sandstone and a few slabs of marble mixed with them; half a column of blue granite formed one side: about 150 yards to the eastward of this tomb was a well deep to the surface of the water but shallow below: there were eight granite columns about the well, one of which was marked with the rope used to draw water and two others lay half buried in the ground. The sand here was much covered with verdure, asphodels and daisies in great profusion, from beyond Shaik Juide into Khan Unoos, which we reached about our o'clock.

The country, in undulating downs, afforded fine pasturage to numerous flocks, and between Riga and our evening's camp was tolerably cultivated with wheat and barley. We saw several men ploughing even close to the sand hills which we knew were the blue waves' barrier and which had flanked our march for

the last 50 miles, so that though not altered much in appearance, the soil had changed in quality. The hills now rose each higher than its predecessor and we could not see far beyond the range we traversed. On surmounting a range of open downs we saw the pilgrim who until then had preserved his usual sullen air of indifference and stupidity in the rear wrapped in his ragged garments and with his staff across his breast pushing forward at a rapid pace to our front, and by the advice of the Shaik he took a foot path towards the sea, while the camels surmounted the hill to the right hand and the town of Khan Unoos, the frontier of Syria with its enclosed gardens, its pomegranates, sycamores, mulberries, and apricots surrounded by our old Indian acquaintance, the prickly pear on either side the road, lay before us.

We were met by a kind of peon, one of the quarantine guard, who smote the ground with his staff before the Wullud's feet, and ordered him rather authoritatively to stop and ourselves to dismount there in the road. I paid no attention to him, but bade the boy proceed, and we would pitch our tents beyond the town, whereupon the peon became very civil, preceded us through the village, drove away the idlers and showing us a very good spot to pitch in, he busied himself with purveying provisions—onions, milk, eggs and firewood and a very small sheep for which they asked 20 piastres were soon on the ground—the sellers at a respectable distance from the buyers who were already in quarantine and working out part of the seven days' durance. We had seen a mean looking Turk, rather small in stature, with a well made embroidered frock coat, a coloured waistcoat and black neckcloth well made "pants" and dirty stockings and slippers, standing in the road near a flat-roofed house, on looking over the walls of which I saw a few well-fed horses, and when this man joined our camp, he became great friends with the cook, who told us he was "*un espèce de Gouverneur*." He wore no beard and had a rather light coloured monstache and looked like a half caste Apothecary, rather fair. He did not approach or address us.

This evening was very cold, the thermometer stood at 52 at sunset and fell to 47° before 9 P. M. : saw mountains to the Eastward, quite plainly.

1st April.—Having only four or five hours march before us, we were in no great hurry and preferred breakfast in the tent to becoming a spectacle for the idlers outside. The thermometer stood at 42 in the tent and 39° outside at sunrise ; I made a slight sketch of the few houses near the burial ground while the camels were being loaded, and we finally left the ground at 26 minutes to 8 A. M.

The mountains we had seen on the preceding evening were no longer visible. There could scarcely have been any deception for the telescope showed their outlines most plainly with huge scarped fountains, thinly covered with trees, but blue, precipitous, and bold, and we thought them El Flor—which is due east about 60 yards from Khan Unoos. We were led through the town; a large herd of stout brown cattle without the hump, not so tall or singularly long backed as the Egyptians, had just left it. The people appear darker than we expected to have seen them in Syria, and though the houses were about 300 at the utmost, the population did not appear numerous; perhaps the cold kept them in doors. The houses were chiefly of mud, the square built castle walls were of a most primitive rudeness and could have been blown down by a nine pounder! In the stones were shells, &c., embedded. The gardens round the town are well kept and surrounded by a hedge either of prickly pear, or of some quickset like *ménéce* on the summit of sloping banks of sand, with a ditch towards the road. No wheel carriages, nor the track of one since we left Egypt. The trees were sycamore, and a kind of oak. We were attended by one of the irregular cavalry mounted on an active looking galloway, a dark grey about six years old with a blind eye and rather groggy forelegs, and feet deformed by the hideous shoe of the country which evidently, when his rider tried to make him gallop in circles, crippled his paces. The man had a pair of large, linen drawers, a calico striped shirt, the black and white burnoose worn by the lower class, the turboosh on his head with a blue *duster* round it, naked legs and very bad style of slippers: he said he was a *Roumilion*, talked Turkish or Greek to the cook, Arabic to us, —used the shovel-shaped stirrup as spurs, had a most severe bit and a heavy hand, and indulged his horse with repeated feeds of barley from the ripening fields, the rider spreading himself out to air on the ground while the horse cat his fill, regardless of the injury to the hapless cultivators. The land on either side was cultivated with barley and bearded wheat and the herbage profuse and brilliant with wild poppies, anemone, ranunculus, asphodels, and daisies, together with several European grasses such as we had never seen for seven years: the hills though in gentle slopes on either side are evidently less high than round Khan Unoos, and after we had crossed the Wada Gaza, a shallow bed of a torrent over which there are the ruins of an arched bridge to the left of the road, we ascended a gentle acclivity and saw the town of Gaza below us at some three miles distance, and the blue mountains of Judea to the eastward, through the openings in the hills.

The country so rich in pasturage was white with many a

flock of jolly-looking red-faced sheep with fine white fleeces and of black short-legged little goats with curly horns and long hair; the cows and oxen small but very stout, brown, not so long backed as in Egypt and without the Indian hump, several ponies and camels also were grazing. The roots of the wild ranunculus, are collected in heaps by the road side, apparently to be dried for exportation as a medicine. We passed a European and his servant on two camels, one of which carried his baggage, so that he evidently travelled light. I waved a salam to him, which he returned but spoke not. We met a large caravan of camels straggling over the road, some carrying a tent and boxes and the rest merchandise and grain, several turks and a fair Turkish boy, who called the attention of his relations to me as "that Jew." We also passed a body of miserable fellahs, old men, women and children, returning to Gaza to undergo quarantine a second time because they had touched some yet unpurified persons. So much for the system under Turkish predestinarians!

We were met in the road leading to the town, flanked by gardens filled with fruit trees, by a guard of the quarantine. The horseman disappeared "and made no sign," for we feared he would have required a present as did the peon at Khan Unoos who had, at Guisepppe's suggestion, bagged five piastres which he earned by his attention to our wants. We were conducted by a circuitous route half round the outskirts of Gaza, saw the gateway but no gates: Samson's hill, about half a mile from the peaceful entrance to the town, is surmounted by a small mosque. Most of the houses are within the walls, of which very few ruins remain upon the original ancient mount, now so covered with grass as to resemble a Roman Vallum, though from the immense height, the absence of the Fosse, and my ignorance of the town having ever been in the hands of the Romans, I am inclined to think it is indeed the very ancient wall of the town. Many houses were built upon it, most of them have arched roofs, perhaps the scarcity of timber trees, for we have seen none here and the blue hills of Judah appear equally bare of wood, suggested the dome instead of beams. There are extensive suburbs on the south and north side among the numerous gardens. We also have observed that most of the flat roofs are formed over arches. The rains must be very light here, for the effect on the sandy soil is scarcely perceptible, but tolerably constant from the verdant hue of the hills and vallies and the bloom of the orchards. We had seen olives in the distance towards the sea, and now the whole country round was dark with the solemn verdure of these trees. In sooth a land of Corn and Oil! We had passed a village close to Khan Unoos and saw another said to contain a convent named Deir El Nakle to the left hand on the sea shore at 10 minutes

to 10 A. M. Crossed the Wada Gaza at 25 minutes after 11 A. M. and entered the quarantine quarters at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1 P. M., after a march of 5 hours and 35 minutes having traversed about 12 or 13 miles!

We were conducted into a large enclosure with high walls all round, a huge wooden gateway admitted loaded camels under it; on the left were two rows of cellars, or, as they really were, stone built hovels, with flat roofs, occupied by travellers undergoing quarantine, and upon the eastern row of which we are allowed to walk: on turning to the right hand we entered another gateway also furnished with wooden doors into which, at the risk of a broken head, we rode the camels and dismounted before a high paling which divided the court yard into two equal divisions, one for the quarantine victims and the other "*communis omnibus animalibus*," a *debatable* ground, much occupied in the morning by sellers of divers viands and all day by the idlers and newspurveyors of Gaza. Again on the right hand a third archway led into a court-yard in which a fancifully coloured tent had been pitched, and round which were cells, occupied by travellers in quarantine, and at present in the possession of an Effendi travelling from Egypt to Kaisereal, and who, with his numerous attendants, were about to be released on the morrow. Above these cells are the Dewan and other upper rooms opening into a terrace looking towards the north and occupied by the Nazâr, who commands the establishment. This building has a dome on it, and by the side stands the flag-staff on which the dread yellow flag may be displayed when dire occasion requires such an exhibition! On the left hand is a similar court-yard containing four or five cells, one already occupied by Pilgrims to Jerusalem; one we have as kitchen, one as our sitting room, and we have the tent pitched for one of us to sleep in, and for both to bathe in, and the other is occupied by the miserables whom we overtook on the road from Khan Unqos, and who came in with ludicrous gravity, bringing among them a white ass, who being also in quarantine, has not left the room since his entry, and sets up from time to time hideous brays. The room we occupy is vaulted, has an arch on either of its four sides, is about 13 by 15 feet, with wooden shutters to two sides and a door on the third—it has a stone built or rather stone plastered divan about 4 feet wide—on three sides, and has a stone floor, tolerably clean. On the walls in the plaster we can perceive sea shells, &c.; and the remains of old buildings, engraved stones, and marble slabs are in the walls and doorways. The temperature is very agreeable in the room although more full of draughts than my medicine chest, for instance at 2 P. M. the thermometer pointed to 59°—at sunset 54° and at sunrise on 2d April 53°

2d. April.—The quarantine arrangements, for fear of infec-

tion, this morning prevented our leaving the inner court, because the Effendi was departing with his strong suite. After breakfast we took a promenade on the roofs 68 paces in length. The air delightfully fine and cool. I walked at 2 p. m. in a great coat over my usual travelling coat and waistcoat of broad cloth, and with black cloth pantaloons and lamb's-wool stockings under black boots, and did not find these clothes more than just agreeable—fancy this! In India during April we should have had the thermometer in the sun at noon as we walked, 142°! This climate is truly delicious. Gaza occupies the centre of a bowl formed by the sand hills on the north and west, with undulating pasturage on the east and south, clothed towards the east with dark olive trees, and between the gorges of three hills are visible the blue mountains of Judah at their vicinity to Hebron, which we are told lies westward of the hills we see. The quarantine establishment consists of a Nazar and a Doctor now absent in Alexandria! as was his counterpart at El Arceesh; 40 horsemen and 12 foot: a few Sakeah equivalent to our Blistees, each with an entire goat skin on his back, supply water to the establishment. The Governor sends a post every other day to Jerusalem, a journey of two days, and to Beyrout a journey of eight days.

The Governor of Jerusalem has the supreme command of all Judæa and Galilee: his name is Mahmoud, a Mussulman; he has a subordinate, an Arnaut, who commands at Beyrout and has, they say, 78,000 men under him. About 2 p. m. a large caravan of about 36 camels, with several kajawars or rather *tukt-rowans* containing two men or two woman or a man and a woman on each camel, came in from Egypt, and were stowed away in the quarters vacated by the Effendi. The *kajawar*, as the memory of our Scinde acquaintances who followed the force to Cabul will recall, is a more close resemblance of the conveyance here indicated than that which Indian Officers will understand by *tukt-rowan**. The name is still used by the Arabs for the scaffolding of ill-arranged billets and bundles of dirty rags, in which they hang themselves and their women on either side the unpleasant animal. It is almost impossible to account for the peculiar odour of the camel in his domestic state, a mere carrier of burdens—the peasants' drudge—for this scent is imperceptible even among the largest herds of camels in the desert, when covered with thick curls of glossy black, white or red hair, they frisk in uncouth gamboling but with wondrous activity, and wander from their birth to their last day unbroken by ill-usage or hard labour.

THE STRANGER.

(To be continued.)

* We afterwards saw on several occasions in Syria and in Turkey very commodious litters hung between two camels or two mules, and these really, as their name implied, *tukt-rowan*; those used in Egypt were miserable vehicles.



SPORTING GALLERY.—No. XVII.

SHEIK IBRAHIM.

The Sheik! Who that has ever been in Calcutta and wanted a horse, or wanted to see good ones, does not know the Sheik! Who that has ever seen him will not recognize him in this faithful lithograph of an admirable picture! Sheik Ibrahim, or, as it seems he writes himself, Shéik Ibrâheem-bin-Alee, is a Presence, an enduring Presence, at the stables of Messrs. Cook and Co. May he live an hundred years to supply the equine wants of a discerning public! We have no objection to insure for the full period, at a nominal figure, his giving that satisfaction to his customers—from the green Griff who needs a nag, whereon to witch the Course with noble horsemanship, to the grey patron of the Turf—which has stamped his character as a first rate judge and a dealer above reproach. Little perhaps beyond this good fame is known of the Sheik, unless it be that he is to be seen daily, soon after dawn, behind a good trotting horse, wending his way to the Race Course—the scene of many a triumph of judgment, where he smokes his cheroot, takes his coffee, and smiles approvingly at every good performance, or promise of good performance, by an Arab—the creature he loves best in life! We can add a word or two of his history. He is a native of the Nedsjed, or central district of Arabia: his father was an eminent horse dealer, and he was brought up among “the stock-in-trade.” It is about 30 years ago that a Colonel Litchfield was sent from India to Arabia to purchase horses. He became acquainted with the subject of our memoir, and finding him shrewd, enterprising, and well acquainted with his business, he persuaded him to take a batch of horses to Bombay, as a speculation on his own account. He did so and remained about two years at Bombay and Madras. Returning to Bussorah, where Colonel Litchfield, Doctor Todd, Colonel Taylor, and other gentlemen got up some good racing, the Sheik displayed his judgment, and prowess in the saddle, by selecting a horse upon which he won every race! About 23 or 24 years ago he came round to Calcutta with horses, intending to return when he had disposed of them; but at the solicitation of numerous friends he consented to remain here as a Commission Agent, and this—and this solely—he has been ever since. We hear a good deal about the high price of Arabs and particularly of the Sheik’s high prices, but when it is known that he acts as an agent it will be admitted that it is his duty, quite as much as his interest, to obtain the best price and keep up if possible their figure in the market.

A. E.

ANTELOPES' HORNS.

'Taking up the number IX. (March 1847) of your valuable *Sporting Review*, I saw a question asked by one of your Correspondents, signing himself H. B. R., regarding the length of the antelope's horns. Although two years have elapsed since he asked the question, I trust he is alive and well to read the following account of a few days deer shooting in Kattiawar, when I succeeded in bagging a fine antelope with horns full 26 inches long. My friend J. and myself having obtained ten days' leave, we left camp on the 10th January and rode to Jungoor, a small village on the Gogo road, distant from camp about 34 miles. On the evening of the same day, I went out and brought home one antelope buck and a doe. 11th.—We moved to Utwar, shot 3 antelope (2 buck and a doe) and a chinkarra buck. J. shot 1 chinkarra doe. 12th.—Moved to Kunkotra, my bag this day was 3 antelope, (2 buck and a doe), and 2 chinkalla, (buck and doe). 13th.—I shot 3 chinkarra buck: the antelope were very wild, though I succeeded in hitting one, I lost him. 14th.—Moved to Jumbah. 15th.—A great many antelope at this place, and I went out with the full expectation of making a good bag. I shot 3 antelope bucks and 2 chinkarra buck: it was off one of the former I got the long pair of horns: the buck was a brownish fellow, but evidently an old bird, *i. e.* if what I judge by is correct, all about his head being very black. I shot 1 doe this day. 16th.—Made a move in the direction of camp to Kurraanah. I shot 2 antelope buck and 2 chinkarra buck, in the evening I went out for a stroll and shot a few hares, of which there seemed to be a very fair sprinkling. 17th.—Went to Rypoor: only had one shot at a black buck which I bagged. 18th.—Moved to Adkote: I got 1 black buck and a chinkarra buck this day, but the deer were very wild, and begged to decline my acquaintance. 19th.—Moved to Sirdar—shot 1 antelope buck and 4 chinkarra (3 buck and 1 doe) 1 neilgaie and also a fine bustard. At this place there was a large tank, but I did not go out; by the by my friend J. shot 3 chinkarra doe between Atkote and Sirdar, making his bag up to 5 does: this was his first trip, but I fancy that ere very long, he will have become better acquainted with the deer; he is now practising away on the Ahmedabad road, where the antelope abound in large numbers. My bag for the trip was (for we came into camp on the 20th), 13 black buck, 13 chinkarra buck and 5 does, 1 neilgaie and a bustard. Your correspondent H. B. R. seems to think 24½ inches a long pair of horns. I have seen a good

number of this length, on this side of India.* I heard of a good number of panthers on the Gogo road, but they were all in the sugar-cane fields, and therefore perfectly safe. I hope however to be at them ere very long—if I am successful, and you would like to have the account, I shall be happy to send it to you; however for the present—adieu.

RIFLEMAN.

CAMP RAJCOTE, *March 2nd*, 1849.

MR ASSISTANT SURGEON E. HARE'S REVIEW OF
PROFESSORS YOUATT AND PERCIVAL'S TREAT-
MENT OF GRIPES AND INFLAMMATION OF
BOWELS IN HORSES.

In the last excellent number there is a review by Assistant Surgeon E. Hare, 7th Irregular Bengal Cavalry, of the treatment of gripes and inflammation of the bowels in horses as pursued by Professors Youatt and Percival, both extensive writers on veterinary practice, and as Mr Hare says (p. 251) "the best authorities of the day."

Perhaps it would have been better had Mr Hare confined himself to a bare statement of his own view of the nature of the disease (as he calls the two) and method of treatment, for he would then have been welcomed into the field as one desirous of benefitting the horse and his owner, whereas, by the mode adopted, I fear he has exposed himself to the charge of misrepresentation of the writings of the Professors.

Mr Hare sets out with erroneous views too palpable to be overlooked by the most perfect tyro in the veterinary art, and indicates but little chance of improvement, for he says (p. 248) he has for *many years studied* the causes and best method of treating gripes and inflammation of the bowels* in horses, and yet he calls *the two diseases one*, than which nothing can be more illusive or more likely to be productive of unbounded mischief, especially to those owners of horses in stations, minus professional assistance; but why as he proceeds, Mr Hare should in so unsparing a manner sacrifice the opinions of Messrs. Youatt and Percival upon what appears to me to be the altar of his own inordinate vanity, is more than I confess myself able to comprehend, considering the very limited supply of information given by him.

Misrepresentation may be made to read pleasantly enough, and so may assertion putting on the character of the sarcastic; doubtless Mr Hare was delighted with himself at page 257, where he says that bleeding, opium, and clysters are as rational, simple and efficacious in inflammation of the bowels as the horizontal position with splints, &c. for a broken leg; but Mr Hare must have benefitted more extensively by his ten years' sojourn in a Cavalry Regiment than by his writing is apparent, if he has not at one time or other longed for, if not applied to, that "wise man of the Regiment," who, according to his account, kills or cures so speedily. At any rate if Mr Hare has ever in his own proper person possessed an Arab worth a thousand rupees that has been a sufferer by "*this disease*," he must have greater confidence in his long pipe and paper knife apparatus than most men, if the sickness did not establish a degree of doubt as to whether it was not soon to be a thousand rupees or nothing!

In the first paragraph of his paper Mr Hare calls the two diseases, gripes and inflammation, one,—for he says, "two-thirds of the horses in India die of gripes and inflammation of the bowels, and I think scarcely an Officer in India will not agree with me and say that he dreads *this disease* in his stable alone. You can rarely find an officer in India who has not suffered heavy and repeated losses from it;" but after this rap at the shuttlecock to suit his purpose, he at page 257 suddenly flies from this position and says, "all doubtful cases are treated as gripes, the poison (Youatt and Percival's 2 ounce doses of spirits of turpentine) given, and too late it proves to be inflammation," thereby allowing the two diseases to be distinct enough, which appears to my humble capacity about the most sensible portion of Mr Hare's production, although unfortunately the little hopes of good that arise from this are dashed to the ground by the very next few lines. "Now my plan avoids the necessity of any anxiety or care to distinguish the symptoms of the two which I maintain in the majority of cases are so mixed that they are indistinguishable."

Indeed! and yet strange enough only a very few lines previous in the same page, he says with another touch at the shuttlecock; "now I do not mean to say that gripes are not in many cases decidedly different and easily distinguished from inflammation." I should really much like to know what Mr Hare's real opinion of these diseases is, for if he is so tossed about to distinguish the symptoms of the one from the other, his treatment would be equally changeable and from bleeding, opium and the long pipe he would fly to turpentine, good ale and aloes, or possibly lump the whole of them together and make it a case of kill or cure like the "wise man of the Regiment."

Now the opinion of professional veterinarians (my own very humble one amongst them) is, that in the majority of cases not only is gripes easily distinguished from inflammation but cured too, aye, and by this very dose of turpentine recommended by the professor, and so incontinently exposed by Mr Hare to the ridicule of sporting men "if they ever do read." How admirably did Mr Hare describe the effect of his paper upon sportsmen. "Psha!" says he, "does the writer of this know better than Youatt and Percival, professors at universities of veterinary science who spend their life among horses." Mr Hare's reply to his own query is,—“If you do not think that professor Youatt, of the great London university, can write nonsense read this, p. 300,” and then follows his quotation in proof.

I think I shall be able to show that this is a very poor reply of Mr Hare's by-and-by.

In Mr Hare's second paragraph he says,—“It may be stated as a general rule that when the disease of a man and a horse is the same, the principles of its treatment are the same also, the action of medicine too on them is the same always in kind though not in degree.” This latter is a great mistake but one into which almost all medical men fall: Mr Hare proceeds to give a list of some few drugs however which do produce a similar result in man and horse, but he makes a great mistake in saying tartar emetic causes "nausea in disease of the chest or fever;" so does he also in enumerating mercury amongst our purgatives; as an adjunct to a purgative calomel is excellent, but it is not used as a purgative *per se*. If the action of medicine is the same why do we not use ipecacuanha as a nauseant? It is a powerful one in man, but I believe utterly inert in the horse. Every one knows that sulphur given internally in man quickly impregnates his clothes with its smell, but I have dosed a horse with half an ounce daily, increased gradually to half a pound continued for months, without a sign of it through the pores of his skin. At page 257 Mr Hare calls spirit of turpentine a liquid blister to the stomach of the horse, and yet I presume Mr Hare has before now prescribed this same medicine to man in more than one disease without intending it as such. I have known an ounce given as a vermifuge to a delicate female without blistering her stomach. Then why does Mr Hare call turpentine a blister? *Because it acts as one to the skin of the horse!* This is a well known fact, but a new born infant may be sponged with it with impunity! So much then for the similarity of the action of medicine on man and horse. By-and-by I will relate a little anecdote about this that will I hope amuse as well as enlighten Mr Hare.

At page 248 para. 2. "I have for many years studied the

causes and best method of treating gripes and inflammation of bowels in horses," so says this studious aspirant to the honour of extinguishing professors Youatt and Percival.

At page 254 we find the result* of some of his study, for he begins (as all good students should) with anatomy and physiology. "I then studied more *carefully* the anatomy of the intestines of the horse, &c. The stomach of the horse is very small, not half the size of man's compared with its body, and yet its food is more bulky and far less concentrated. Very little of the process of digestion therefore can be performed in the stomach."

With submission to this studious anatomist I humbly differ from him.

There is a great deal of digestion going on in the stomach which is evident *to an anatomist* by the fact, that from the small intestines which immediately succeed the stomach, arise the greater number of those vessels (lacteals) destined to abstract from the food its nutritious properties; should however digestion be impeded by impaired function of the stomach and the grain find its way undigested into these said small intestines, or what is more frequently the case, *become washed into them by the highly improper practice of watering after feeding*, then there is a foreign body present and *gripes the consequence, for here is the seat of gripes not the rectum as Mr Hare supposes*. It is in this disorder that the turpentine (which Mr Hare erroneously asserts is a blister to the stomach (because it is a blister to the skin) and opium, as recommended by the professors should be given, for the disease is *spasm not inflammation*, and the professors list of symptoms will pretty clearly indicate the fact if studied with care. I should like then in all modesty to know how our studious, anatomical friend Hare's long pipe and paper knife would reach "thus far into the bowels of the land," or how his dram of opium *mixed with atta* (why?) passed high into the rectum with the hand *is to affect the intestine in trouble which is thirty feet distant*? Why, if Mr Hare had only once in his ten years' careful study taken the trouble to examine the rectum on which he plays such wonderful pranks, he would have found that it is of itself from *ten to twelve feet long* (fancy four yards of pipe "sporting men who do not read") not formed according to the sketch furnished you by Mr Hare, funnel shaped, but of almost an uniform calibre from end to end, except that it is drawn into folds cross-wise in its whole length, each fold clasping a pillet of dung which in cases of real constipation I have seen so hard as to resist the utmost force of a strong man's two hands. I should like then again, I say, to know how friend Hare's long pipe and paper knife could pass through this intestine with safety *even if*

empty, a feat I unhesitatingly affirm to be next to, if not an utter impossibility if impacted and inflamed, for the paper knife appendage would pass through the parietes of it a dozen times before it got half the distance. Ten years of such study, *careful* as it may have been, has not been sufficient for Mr Hare!

What however is the possible consequence of a full draught of water immediately upon a full feed of corn? Why some considerable portion of the grain passes through the small intestines (doing its mischief there) into the cæcum described by Mr Hare as the intestine in which digestion is principally carried on, although in a most extraordinary manner he contradicts himself about this, for at page 253 he says, the majority of cases of inflamed bowels are produced by allowing a horse without exercise to *gorge its intestines with undigested food*. How, I would ask in the name of common sense, can the intestines become gorged with undigested food when digestion is according to Mr Hare principally performed there? Should there happen to be want of tone in this intestine and the food be retained there longer than ordinary, *not having been acted on by the gastric secretion of the stomach*, fermentation is probably set up, gas evolved and then exists "*Flatulent Colic*" which the Professors relieve with chloride of lime, and however it may excite the risible faculties of Mr Hare the decomposition of the flatus does take place to the relief of the animal, not however as Mr Hare misrepresents by the action of *muritic acid* on the *stomach*, for the disorder at this stage exists in the large intestines thirty or forty feet distant from the stomach; neither does the Professor say *muritic acid* is formed but *muritic (acid) gas*, "this gas having a strong affinity for water is absorbed by any fluid that may be present and quitting its gaseous form either disappears or does not retain $\frac{1}{1000}$ part of its former bulk." Did Mr Hare ever prescribe a solution of quinine in fever *without sulphuric acid* (not gas) added, and did the quantity given prove injurious or otherwise? Let Mr Hare reply and let his answer verify or otherwise that the Professor has written nonsense.

Turn also, friend Hare, to page 254 of *your own* anatomy of the intestines; there you say "water in the same way does not remain in the stomach," but here in this terrific exposition (page 258) of the ignorance of the Professor, not only is the acid by your account to act upon the stomach but to travel for this purpose 30 or 40 feet back from the intestine where it is produced in spite of the peristaltic action of the intestines which is in the contrary direction, and in spite too of a certain valvular construction at the entrance of the cæcum through which it would have to pass (which possibly in your careful anatomical study you may not have found) placed there for the sole purpose of

preventing any return; alas! my friend of the long pipe, méthinks if Liebig "ever reads at all," and should fall upon the 16th No. of the *India Sporting Review* he will have good reason to laugh, if you were not a pupil of his own.'

Now it can scarcely be supposed that an assistant surgeon of ten years standing in the Bengal Army can be so ignorant of the physiology of intestines, whether of man or horse, as to assert such a tissue of absurdities as Mr Hare has indulged in and put them forth for the edification (?) of *sporting men who read*, knowingly. I conclude therefore in all charity that he mounted that long pipe and paper knife hobby of his, and rode rough shod over our poor Professors without once looking round to read what he had written, and so that he *pumped* them well, cared little about anything else; but what could he have been thinking about when he told that little tale of the fine Ferozepore Arab? I'll give it in his own words—"I recollect a fine Arab at Ferozepoor which was entirely relieved, in severe inflammation by bleeding and opium, but a purgative afterwards was thought necessary to clear out the intestines. It was given and you could plainly see the purgative rekindling the inflammation as it passed along the bowels, and before it acted the horse was dead. The gut could be seen moving under the integument and the horse ruptured himself by rolling in his agony." This is a capital story! It looks, though, very like a mistake, or ignorance, or both; yes, on reading it again *both*, unless indeed he had that pair of patent magnifying gas microscopes which Sam Weller wanted to enable him to "see through a flight of stairs and a deal door," and then he might have seen "the purgative rekindling the inflammation as it passed along the bowels," and "the gut moving under the integument."

Thus much for the mistake now for the ignorance. There can be little doubt that this was a case of Scrotal Hernia *from the first*, which Mr Hare did not discover till he had seen *the physic move the gut under the integument and the horse die before it acted*.

The signs of a rupture are very similar to gripes or inflammation, and thousands of Arabs have died ruptured supposed to have been attacked with gripes ending in inflammation. The bleeding and the opium in this case Mr Hare says, "entirely relieved the inflammation," but here was his mistake again; it was at this time that mortification of the strangulated intestine took place, pain ceased temporarily and the bleeding and the opium got the credit that the death of the gut merited. The next case of gripes you have friend Hare, *look that you have no scrotal hernia!* There is an end of Mr Hare's tale of the fine Arab of Ferozepore, now for mine about the spirits of turpentine.

When I was beginning the study of my profession, an old

friend of my governor's came up to London from Stowe in Gloucestershire about Christmas time on business, connected with certain arrangements at the Bank of England called dividends. I was considered sufficiently wide awake to lionize our country friend to all the sights; but with some little spark of vanity about me objected not only to being seen in company with a country cut coat, but more particularly one with some accumulation of grease upon the high collar where it rubbed against the hair behind; on expressing my objections, however, our careful country friend remarked, "why the coat was made by the first tailor in Gloucester, and as to the grease a penny worth of turpentine will take it all out sharp",—and the turpentine did take it out, and in spite of my objections I had to appear in public accompanying the provincial cut coat, but I had my little revenge, for during the whole morning my country friend was continually putting his hand to the back of his neck as if all was not as it should be, and by the time we returned home he had as fine a blister from the turpentine as Dr. Hare could produce by tartar emetic (which, *en passant*, also blisters the skin but not the stomach.) If Mr Hare will try the effect of spirits of turpentine in lieu of Rowland's Macassar he will find it a very fine blister to the skin *where the hair grows* but not to the stomach where it does not. This though, be it remembered, is *pure spirits of turpentine*, but, mixed in the manner recommended by the Professors with opium and water, it *has no pretensions to a blister*,—so much again for the similarity of the effects of medicine on horses and man.

Now with regard to Mr Hare's account of inflammation which at page 251, he says, "invariably (in India at least) commences with gripes." I am sorry to find it necessary to state this is not the fact, but Mr Hare's assertion doubtless arises from that want of power to discriminate between gripes and inflammation too painfully evident throughout his review.

I have had since this paper has been in hand to treat two cases of inflammation of bowels, without gripes or any symptom assimilating to gripes,—both seriously alarming; one an Arab carriage horse belonging to a gentleman in the Bank of Bengal, and the other a bay horse, the property of the Sheik, well known as "Talisman," which I hope to see well placed in next year's Derby.

Both recovered *without bleeding or opium*, but by aloes judiciously given in combination with other means. When I say both cases were seriously alarming, I mean unhesitatingly to assert that they could scarcely have been more so, that in Talisman's, so far from Mr Hare or any one else being able to pass far into the rectum his dose of opium and atta and the long tube he so prides himself upon, a strong man could scarcely force his

hand a foot into it without its being ejected with violence and attended with slight eversion of the gut. A long tube and paper knife apparatus here would have been certain death!

At page 251 Mr Hare says, "aloes will not purge in less than 36 hours." Why Mr Hare should have thus thought proper to exaggerate the time necessary to produce purgation except to misrepresent the treatment of Professor Youatt, I know not, for he proceeds to insinuate that a horse under his (the Professor's) hands would have taken besides the first strong solution, say six drams, twelve drams more in these doses of two drams in as many hours. Now how grave are the errors Mr Hare has made here. In the first place most persons who keep horses and occasionally physic them *know* that it operates in from 20 to 24 hours. In the next Mr Hare, as a man who professes to have *studied the diseases of horses*, should know, as the Professor explains, that if inflammation exists the bowels must be freely opened; I utterly deny the possibility of this being effected with Mr Hare's apparatus, therefore it must be done by purgatives; strong doses of aloes then *are* necessary and *are* to be accompanied *with opium*, not however as Mr Hare erroneously asserts to guard the intestine from the fearfully *irritating effects* of aloes, but because it is a *sedative* to the nervous system and antispasmodic generally, and therefore do Youatt and Percival prescribe it in *gripes* when *no aloes is given*. But Alison, Mr Hare's favorite author, does not, it seems, know so much of the effects of opium as his pupil, although I question whether Alison would be satisfied that the result of Mr Hare's experiment upon the two cats was so clearly in favour of the opium as Mr Hare supposes. A blow on the head may not necessarily produce the same effect on the peristaltic action of the intestine as opium.

Opium, says Mr Hare, page 256, "stops the peristaltic action of the intestines and the friction therefore of inflamed surfaces on each other" and then he puts a question in confirmation of this theory, "does not nature attempt the same process and by the effusion of lymph glue the intestines together thereby preventing motion." Here is another unfortunate error of the Doctor's reasoning from analogy and not from facts. *Nature does nothing of the sort in the horse*, no, not even when the disease terminates in death, therefore all Mr Hare's beautiful but theoretical rhapsody, which follows about "blindly shutting our eyes to nature's salutary and beautiful proceedings," &c. &c. &c. is *sheer nonsense*, and not the only nonsense he has written besides what has been alluded to for, in the 1st paragraph he calls kumree and glanders, the only two acute diseases besides gripes of which horses in India die, whereas glanders may or may not be an acute disease and kumree never is.

Just after this too he calls catarrh a disease of the chest whereas it exists in the head, but I need not weary myself with the enumeration of all the follies in this unfortunate production, and shall therefore conclude by extracting from the *Veterinarian* for November 1848, page 631, the post mortem appearances of a horse described by Mr Mayhew, V. S., which bears rather strongly upon the long tube affair. "Having (says Mr Mayhew) divided the linea alba, the intestines were seen to be loaded and their weight rendered it somewhat difficult to examine them. The stomach was of an extraordinary size and I attributed its unusual dimensions to flatus which had been generated during the latter period of the animal's existence. When however I had released it from its attachments and endeavored to lift it from the cavity for the purpose of inspecting it more accurately, in vain was the effort made, it could not be stirred, the attachments were thought not to have been separated, but all were found to be free, and it was the weight alone that disabled me from lifting it. It required the assistance of another man to effect its removal, and the interior was found to be packed full of solid food. I could not have believed a horse's stomach could have contained one-half the quantity. It was such a mass as would have crammed the ample rumen of a cow.

"The colon was almost as loaded as the stomach, and in several places the ingesta where the gut had contracted were perfectly dry, while in general they were moist and pultaceous." I wonder if Mr Hare thinks the garden pump would have gone through the whole range of intestines in this case and cleared out the stomach?

JAMES WESTERN, V. S.

* *Calcutta, March 1849.*

THE CALCUTTA RACE MEETINGS—1848-49.

What! Races in Calcutta in 1848-49! Yes, good Sir, even so, and uncommonly good racing to boot. We never saw better on the Course. Better than good racing were, under the circumstances, the Entrances and Subscriptions which preceded it, for they showed how utterly without effect had been the denunciations of those sanctimonious gentlemen, who saw in all sport the real cause of the commercial disasters that overtook us! The Entrances and Subscriptions were fully as good, if not better than those of last year, and if we may judge from the Allipore Champagne for 1849, and what we hear of a new stable or two, the Turf is still in the ascendant. May it prove so. *Floreat semper*, and we will laugh at the poor animals who do not approve of sport—most of them skinny, woe-begone wretches, of whom one could spit a leash with a common skewer.

We may begin by giving a list of the horses aged this season :

Pluto,	b.	a.	c.	4	years.*
Prestwick,	c.	n.s.w.	h.	5	„
Resolution,	r.	g.	a.	h.	..	4	„
Maid of Athens,	b.	eng.	m.	4	„
Miss Julia,	b.	cb.	m.	3	„
Bonanza,	b.	a.	h.	6	„
Borneo,	b.	a.	h.	6	„
Griffin,	w.	a.	h.	5	„
Governor General,	b.	a.	h.	5	„
Repudiator,	b.	a.	h.	6	„
Lord George,	b.	a.	h.	4	„
I. D.	b.	n.s.w.	c.	4	„
Wahaby,	b.	a.	h.	6	„
Astarte,	g.	cb.	f.	4	„
Bannockburn,	b.	eng.	h.	4	„
Regicide,	b.	eng.	c.	3	„
Bendigo,	c.	eng.	c.	4	„
Hebe,	c.	cb.	f.	3	„
Brunswick,	b.	n.s.w.	h.	5	„
Precocious Youth,	b.	eng.	g.	4	„
Young Middleton,	c.	n.s.w.	c.	4	„
Sarawak,	g.	n.s.w.	g.	5	„
Dromedary,	b.	a.	h.	4	„

Three such stables as those of Mr Charles, Mr Barker and Mr Williams going to Sonapore detracted a good deal from the pleasure and interest of our training season, and it was not till Barker and "Joy, Joy, Joy came dancing o'er the plain," that things began to assume their wonted aspect. Hall returned,

however, with anything but his wonted aspect, for whereas he was formerly thin and hatchet-faced, he now put in a corpulent appearance and a red round-phiz that men looked at and knew not! Instead of promising to ride 7st. 8lbs., as erst he did that season when the Child came out a hero and Minuet a thing of anything but slow movement, he looked as if he had been feeding for the Welter! But there was a pleasant twinkle in his eye, which intimated that if he was not in racing trim his nags were. Men now gathered at the Stand with more interest and chatted more freely (for they had something to chat about), and began to talk of the Derby, the favourite, and the odds. Out of 32 nominations there were but three or four that could properly be expected in the field against the horses that had shown themselves at Sonepore. These were Wahaby, Bonanza, Bornco and Dromedary, the two latter Madras nags. Borneo promised well enough when he first came out, but latterly was held in small account, and Dromedary, probably about the highest Arab in India, was deemed from the first to have made his bow too late,—for the First Meeting, at any rate. Bonanza was not a favourite, though he had had two entire seasons' regular training, and galloped to apparent advantage with all the horses that from time to time were sent round with him. Wahaby would have been backed freely enough but for the weight he had to give to the Soneporeans: a stone to the Don and 1st. 9lbs. to Pluto! It was admitted that Glaucus, the winner of his year, had given Niger, a horse of great promise, a stone and three pounds and seen him placed fourth, but still Don Juan had a character if Pluto had not, and of the latter we will observe that if he had not, it was perhaps because rumours had got abroad that he was not particularly game. Upon the whole the Don was the favourite at very long odds against any other horse, and his black friend had until the last day the call of Wahaby at 2 to 1. The following is our Derby Lottery record. The two first were of December 23rd—the two last of the 29th idem, the evening before the race.

Wahaby.....	G. M.	6	6	15*	20
Don Juan.....	„	40	41	41	47
Blood Royal.....	„	7	7	0	0
Repudiator.....	„	5	8	5	5
Pluto.....	„	13	12	17	12
The Field.....	„	2	1	0	0
Dromedary.....	„	9	8	0	0
Bonanza.....	„	5	6	10	15
Griffin.....	„	2	0	0	0
		89	89	88	99

Before we begin the Meeting we must notice the untoward

event, for Mr Charles' stable, of the death of the English horse Bannockburn. It occurred the very day before the Meeting. He came out, looking perfectly well, to take a gallop with the Arab Guarantee. About the two miles' post he was observed to throw up his tail. In another instant his head was up in the air and he came along with terrific bounds, clambering, as it were, into the air, with every leg diverging from his body and reaching the ground with a sort of sprawl that rendered it perfectly wonderful how he rose again! In this manner he approached the Stand, every one in a state of deep anxiety as to the fate of Joy, who preserved his seat and presence of mind in an admirable manner. As he was reaching the weighing compound he shot across to the near side of the Course and fell against the post of the entrance gate, Joy's head clearing it as he came down by a miracle, but his left leg was under the horse when he reached the ground. Before he could be extricated, even, the horse was dead. Joy was removed immediately on a charpoy to the General Hospital, where it happily proved that no bone was broken, but the bruises he had received, particularly on the knee, were very severe and entirely incapacitated him for riding throughout the Meeting. Mr Western opened the horse on the ground, but without discovering any cause for death: the heart was of a remarkable size but perfectly healthy: subsequent examination of the brain disclosed serous apoplexy. Mr Charles thus had to begin the game with his trump-card gone, for it is said that no horse in his stable could make Bannockburn gallop. It was his second loss in English blood, for Bannockburn's fellow-passenger, Villager, a horse of great promise, died on the voyage. Bannockburn was by Laanercost out of Fortunatus' dam!

Turn we now to the DENBY: the entrances were more numerous than on any former occasion, being thirty-two in number. There were twenty-one forfeits at 5 G. M. and six at G. M. 10, and the value of the Stakes was Rs. 5,440, inclusive of Rs. 800 for the second horse. The Madras stable was unlucky with its Maiden Arabs. Cruizer did not return from Sonapore, having been purchased by Mr Fitzpatrick for Rs. 1,200 and Mark only came down to be shot, having gone in the loins. Mr Barker, too, was without promise in this class. Vice Chamberlain was wrong, Blood Royal only showed once or twice, and Zohrab and Smolensko not at all. Resolution, a powerful grey, four years old, took gentle work with great regularity, and remains over for next year. Pluto was the sole stand-by. The Shaik's lot did not afford a start. Talisman and Barefoot, bays of fine figure and good action, were quite forward enough in October, but Talisman disappeared suddenly and the other went on with such gentle

work that it was pretty clear that he was not for this year. He has passed into the stable of the spirited and enterprising Mr Pye, who will add Walers and Arabs to his English next season. Mohulhill and Bundoola, the latter a little, long horse who obtained the soubriquet of the Squirrel, will possibly be heard of with credit on some of our Provincial Courses. Abdool Rayman had entered a couple, Sfooghe and Griffin. The former, a likely horse, went wrong early, and the latter was sold just before the meeting, but had no gallop in him sufficient for the competitors he had to meet. Mr Fitzpatick not finding, we presume, either Shamrock or Clear-the-Way, a second Honeysuckle, did not send them down. Mr Hope's Avenger and Mayflower were early scratched, their owner being ordered up to the wars. The latter is re-christened Young Honeysuckle, and is gone to the Shaik's stable. Mr Grey, whose racing may be said to have been playing at forfeits for some years past, brought down Intrepid from Sonepore, but he did not leave his compound. Brian O'Linn and Jack Ariel were named with Wahaby by Mr Brown, but they "fell out," sick or unpromising, after the rains. Borneo and Dromedary we have noticed, and there only remain two or three more. Janitor was expected down from Dinagepore but did not come, and Shah Jehan, a Madrassee, with Red Rover were missing. Sultan, a black horse with a head that would have made YOUNG TURFITE in love with him, even to a heavy book, was a present from the late Ibrahim Pacha to a nephew of Dwarka-nath Tagore's, when in Egypt on their return to this country. He had a fair trial, but not coming up to the mark was taken out of training. And now for the Race.

The following five came to the post: and we may as well place them as they came in:—

Mr Brown's	b. a. h.	Wahaby,	9st.	3lbs.	Evans	1
Mr Noble's	b. a. h.	Bonanza,	8st.	12lbs.	G. Barker	2
Mr Charles'	g. a. h.	Don Juan,	8st.	3lbs.	Shereburne	3
Mr Barker's	bk a. h.	Pluto,	7st.	8lbs.	Stubbs	4
Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	Repudiator,	8st.	7lbs.	Buxoo	5

The start was satisfactory and the light weight made the running, followed by the Don, Wahaby and Bonanza in pretty close attendance, and the rear brought up by Repudiator, who is very slow in getting on his legs. There was nothing in the pace to hurt any of the lot, but Pluto was beaten before coming to the Gaol, and indeed at the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile home was passed by all but Repudiator. The favourite lasted to the distance and then yielded first place to Wahaby, who maintained it home. Bonanza passed the Don just after Wahaby had shown the way, but could not get nearer to the winner than a length. The time was 3m. 57s. Of the favourite it was said in one of the reports of the

event, for Mr Charles' stable, of the death of the English horse Bannockburn. It occurred the very day before the Meeting. He came out, looking perfectly well, to take a gallop with the Arab Guarantee. About the two miles' post he was observed to throw up his tail. In another instant his head was up in the air and he came along with terrific bounds, clambering, as it were, into the air, with every leg diverging from his body and reaching the ground with a sort of sprawl that rendered it perfectly wonderful how he rose again! In this manner he approached the Stand, every one in a state of deep anxiety as to the fate of Joy, who preserved his seat and presence of mind in an admirable manner. As he was reaching the weighing compound he shot across to the near side of the Course and fell against the post of the entrance gate, Joy's head clearing it as he came down by a miracle, but his left leg was under the horse when he reached the ground. Before he could be extricated, even, the horse was dead. Joy was removed immediately on a charpoy to the General Hospital, where it happily proved that no bone was broken, but the bruises he had received, particularly on the knee, were very severe and entirely incapacitated him for riding throughout the Meeting. Mr Western opened the horse on the ground, but without discovering any cause for death: the heart was of a remarkable size but perfectly healthy: subsequent examination of the brain disclosed serous apoplexy. Mr Charles thus had to begin the game with his trump-card gone, for it is said that no horse in his stable could make Bannockburn gallop. It was his second loss in English blood, for Bannockburn's fellow-passenger, Villager, a horse of great promise, died on the voyage. Bannockburn was by Lannercost out of *Fortunatus*' dam!

Turn we now to the *DEBUT*: the entrances were more numerous than on any former occasion, being thirty-two in number. There were twenty-one forfeits at 5 G. M. and six at G. M. 10, and the value of the Stakes was Rs. 5,440, inclusive of Rs. 800 for the second horse. The Madras stable was unlucky with its Maiden Arabs. *Cruizer* did not return from *Sonepore*, having been purchased by Mr Fitzpatrick for Rs. 1,200 and *Mark* only came down to be shot, having gone in the loins. Mr Barker, too, was without promise in this class. Vice Chamberlain was wrong, *Blood Royal* only showed once or twice, and *Zohrab* and *Smolensko* not at all. *Resolution*, a powerful grey, four years old, took gentle work with great regularity, and remains over for next year. *Pluto* was the sole stand-by. The Shaik's lot did not afford a start. *Talisman* and *Barefoot*, bays of fine figure and good action, were quite forward enough in October, but *Talisman* disappeared suddenly and the other went on with such gentle

work that it was pretty clear that he was not for this year. He has passed into the stable of the spirited and enterprising Mr Pye, who will add Walers and Arabs to his English next season. Mohulhill and Bundoola, the latter a little, long horse who obtained the soubriquet of the Squirrel, will possibly be heard of with credit on some of our Provincial Courses. Abdool Rayman had entered a couple, Sfooghe and Griffin. The former, a likely horse, went wrong early, and the latter was sold just before the meeting, but had no gallop in him sufficient for the competitors he had to meet. Mr Fitzpatick not finding, we presume, either Shamrock or Clear-the-Way, a second Honeysuckle, did not send them down. Mr Hope's Avenger and Mayflower were early scratched, their owner being ordered up to the wars. The latter is re-christened Young Honeysuckle, and is gone to the Shaik's stable. Mr Grey, whose racing may be said to have been playing at forfeits for some years past, brought down Intrepid from Sonepore, but he did not leave his compound. Brian O'Linn and Jack Ariel were named with Wahaby by Mr Brown, but they "fell out," sick or unpromising, after the rains. Borneo and Dromedary we have noticed, and there only remain two or three more. Janitor was expected down from Dinagepore but did not come, and Shah Jehan, a Madrassee, with Red Rover were missing. Sultan, a black horse with a head that would have made YOUNG TURFITE in love with him, even to a heavy book, was a present from the late Ibrahim Pacha to a nephew of Dwarkanath Tagore's, when in Egypt on their return to this country. He had a fair trial, but not coming up to the mark was taken out of training. And now for the Race.

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Mr Barker's	bk a. h.	Pluto,	7st. 8lbs.	Stubbs	4
Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	Repudiator,	8st. 7lbs.	Buxoo	5

The start was satisfactory and the light weight made the running, followed by the Don, Wahaby and Bonanza in pretty close attendance, and the rear brought up by Repudiator, who is very slow in getting on his legs. There was nothing in the pace to hurt any of the lot, but Pluto was beaten before coming to the Gaol, and indeed at the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile home was passed by all but Repudiator. The favourite lasted to the distance and then yielded first place to Wahaby, who maintained it home. Bonanza passed the Don just after Wahaby had shown the way, but could not get nearer to the winner than a length. The time was 3m. 57s. Of the favourite it was said in one of the reports of the

race—"It was thought he would win in a canter and he only got third place, the winner giving him a stone and the second horse 9lbs. The accident which prevented Joy getting up will not account for the horse's defeat: he was beaten at the Leger post from want of condition, although the pace was moderate enough." In this opinion we agree: considering that he had been going stumpy and not getting very fast work, and learning as we subsequently did that he had recently had an attack of the jaundice, he may be considered to have ran very well. Had he been in proper figure, it seems next to impossible he could have been beaten, at the weights up.

The second race of the morning was a 50 G. M. Sweepstakes for all horses, 2 miles, 8st. 7lbs. each. Selim and Regicide paid forfeit, and left to the Waler mare Greenmantle to show with what ease she could polish off the old Chinaman Elepoo. This she did, making the pace little more than a canter from the distance. We think that had it been necessary she could have had the time written down 3m. 49s. instead of in 3m. 53½s. To a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses, the Gilbert mile, there were two subscribers—Mr Williams and Mr Pye. The latter gentleman, who made his debut in the season of 1847-48 with a Waler cycled Brown Jumper, and good humouredly bought him for one gold mohur in every race except the only one he won, took his departure for England shortly after, with the settled determination to return with nothing but a bit of stuff that should efface the record of his past defeats. Rumour came back before him, as a matter of course, and told several stories: at last a letter gave circumstantiality to his doings and Regicide, the winner of a plate at the Bath and Somerset meeting in May last, and Weathercock, a maiden got by Enilius, a Derby winner, out of Variation, an Oaks winner, were duly entered in the Secretary's book for various races in the First Meeting. But after all Weathercock came not: he was replaced by Conqueror, a 3. year old Maiden, by Cæsar, dam by Glaucus, grand dam by Comus, out of Laurel Leaf, by Stamford. Regicide, also a 3 year old is by Assassin out of Voluptuary, by Reveller, out of Harriet, by Pericles. These horses arrived by the November steamer, and after showing two or three times on the Course the Maiden was laid up with inflammation in the feet. He was never out of his stable after the attack, and died the day before the Second meeting: Regicide came on slowly, and it was quite apparent that he could not be fit to run for anything he was then entered for. For the race last above alluded to Mr Pye named the old Arab Glenmore, who has for some time been doing easy work as a saddle horse. He had to meet the Child of the Islands who beat him in a canter in 1m. 57 sec.

The sport of the first day was brought to a close by the COLONIAL, for which there were 12 nominations and 4 starts. Three of these Mr Barker's, the Waler Lunatic and Prestwick and the Cape horse Bachelor. The fourth was Mr Grey's c.b. filly Hebe. We may again quote what was written of this race (!) when it came off. "This was tantamount to a walk-over, for Hebe went a quarter of a mile with her friends and was then pulled up and turned round! We presume the country-bred was started under the impression that this was necessary to entitle Prestwick and Brunswick to the allowance of 5lbs in the Omnibus, for horses beaten in the Colonial. We should say this did not strengthen the claim at all, for in fact there was no more race, nor intention of there being a race, than if the mare had remained in her stable. The question seems to us simply this, —can a stable start any number of horses for the sake of claiming weight *where there is no competitor*? If yes, then Hebe was not wanted; if no, then the case is not mended for she was *not* a competitor, and did not even go round to take the chances of racing." We think that a party should not be deprived of *his* advantages because others can't, or don't, avail themselves of theirs. When Mr Barker entered five for the Colonial (for the Waler mare Proserpine was among the lot) there cannot be a doubt that to some extent he was influenced by the fact of beaten horses getting an allowance in the Omnibus, and it would be unjust to say that such allowance should be withheld in the event of his being the only start, a result purely accidental. If Hebe had not been put in and the three from one stable had ran just as they did, his claim could hardly have been set aside, and the farce of bringing out the mare as if to race, and taking her in again without running would have been avoided. If it be thought that this allowance system should be continued, but that it should not extend to such a case as the present it should be so provided in the terms. We are disposed to think however that upon the whole it does more harm than good.

The value of the COLONIAL was Rs. 3,200.

The Second day was opened with the ALLIPORE CHAMPAIGNE STAKES. Last year we observed that there had never been more than three start for this great race, and this year saw but two—Don Juan and Bonanza—although there were 17 nominations. This afforded no room for a Lottery and recourse was had to the expedient of a GREAT COMPREHENSIVE on the races of the morning, and thus a lottery of 75 tickets came off.

Lunatic...	G. M.	0
Bonanza..	"	21
Prestwick..	"	21
Wahaby..	"	21

Maid of Athens..	G. M.	11
Don Juan..	"	13
Child of the Islands	"	16

It will thus be seen that Bonanza was much preferred to the Don. The Jockeys and weights up were, Evans on the latter 8st. 6lbs. and on the former George Barker 8st. 10lbs. Somehow or other whenever Barker pleases he gets away with the lead, and on this occasion it pleased him to do so, Evans lying three or four lengths behind him till near the half mile home, when he began to creep up. He was well with his opponent at the last quarter and they came steadily together till about twenty lengths from the post, when both set to work and a very fine struggle ended in the Don's favour by half a head. The time was, the first mile 1m. 58s. and round the course 3m. 29s. Child of the Islands did it last year in 3m. 22½s. carrying 9st. 3lbs. The value of the Stakes was Rs. 4,880. The second race was a 25 G. M. Sweepstakes for all horses. Craven weights and distance. Arabs and C. B. allowed 5lbs., with the like allowance for Maidens. Two only went for it, Child of the Islands 9st. 2lbs. with Sherburne up, and the Maid of Athens, piloted by Barker, received 4lbs. The Child showed to as great advantage in this race as in any he ever ran, although the mare beat him as she liked, which was by half a head on the post. The time speaks for itself—2m. 21½s. and the last mile in 1m. 51½s.

For the AUCKLAND STAKES, which came next Eltépoo paid forfeit and Minuet walked over.

The OMNIBUS, for which there were 15 nominations, brought out only three horses.

Mr Brown's..	..	b. a. h.	Wahaby	9st.	3lbs.	Evans.
Mr Barker's..	..	c. nsw. h.	Lunatic	8	9	Stubbs.
Mr Barker's..	..	c. nsw. h.	Prestwick	8	3	Barker.

Lunatic made the running and carried it on well to near the ¾ mile from home, when he gave way to the Arab. Prestwick who had been waiting all the way caught him at the half mile and every one expected would come away, or show that he could do it, but the little horse stuck nobly to him and behaved admirably in the struggle at the finish, not being beaten by more than half a head. It was pronounced impossible that the Waler could be thoroughly fit, and in that opinion we agree, for the race (R. C. and a distance) was not done under 3m. 42s. and little Farewell accomplished it last year in this race with 9st. 3lbs. up in 3m. 40s. Bungarrabee, with a pound more than Prestwick, running second.

The first race of the third day was a 50 G. M. Purse added to a Sweepstakes of like amount. 2 miles, for all horses;

the second a Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. for all horses, 2 miles ; the third a Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for maidens, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile heats ; and the fourth a Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., for Maiden Arabs, the Gilbert Mile. To the first there were 10 nominations, but only four—Minuet, Prestwick, Greenmantle and Don Juan stood, and eventually the last was drawn. To the second Minuet and Selim paid forfeit and Child of the Islands walked over. Lunatic, Bonanza and the Precocious Youth contested the third, and Wahaby and Repudiator the fourth. The Lottery was, again, a Great Comprehensive and the several competitors were knocked down as under.

Prestwick,	G. M.	10
Lunatic,	"	22
Bonanza,	"	14
Repudiator,	"	7
Wahaby,	"	33
Greenmantle,	"	9
Minuet,	"	29
Precocious Youth,	"	4

The horses ran in their order of valuation in the three races. Minuet, who carried 8st. 11lbs. could not have had the priority over Greenmantle with 8st. 8lbs., the bidding discloses, but that it was declared to win with him. The mare flew from the post and did her first quarter in 25s.—tremendous going for a starting quarter—but this did not leave the Arab more than a clear length behind her ! Barker on Prestwick, with only 8st. up, was content to lie half a dozen lengths behind the second horse. The Mare maintained her place for a mile and a quarter, and then her confederate carried it on gallantly and was not caught until he was well round the corner, with his head straight for home. There was not a choice till the race was over, for the finishing struggle ended by less than a length in favour of the Arab. The Course was done in 3m. 25s. and the 2 Miles in 3m. 51s. The value of this Race was Rs. 5,440.

The English Colt, Precocious Youth, surprised most by coming out at all ; it was some time since he had been seen and Lunatic was the favourite at 3 to 2 against him and Bonanza. The Arab showed the way for half a mile and then for a short way the three were together. Soon after passing the distance post the Youth was out of the race, and the other two finished with half a length in favour of the Waler. Time 1m. 23s. For the second heat the Englisher was drawn, and another capital race ended as before. Time 1m. 26s. Bonanza carried 8st. 7lbs. receiving 7lbs. from each of the others. Precocious Youth has since passed into Mr Barker's Stable and should he remain there,

or he in any good hands, and come out at all right next season, we expect he will distinguish himself.

For the Mile race there was really no contest. After Repudiator (8st. 4lbs.) had gone one quarter with the lead, Wahaby (same weight) passed him and came the rest of the way well within himself, winning in 1m. 56s. with half a dozen lengths to spare.

For the 40 G. M. Purse for Maiden Arabs, which opened the proceedings of the 4th day, Wahaby had a quiet gallop in both heats, and nothing more. Repudiator and Pluto entered the field against him and in the second heat the latter was distanced, yet came on and—Repudiator being pulled up into a trot short of the post—went in second. This, the second horse saving his stake, led to the question whether he could be declared distanced, there not having been any person at the distance post? On reference there was some considerable doubt whether evidence *aliunde* could be taken as to the point of a horse having been distanced, but it was determined by the Stewards affirmatively and they took evidence and declared the horse distanced. We saw the race and had our eye on Pluto, with reference to the great distance he was behind: we have no doubt he was distanced, but we are not at all clear that it is open to the Stewards to decide on the testimony of lookers-on. It is a point upon which the experience, or memory, or reading, of some of our subscribers may enable them to say something. George Barker, we know, is of opinion that there must be a man at the post before the declaration of "distanced" can be properly made: but this seems a little too arbitrary, because the Judge, who places, possibly, three or four horses, might in some instances have no more doubt about a horse being distanced than about who won the race, and in such a case one does not see why his declaration should not be sufficient. On the point of taking evidence *aliunde*, it may be considered whether it would be done in the case of a charge that a horse had gone inside the Course. We apprehend many such cases must have occurred. Barker told us, as *à propos* to this discussion, a story of his riding a horse that was declared to be distanced, on which occasion he turned the tables and "got a verdict." There was a man at the distance post with a flag and his horse swerving, knocked him over just as the first horse passed the winning post. This seemed conclusive that he was distanced; but a question remained,—“how did the horse strike you?”—“With his hind quarter, just as I was going to drop the flag.” The argument, then, was unanswerable, that three-fourths of the horse were within the distance.

The second race of the morning was a very fine one. It was a Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for all horses: $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, 9st. each, with

an allowance to Arabs of 7lbs. and maidens 5lbs. The Waters Lunatic and Greenmantle were booked to meet a stranger, as far as this season was concerned. Great Western, who was in Mr Green's stable last year, had been out of training with the exception of a few gallops previous to this race. A recent purchaser determined to give him a trial. He was known to be a clipper for a short distance, though he had made no fame as a winner. He ran a mile last year with 8st. 7lbs. beating the Child at the same weight in 1m. 53s. and making a dead heat with Farewell at 8st., who beat him in running it off in 1m. 56s. In a Handicap Sweepstakes, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile,—Farewell, and Zurbano, with 8st. 5lbs. each, and the Cape horse Battledore 8st. 12lbs. he (8st. 5lbs.) paid forfeit; and in the Losers' Handicap, Second Meeting, with 8st. 5lbs. he ran second to Elepoo, 8st. 7lbs, in two $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats in 2m. 51s. and 2m. 56s. Boy Jones was with them at the same weight as Great Western, and was drawn after the first heat. There was enough here to justify his having been kept in training, but there was *not* reasonable ground for expecting that without training he could show his tail at the finish of half a mile, even, to the horses against which he was pitted. He went away at first rate speed and led the ball for nearly half a mile when he was beaten for want of condition, and the other two raced home, finishing it too closely for any other decision than that it was a dead heat. The next time Lunatic won it by a head. Time both heats 1m. 22s.

After this came a Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. for all horses; 3 miles, &c. &c. It closed on the 1st of October, with three subscriptions. Mr Charles and Mr Barker paid forfeit and Mr Williams walked over with Minuet.

THE CALCUTTA TURF CLUB PURSE, must be written down a signal failure. It was a handicap; the Leger Course. Ten horses were handicapped and two only started. The following was the list:—

Child of the Islands	9st.	5lbs.
Minuet,	9	5
Greenmantle,	9	5
Maid of Athens..	9	5
Bachelor,	9	0
Prestwick.	8	8
Elepoo,	8	8
Boy Jones,	8	4
Guarantee,	8	0
Repudiator,	7	12

The Child (Sherburne) and the Boy (Barker) alone went: they travelled together for a mile and a half, and then the Child made sport of the remaining distance and won in-hand in 3m. 35s., value of stakes Rs. 2,080.

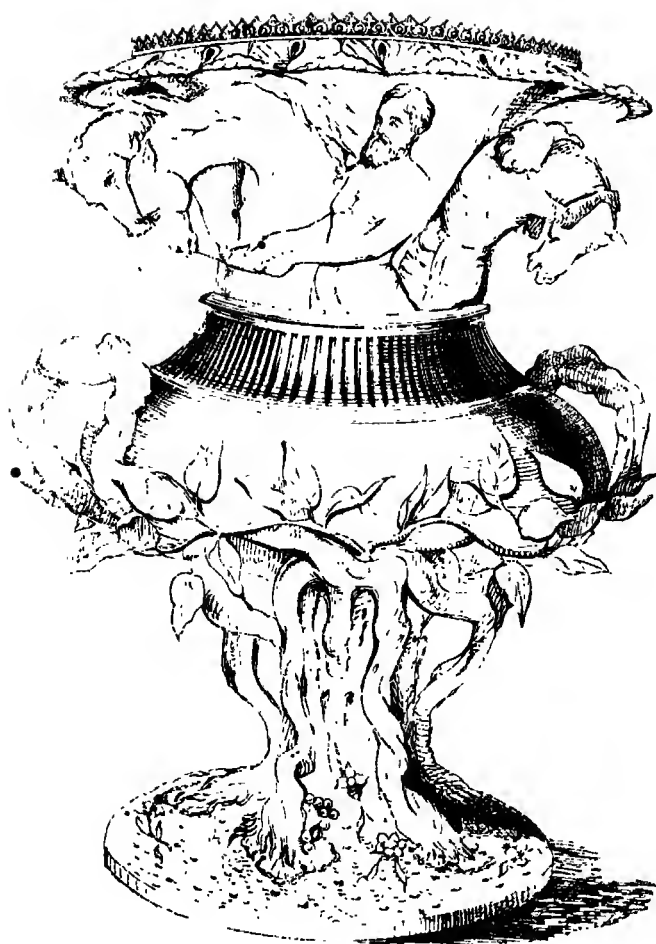
Shaik Ibrahim's Purse of 50 G. M. for all Maiden Arabs purchased from him since the 1st of January 1848, was set down as No. 1 for the 5th day, but two only were entered.—Mr Charles' Plough Boy and Mr Grey's Intrepid, and the latter was, of course, scratched: as the terms required that three horses should start it would have come to nothing had he stood.

The day's sport began with a Match for 50 G. M., Gilbert mile, between Wahaby and Boy Jones, the former carrying 8st. 7lbs. and the latter 8st. 4lbs. Evans, who was on Wahaby, could not ride the weight and had to declare 1lb. Barker was on the Boy and led from the post to the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile home, when Evans closed with him and a very exciting race home ended in favour of Wahaby by a head, as decided by the Judge. We expected to hear it given a dead heat. The time was 1m. 54 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

For the GOVERNOR GENERAL'S CUP, which stood No. 2, there were ten entrances, but only four started. These were the English mare, Maid of Athens; the Walers, Greenmantle and Selim; and the Arab, Child of the Islands. The other horses were Bannockburn, Elepoo, Brunswick, Prestwick, Regicide and Conqueror. The Maid came in at 7st. 13lbs., ridden by Barker, who declared 1lb. Stubbs was on Greenmantle who had 9st. 2lb. on her back; Selim, with Evans up, carried 9st. 3lb. and the Child, Sherburne, 9st. 5lbs. As may be supposed this was a hollow thing. But before we give the few words necessary to report the race, we may as well note down the lotteries that came off upon it. The first was of Dec. 29th, the second of Jan 3d, the third of the 5th, and the two last of the 8th idem, or evening preceding the race.

Brunswick,	..	G. M.	9	15	25	4	2
Elepoo,	..	"	6	1	2		
Maid of Athens,	..	"	19	26	41	34	41
Regicide,	..	"	1				
Selim,	..	"	4	7	3	8	12
Child of the Islands,	..	"	8	10	11	17	17
Prestwick,	..	"	16	5			
Greenmantle,	..	"	13	32	23	12	14

Greenmantle made play and led all round till past the distance post, when the Maid—who had gone out with the Child and dropped him in one quarter—passed her in hand, winning with perfect ease by a length. The time was 3m. 30s. Selim was quite unable to go and did not show the ghost of a chance in any part of the race. We had booked this as one of the great events of the Meeting though it turned out of small interest. Honor to the Governor-General, who has thus early evinced his approval of the Turf as an amusement for English gentlemen, and, as it happened, at a time when his countenance was unusually valu-



THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S CUP

Donated by the Hon. J. A. Macdonald

able. The Plate given by his Lordship was designed by Mr Welby Jackson, of the Civil Service, and manufactured by Messrs. Hamilton and Co. We give a very fair drawing of it, and our readers will form their own opinion of its merit: we think the design looks better on paper than in silver. The value of the Stakes was Rs. 2,400 exclusive of Rs. 800 to the second horse.

The result of a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all Arabs, Craven weights and distance, maidens allowed 5lbs, astonished most people. It brought together the Child, the Boy and Guarantee, the two former with 9st. 7lbs., the last with 9st. 1lb. It will have been seen that on the 4th day the Child beat the Boy over the Leger Course with ease, giving him a pound more than a stone! Now the Boy came out at even weights and won by a neck in 2m. 22½s. Guarantee had nothing to do with the race.

The NEWMARKET STAKES, Gilbert Mile, were carried off by the Waler mare Greenmantle, with 8st. 13lbs. up in 1m. 52½s., but Lunatic, the only other horse that went, showed himself in this race perhaps the best mile horse of the season, for he gave the mare 7lbs. and was close up—within a length—at the finish.

The BENGAL CLUB CUP was complimented with 18 entrances, but there were 14 forfeits. The following lot came to the post:—

Mr Barker's b. nsw. h.	Brunswick	7st. 12lbs.*	Barker
Mr Williams' b. a. h.	Child of the Islands	9 0	Sherburne
Mr Brown's b. a. h.	Wahaby	8 7	Evans
Mr Noble's b. a. h.	Bonanza	8 7	Stubbs

* Declared ½lb.

Five days made a considerable change in the estimate of the horses, as the following lotteries will show. The first was on the 5th of January, the other two on the 10th—we omit the horses that were drawn before these last came off.

Brunswick..	..	G. M.	17	46	47
Child of the Islands..	21	38	35
Wahaby..	24	26	20
Bonanza..	4	3	1

All the horses came out looking well, but there was a superior racing appearance about the Waler that gave him greatly the call in public estimation. There was a false start, which was speedily remedied, and then they came by the Stand in a somewhat straggling form, the favorite some eight or nine lengths behind the Child who was the leading horse. Wahaby had second place and Bonanza third. The three first closed up at the half Mile out and covered the Mile post together. From this, though the pace was fully maintained, Brunswick began to

draw upon the lot and was quite ready to take his proper place at the half mile from home. They came in a cluster the next quarter, when Bonanza showed himself in difficulty and dropped out of the race at the distance. Wahaby and the Child came on, both full of running, without the shadow of advantage between them, and we could not help wishing the Waler out of the race, for there was that in the patience and extreme steadiness of Barker which was almost conclusive that he was bidding his time. He held to his opponents for a few strides when he reached them and passed them a couple of lengths from the post; between the other two there was a scant half head only, and that was in favour of the Child. From the way in which Brunswick won, the prevailing opinion was that he did it with ease to himself, but we thought otherwise, and still think that with any but a first rate rider he would have been beaten. That fully up to his mark he could canter over all the Arabs on the Course, at these weights, we have no doubt, but it is impossible with the little work he had had that he could be nearly in his right form. The time was 29s.—1-27—1-57—2-26—R. C. 3-35, and the two miles 3m. 52s. Value of stakes Rs. 3,712, exclusive of the Rs. 800 to the second horse.

For the FREE HANDICAP PURSE of 50 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 5 forfeit, for all horses, T. I. which stood No. 2 in the programme of the day, there were six entrances and they were weightied as under :—

Greenmantle,	9st.	9lbs.
Minuet,	9	7
Bachelor,	9	5
Lunatic,	9	3
Boy Jones,	8	12
Guarantee,	7	7

Boy Jones, Minuet and Guarantee alone stood the handicap. The Boy past Minuet a length from home. Guarantee was beaten a quarter of a mile short of it. Minuet took the lead from the Boy at the start and went some lengths ahead of him nearly the whole way. Had Sherburne held to him the result would, probably, have been different. We have not quoted the Lottery in this race, as one speculator brought all the horses, and not with profit. A 25 G. M. Purse with a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. for all horses—the Gilbert mile (a selling stake) did not fill, our rule requiring three horses to start where there is public money: the only entrances were Mr Barker's Lunatic at Rs. 1600 8st. 7lbs., and Mr Shepherd's b. cb. f. Miss Julia (the winner of the Poosah Oaks at Sonapore) Rs. 1,200 5st. 12lbs. They were in the same stable and were drawn.

One race only was vouchsafed us on the 7th and last day

of our meeting; for the Free Handicap Purse of 25 G. M. for horses that had started and not won 100 G. M. during the meeting, did not fill, the only entrances being Mr Barker's Bachelor and Pluto. The Winners' Handicap was a goodly list.

Maid of Athens,	9st.	7lbs.
Greenmantle,	9	3
Brunswick,	9	0
Prestwick,	9	0
Minuet,	9	0
Child of the Islands,	9	0
Lunatic,	8	9
Wahaby,	8	8
Boy Jones,	8	6
Don Juan,	8	0

Brunswick, Prestwick and the Maid were all more or less wrong: the first and last lame. Don Juan was disqualified in the same way and Minuet was wanted for the second meeting, besides the stable had two others in. All these then were drawn. Of the other five Wahaby was very greatly the favourite, as will be seen from the three Lotteries that were got up on the occasion:—

Boy Jones,..	..	G. M.	25	30	26
Wahaby,	„	42	40	39
Greenmantle,	..	„	7	13	12
Child of the Islands,..	..	„	28	27	
Lunatic,	„	10	7	6

The favourite was beaten by a head by the Boy, which undoubtedly he ought not to have been, and we believe could not have been had Evans been content to look after Barker. Instead of doing so, after the two Walers had got away, Greenmantle making severe running, he tore past the Child who was third and went after his leaders, Barker all the while holding steadily last, while the three were doing their best to cut one another down. Lunatic collared the mare at the mile out and rated with her to the Gilbert Mile, Wahaby close behind leading the Child; the whole lot were dropping fast to the Boy from this point, and both the Walers were nearly expended half a mile from home. The three Arabs came on together to the distance where the Child was beaten off and the other two made a gallant race home, the Boy being declared the winner by a head. The beginning and end of the race were both very fast and Wahaby was made to do his best in both: we repeat our belief that had he been spared as the Boy was he must have been the winner.

The time was 56s. 1-25—1-55—2-24½—2-55. Two miles 3-53½. R. C. (from the Stand) 3m. 23s.

The value of the Stakes was Rs. 2,829.

THE SECOND MEETING.

There is nothing of moment to record as occurring between the Meetings, unless it be the death of Mr Barker's black New South Wales filly Proserpine. She died of extensively diseased liver and obviously of such long standing as to render it astonishing she can have done any work without betraying a symptom of having anything the matter with her. No one had been hit punishingly hard in the first Meeting and the liveliest interest prevailed as to the second.

This will be believed when we subjoin the Lotteries on the first race—the MERCHANTS' PLATE. There were not fewer than fourteen lotteries of three several dates. The first three were on the 23d of January, the next four on the 26th: then came three on the 31st and the last four were on the 2nd February, the evening preceeding the race. Here is the table:—

Maid of Athens,	65	38	41	42	45	43	44	30	15	33							
Greenmantle, ..	15	12	12	14	10	10	13	30	10	25	19	24	22	19			
Repudiator, ..	0	0	1														
Bachelor, ..	1	5	5	1	2	2	2	4	1	7	6	7	9	6			
Minuet, ..	9	4	5	8	10	10	9	16	12	19	29	29	25	31			
Regicide, ..	21	20	10	9	24	14	14	74	53	76	80	71	81	90			
Don Juan, ..	6	2	2														
Brunswick, ..	24	15	14	17	11	14	10	22	15	20	45	42	45	41			
Wahaby, ..	26	15	15	16	11	17	14	14	5	17	12	10	11	7			
Prestwick, ..	14	8	10	12	20	16	17	16	11	26							
Child of the Islands,	21	6	9	4	4	4	6	1	0	1							
Bonanza, ..	1	0	0														

On the first evening there was one lottery of 200 tickets, at a gold mohur each; on the third there were two of like amount, and on the fourth all the lotteries were of this figure: the others were, as usual, of 100 tickets. The aggregate amount of these lotteries, as made up, that is the tickets and prices of horses together, was G. M. 4,390 or Rs. 70,240. To the uninitiated this will be a startling amount, but they must not infer that it gives any correct idea of the money eventually lost and won, for horses are bought in lotteries against bets that have been laid against them, and in like manner bets are laid against lottery purchases. At the same time we do not hesitate to say that if it were practicable to put a limit on this form of speculation it would be very desirable to do so, as it would necessarily reduce the amount of betting and so keep books, generally, to a more moderate scale, without in the slightest degree affecting sport. We have heard it said that it must be open to men to "make a good haul" or they will not keep up large stables. In reply to this we say we should be very happy to see smaller ones, and then we should have more of them. Owners who

keep up large racing establishments throughout the year cannot afford to be satisfied with small returns, and the scale upon which they carry on deters many from coming in with their horse or two, since a man's solitary Arab or Waler must be a prodigy if he is able to compete with the string of all classes that he counts in more than one direction. We have not the slightest regard for Racing as a business, though we love it as a sport; and in India where our sportsmen are not men of independent fortune, we think it particularly objectionable as a business, because if the owner of a large stable is unfortunate for a year or two, he may be hit so hard as to be knocked fairly off his legs. What he loses at one Meeting he has here no chance of retrieving, as elsewhere, until the next.

It will be seen that on the 2nd February the prizes were reduced in number to six, and on the following morning there came to the post—thus weighted and jockeyed:—

Mr Barker's..	br. cp. h.	Bachelor	8st. 10lbs.	Stubbs
"	b. n.s.w. h.	Brunswick	8st. 6lbs.	Barker
Mr Brown's..	b. a. h.	Wahaby	8st. 3lbs.	Roostum
Mr Pye's ..	b. eng. c.	Regicide	8st. 4lbs.	Evans
Mr Williams'..	b. n.s.w. m.	Greenmantle	9st. 2lbs.	Joy
"	b. a. h.	Minuet	8st. 12lbs.	Sherburne

The horses drawn were Don Juan, Repudiator, Bonanza, Child of the Islands, Prestwick and Maid of Athens. Regicide had been coming on so satisfactorily under gentle treatment, that it was not surprising he held first place in the betting. The friends of Wahaby would perhaps have been better pleased had the English colt been among the seceders, for his going took Evans off the Arab and left Mr Brown to rely on the head, hand, and heel of a Native jockey. Now Roostum, though a good, steady rider enough when he has been provided with board and lodging over night, is not a match for Professors of the stamp of Barker and Joy. Still, with the weight up, Wahaby was deemed to be something better in the race than the lottery figures would imply, and indeed unless it was Bachelor, there was not a horse that any one could be very heavy against and very comfortable. The lot came forth, the post was reached, the word was given and the struggle began. The Caper and Waler mare led off and came rattling by the Stand followed by Minuet, Brunswick and Wahaby, the rear being brought up by the favourite. There was no material change to the Gaol, when Bachelor was told out and every horse passed him. Evans now drew towards the front and was speedily alongside Greenmantle, who, for the first time under the able pilotage of Joy, was running courageously and strong; nor did she anywhere display that disposition to strike her colours without a fight which has frequently been ascribed to her. Twice

from the Sudder corner she was called upon, to see that all was right, and she came when called, and there was every prospect of a struggle to the post, but she could not quite hold it home against the Englishman, who won by half a length, and it was thought easily. The other horses, with the exception of Bachelor, came in as they ran out.—Time R. C. 3m. 23s., the Leger 3m. 30s. The value of the Stakes was Rs. 5,280. Don Juan with 8st. 6lbs. up won the Champagne in 3m. 29s. The English mare Morgiana carried off the same race last year with 8st. 13lbs. in 3m. 29½s. so that the winning on this occasion was not remarkable.

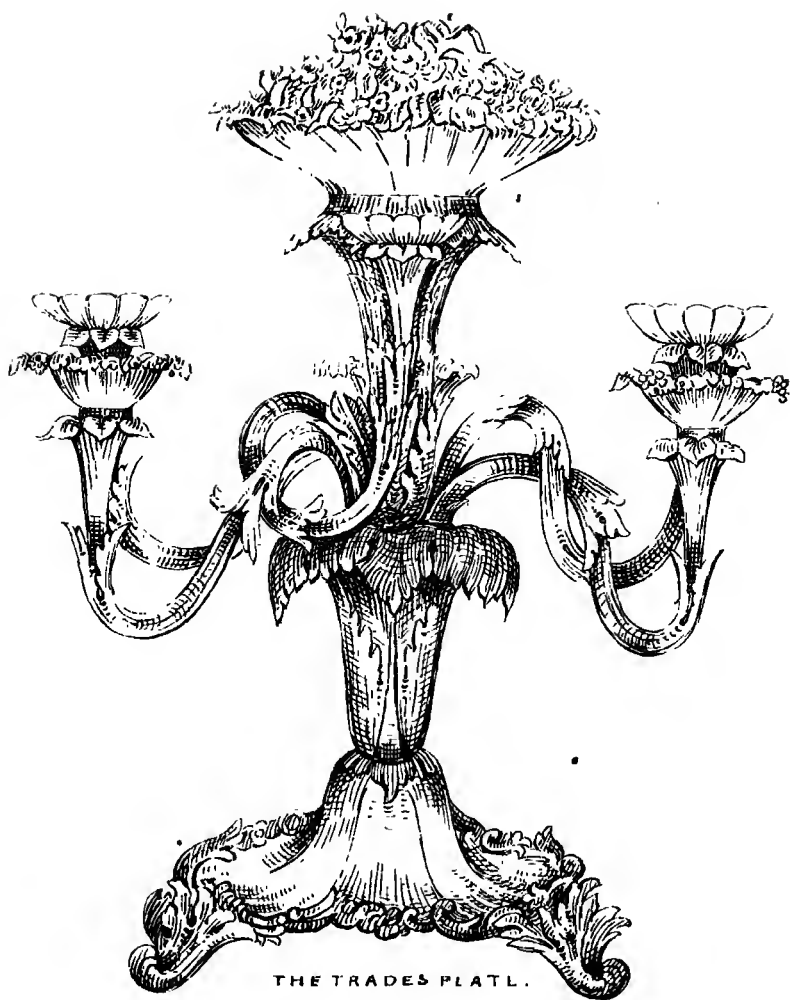
A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses, the Gilbert Mile, brought the Child and the Boy again in competition and without company—each of them carrying 8st. 7lbs. They went out together the first half mile in 56s., and the whole distance as if harnessed together. In the last few strides Sherburne laid in the whip, the Child sprang to it and won on the post by a head. The mile 1m. 55s.

For a 25 G. M. Sweepstakes Craven distance (Selling Stakes) there were no entrances, and a Purse of 20 G. M. by Sheik Ibrahim and Abdool Rohman was equally blank.

Messrs. Cook and Co and Messrs Hunter and Co. both handsomely volunteered a purse of 50 G. M. when the Prospectus was being hatched, leaving the terms entirely to the Stewards. The first was settled to be a 50 G. M. Sweepstakes for all horses, 2 miles, Calcutta weight for age, maidens—English excepted—allowed 5lbs; English horses 12lbs. extra and the winner of the Merchants' Plate 5lbs. The entrances were eight in number, but the following three, only, came to the post:—

Mr Williams'	..	b.	a.	h.	Minuet	9st.	5lbs.	Joy
Mr Barker's	...	c.	n.s.w.	h.	Prestwick	8st.	8lbs.	Barker
Mr Pye's	..	b.	eng.	c.	Regicide	8s.	7lbs.	Evans

Mr Barker had also entered Brunswick and Lunatic, Mr Williams Greenmantle and the Child, and Mr Brown Wahaby. The few left in did not invite any heavy lotteries—indeed there was but one on the race, Mr Barker's stable sold for 13 G. M., Minuet for 4 and Regicide for 55. Heavy rain had fallen and the Course was in a sticky state, which may help to account for the bad time—4m. 5s. Minuet led the Waler by a few lengths and the Waler the Englishman ditto. There was not the slightest variation until the Sudder corner, when Evans closed with his horses and near the finish came out and in a few strides ran clean away from the other two,—inviting weight, as was very naturally observed, when his horse should be in a handicap. We should have expected better judgment from so practiced a rider. Seeing the first place was not to be had, Joy pulled up Minuet and



THE TRADES PLATL.

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gave Prestwick second place, to the loss of his stake; but he had asked before starting if the second horse got anything and been told—no. He should have remembered the provision of the Prospectus, that “in all races for public money, the terms of which contain no special provision regarding the second horse, whenever there is a *bona-fide* start of three or more horses on separate interests the second horse to receive back his stake, or, where there are 10 or more subscriptions to the race and a start as above, to receive double the amount of his stake.” The amount of the stakes was Rs. 2,720.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., &c., for all horses. R. C. did not fill, Wahaby being the only horse named. For one of 20 G. M. for all horses, R. C. 8st. 7lbs. each, with 5lbs. for a winner once prior to 1st October 1848, 7lbs. for winning twice and 10lbs. for three times, or oftener, there were but two—Wahaby and Boy Jones, the latter paying the highest penalty and carrying 9st. 3lbs. It is not surprising therefore that he was beaten and beaten easily; that is, the winner took a lead of three or four lengths and was never touched; but we doubt whether the Boy ever ran better. The Course we have said was heavy, the weight up a great deal above what has always been considered his mark, yet the last mile was done in 1m. 53s. We have taken the races of the day in the order of the Prospectus, but the first run was a Sweepstake of 20 G. M. H. F. for all horses that had not won upwards of 100 G. M. previous to the 1st of October 1848, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. The competitors were Wahaby 8st. 7lbs. and Lunatic 9st. 7lbs. The light weight got away with a fine lead and held it for some time, but not long enough to prevent the Waler beating him with tolerable ease in 1m. 23s.

We subjoin two Great Comprehensive lotteries on this day's running, from which it will be seen that the favourites for the three races were the winners.

Prestwick	..	G. M.	5	4
Wahaby with Lunatic	8	9
Wahaby with Boy Jones	13	17
Minuet	5	2
Boy Jones	10	11
Regicide	27	31
Lunatic	17	20

The TRADES' PLATE, the race for which ushered in the third day, was this year most handsomely subscribed for, much of the success being due to the activity and perseverance of Mr Brown, of the firm of Hunter and Co., by whose good little horse Wahaby it was gallantly carried off. The prize was a very elegant centre piece, of which we give a drawing.

The following is the description given in one of the morning papers :—

"The 'Trades' Plate is in the form of an *Epergne*, in solid silver, the extreme height of which is 24 inches; the base springs from an exceedingly chaste and elaborate fluted pedestal representing foliage, from which spread six twisted chased silver branches, bearing alternately a silver gilt cup and a Bohemian one of purple colored glass, surmounted by another mass of drooping foliage, having also a beautiful bowl of the same sort on the summit. The *tout ensemble* is exceedingly beautiful, and forms one of the finest specimens of the advanced state this kind of art has reached in India we have ever seen, reflecting the greatest credit, as regards the taste and skill of its workmanship, on the House of Messrs. Lattey, Brothers and Co., from whose establishment it emanates."

We have just noted that the winners of the second day commanded the highest prices in the lotteries—it was very much the reverse on the present occasion. Of ten horses entered three only did not stand the handicap,—Minuet 8st. 11lbs., Lunatic 8st. 6lbs., and Bachelor 8st. 6lbs. The following is the list of those who showed :—

Mr Pye's	b. eng. c.	Regicide	..	9st. 9lbs.	Evans
Mr Williams'	b. ns. m.	Greenmantle	..	9 2	Joy
"	b. a. h.	Child of the Islands	8 10		Sherburne
Mr Barker's	c. nsw. h.	Prestwick	..	8 8	Stubbs
"	g. a. h.	Boy Jones	..	8 0	Barker
Mr Brown's	b. a. h.	Wahaby	..	8 0	Roostum
"	nd g. a. h.	Elepoo	..	8 0	Buxoo

We will now give the results of five lotteries had over night; the three first being of 200 tickets and the two last of 100.

Boy Jones	..	G. M.	4	6	11	6	11
Regicide	..	"	93	90	92	55	55
Wahaby	..	"	7	7	7	6	5
Prestwick	..	"	3	12	6	7	7
Elepoo	..	"	3	4	2	2	3
Greenmantle	..	"	20	26	28	12	8
Child of the Islands	..	"	8	8	9	5	5

The start was not a very good one, but no mischief was done. The Child showed first in front and after him came the Boy, Prestwick, Regicide, Greenmantle and Elepoo,—in the order noted. At the mile Barker took the lead and the Boy remained a most dangerous horse as far as the distance, lasting as long as any thing in the race, except the winner. Greenmantle and Wahaby closed up as the Boy went to the van and passed the Child before they came to the half mile from home. Regicide and Prestwick now put in their claim to travel in the first company and came

round the Sudder with the Mare and the Boy as close to the railing as they could pack, while Roostum took a circuit with Wahaby that might have defeated him five lengths without affecting the horse's character. He was, however, with them in straight running: the Child was already out of the race; the mare now dropped, and the others swept on without a choice between them. One-third up the distance Wahaby came well away, letting in good light between him and the others, and was hailed winner, with loud cheers, by a good honest length; the Boy second and Prestwick a good third. R. C. 3m. 23½s. Leger Course 3m. 32½s. Value of Stakes Rs. 2,400, and besides the Plate (Rs. 1,400) there were Rs. 200 paid in cash.

The two other races of the day were—to be a trifle Hibernic—walks over. The first was a 25 G. M. Sweepstakes for all horses, 2 miles, &c., taken by Lunatic, Minuet being drawn and the second a Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for all horses that had not won upwards of 100 G. M. previous to the 1st of October, 1848. Mr Barker had four horses in—Prestwick, Maid of Athens, Brunswick and Bachelor; the only other horse was Mr Charles' Guarantee and he was entered by mistake, having won above the sum named within the specified period: Prestwick walked over.

In the Prospectus, Abdool Rohman's Purse of 50 G. M. stood first race, fifth day—but there were no entrances; so we proceed to Hunter and Co.'s Purse of like amount, swelled by a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. for all horses, 2 miles. The entrances were eight in number, and the following is the handicap the Stewards proclaimed:—

Greenmantle	8st.	10lbs
Minuet	8	10
Child of the Islands..	8	7
Prestwick	8	6
Wahaby	8	6
Lunatic	—	..	8	2
Boy Jones	7	13
Elepoo	7	7

Of the above Greenmantle, Lunatic, and the Child were drawn, and of those that remained the Boy was first favourite and Wahaby second: wherefore the latter was made to give the former 7lbs., we were never able to discover. Elepoo was let in at a figure that—if he could go at all—ensured his being a very dangerous horse. The lotteries were five in number, all 200 G. M. and the following were the prices realized:—

Boy Jones	..	G. M.	36	43	45	51	77
Elepoo	..	„	24	26	26	27	25

Prestwick	..	G. M.	22	25	18	18	20	*
Minuet	..	"	27	33	33	32	35	
Wahaby	..	"	46	51	40	42	61	

There was very great interest excited by this race,—perhaps more so than by any other contest throughout the two Meetings, and the anticipations of a severe struggle were fully realized. Elepoo went away with the lead and Wahaby was held last—the intermediate space being filled by Minuet, Prestwick and the Boy. At the T. I. Barker, who was on the Boy, gave Stubbs, on Prestwick, an order to mend the pace and he rushed to the front and made severe running, which he was unable to hold much beyond the Gilbert Mile; Elepoo was never passed by any other horse in the race, and Prestwick's dropping again left him with the lead, with Minuet second; but the distance between them and Wahaby and the Boy had perceptibly diminished at the Goal, and at the half mile the four had pretty well closed up, though the Chinaman led by a length to the Sudder Corner, and well round it. Here the Madras horse and Waler had done their all, and the other two made a struggle to collar Elepoo, and almost did it—but he held a clear advantage, and was still running strong. At the distance they were with him for a second, and then Wahaby dropped half a length behind the Boy, and Elepoo came away a length or more from the latter, and so ran up to the Stand. Here Barker made a last and great effort: the Boy changed his leg at the instant and we expected he was done, but in the next three strides he had drawn up to Elepoo's girths, and he improved this, even, on the post—to the extent of winning by a head, as declared by the Judge,—exactly the advantage by which we should have given the race to Elepoo. Time 3m. 53½s. value of Stakes Rs. 2,720. The report in the *Calcutta Star* said “ * * * and a splendid race home between Boy Jones and Elepoo was awarded by the Judge in favor of the former, though the opinion was general, we believe we might say unanimous, that it was Elepoo's race.” The *Hurkaru*, whose reports are generally understood to be supplied by the Judge himself, was to the following effect—“ * * * and an interesting struggle ended in the Boy running on the post by a head, Wahaby scarcely a length behind Elepoo. Many thought it was a dead heat, and it is suggested that the Judge's box be moved to the outer side of the Course, as affording him a better means of seeing the nearer horse. The outermost horse always has the advantage of the eye in any thing very close.” If this really be the suggestion of the Judge, it should be at once attended to, though it has been disregarded when made a score of times before. It is quite impossible that any decision can be given with accuracy, in a very close race, under existing arrange-

ments. The box is hardly raised a foot from the ground, and is slightly in the rear of the line of rail. Unless the Judge stretches forward it is impossible (and if he does it is not very easy,) to see the horse running inside and close to the rail, and this on account of the host of natives, carriages and buggies—and on all of them chattalis—that range between him and the distance-post. He sees him, but not until he is on the post, and not until after the eye has caught the horse, whose line of running is less interfered with. It has been all but universal, as far as our experience goes, that a very close struggle not declared a dead heat has been given to the outside horse. Some change is necessary in the judgment seat—not in the occupant, for a more impartial, or better judge in any respect, could not be desired—but in the arrangement, whether it be by transferring it to the other side of the Course, or by throwing it a little back and giving it greater elevation,—but this might interfere with the public ride.

A Handicap Sweeptakes of 25 G. M. for all horses, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile was contested by Lunatic and the Child, with 9st. 7lbs. and 8st. 5lbs. respectively. The Child led to the distance when the Waler collared, passed him, and won by a head and neck in Im. 24s.

The Winners' Handicap showed eleven names, and when the cyphering was over the figures opposite each horse stood thus:—

Regicide	9st.	3lbs.
Maid of Athens	9	3
Brunswick	8	11
Greenmantle	8	9
Minuet	8	7
Child of the Islands.	8	7
Prestwick	8	7
Wahaby	8	7
Boy Jones	8	4
Lunatic	8	3
Don Juan	8	1

The Madras stable was thoroughly used up—not one of the three horses could show; and Maid of Athens and Brunswick were too good to risk in a rickety state: these five were drawn. Public opinion was in favour of the English Colt and the speculators bought him freely a very long way in advance of anything else. The lotteries were of 200 tickets.

Lunatic	..	G. M.	7	6	10	18
Boy Jones	51	51	49	45
Regicide	66	66	67	75
Prestwick	8	6	6	11
Wahaby	47	46	43	40

Mr Barker declared to win, if possible, with Lunatic ; but he was no use in the race, nor was Wahaby, who was obviously stale : Joy was upon him and had to declare 2½lbs. The Boy had taken the lead at starting but at no pace : after a quarter Prestwick went on with it at his best speed ; Lunatic was beaten at the Gilbert mile and was last. Regicide who had been waiting behind with Wahaby passed him in going round the Sudder, which brought him up next to the Boy, and third in the race, for Prestwick was still in front. About the distance the latter was caught by the Boy and defeated, and immediately after the English Colt took second place. Evans did not set to work as soon as he might have done, and when he did Barker had just enough in his horse to enable him to land him a winner by better than a head. The time was ordinary enough. R. C. 3m. 26s. and the two miles 3m. 56s. : value of the stake Rs. 1,760.

For the Losers' Handicap there was not a single entrance and the meeting closed with a selling stakes, for all horses, ½ mile heats. There were only two horses in—Repulse at Rs. 700, 8st. 12lbs. and the Pope at Rs. 800, 9st. 3lbs. They did their first quarter in 28s. and this finished the race, as the Pope gradually dropped and the old horse cantered home, winning by half a distance in 1m. 28s. Repulse then walked over for a 50 G. M. match. H. F. with Brown Jumper.

Those who have read the above record of our meetings will agree, that upon the whole the season has been a most successful one ; wonderfully so, considering the unfavourable aspect of affairs at the commencement of the year. We have every promise of continued prosperity, and if report speaks truly we shall have two or three additional stables in competition in 1849-50—a strong one from Madras we are assured of and we have heard of two. Three horses have been entered at Bombay for our Champagne, but whether they will come round, unless purchased, we do not know. There have been some good importations of English thoroughbreds, and a colt by Cotherstone, in Mr Brown's stable, ought to make some noise in the world. Wahaby, by-the-by, is sold and gone to Lucknow in the string of Nawab Ali Khan : we infer therefore he is not to go for the Champagne—a great mistake. As things are likely to go on flourishing we shall repeat our opinion, that it is very desirable to modify the extent to which lotteries are carried. As regards the meetings of the Turf Club this can be done ; and perhaps nothing more will be requisite than to return to the system that prevailed until the last two years, of sending the lottery papers round for payment the morning after the tickets are taken. When this was done men had their liabilities promptly before them with the necessity of their being paid, and the tendency of immediate demand is

obviously to render speculators more moderate than they are likely to be with long credit. Hardly a lottery paper this year but was kept for payment on settling day, and to this we attribute the fact that the lotteries we have recorded in this article—tickets and prices of horses included—exceeded £20,000 sterling in amount! We have said that these lotteries and betting act and react on each other, and that people must not too readily infer very large sums lost and won; but at the same time no one who really wishes well to the Turf will hesitate in saying with us that it is desirable there were less scope for gambling. It is possible we may give offence in saying thus much, but we have never been in the habit of preferring the pleasing to the true—what we think ought to be said, we say.

We turn now to racing on a different scale, and we have in the instance an example how *fun* will command swarms when *business* is constantly got through to empty benches. In our first number, in an article entitled *The Pen and Ink Sportsman*, our friend POUNCE wrote:—"I say nothing of the Calcutta horses, but the Calcutta Course is slow. No fortune-telling, no wandering-minstrels, no booths, no baked taters, no thimble-rig, no lucky-bags, no shying at snuff-boxes and lemon-boxes, no prick the garter—no nothing. In fact, I may almost say there is no public, for half a dozen of the old six insides and twelve out would stow away the whole company, barring the native gentry who put a black edge on the Course fifty yards on either side the winning-post. It does not take above four hours to decide three races, and then people go home. It is to be hoped that, as India is getting more civilized, it will break out on the midaan, and that we may yet live to see the march of intellect running for shifts and jumping in sacks, as healthful escape from the Council of Education." This was written in February 1845 and in February 1849, we had the coveted sack-jumping! There was something prophetic in our friend POUNCE, but he does not appear to have seen exactly far enough to inform himself where these movements would originate! Some wag got up a Prospectus, headed "Unprecedented Attraction," and the same was declared to be "under the immediate patronage of LADY BARBARA SACKVILLE and the Ladies of Calcutta." No one knew LADY BARBARA, but several people believed "she came out by the last steamer," while others were of opinion that she was a second Lady Hester Stanhope, who, travelling in Turkey had been made a Sultana against her will, and escaping found herself a year after in Cashmere, from whence she had come down with Gholab Sing's shawl tribute, specially commissioned by that amiable old gentleman to present it to the Queen! This Lady Barbara did not survive long, in consequence of her

not being found at Spence's, or Wilson's, or Miss Wright's,—where she was sedulously sought by Mr Pantaloon Smugg, an elderly gentleman who devoted a day and a half to the search, intending to invite her to a Fancy Dress Ball in the name of the Society of Calcutta, and who had got his after-supper speech of “Lady Barbara Sackville and the Ladies of Calcutta” cut and dried when he set out in his buggy. The titled person that the great tuft-hunter, Mr Pantaloon Smugg, could not find out was speedily declared non-existent, and because the Lady Patroness was decided to be a hoax, it was so generally thought that the whole was ditto, that when the hour arrived for the commencement of the sport there could not have been more than from fifteen to twenty thousand people present! The first exhibition was of pedestrianism and about six natives started for a quarter of a mile race. A Don Quixotte looking character (in legs and arms) made play, but it turned to earnest as he neared the post, for a sturdy animal about five feet nothing challenged and past him, and we doubt indeed whether the Don got better than third place. The winner received a hookah, such as no Judge of the Sudder or Deputy Governor of Bengal ever smoked, and it was garnished with rupees: the second and third of the competitors got money prizes. Then came a Palanquin race—4 vehicles—each carrying an urchin of ten or twelve years of age, who roared with delight and rolled about from end to end of the contest, which was as slow and unsatisfactory as if the daks had been specially laid by the Post Master General. These public servants carried off Rs. 12 among them. The “Great Sack Race” was the attraction of the day, and it was at last shrewdly suspected that this suggested the title that confounded the tuft-hunter, Mr Pantaloon Smuggs. With surpassing wit the prospectus put forth the following intimation:—“The Committee will sack the competitors and the winners will sack the Stakes.” This was rigidly observed, but who constituted the Committee we do not feel ourselves at liberty to mention: we can say no more than that the Secretary of the Calcutta Races was one of them, and we must accord him our unqualified admiration for the extraordinary zeal and energy with which he sat on his chestnut pony directing the preliminary ceremonies. As in the foot race, so in this contest the unworthy pride of the Britisher, or rather his unmannerly contempt for his black brother, was painfully exhibited. In the first, a recruit-like hobbbedeloy, who might have ran well enough only that he could not walk, except Canteen step, requested the Secretary to inform him “who the h— was to show his legs before a set of d—d niggers?” In the second, a Jack or two, after handling the sacks and looking as if they were going to get into them, “hoped

they might be d—d if they did, if they had to jump agin' Babboons!" It was not long, however, before nine native gentlemen were up to their chins in sufficiently capacious gunny bags, but all the exertions of all the authorities to clear the Course were fruitless, and the word had to be given to "go!"—a dreadful mockery, since the jumpers were hemmed in by a mob that extended three times the distance they had to jump. One determined fellow made a spring that had the effect of opening a way before him, and he went on with such energy that he forced a passage, somewhat after the fashion of the prow of a boat, the mob just opening as he advanced and streaming on either side to the rear, where his unfortunate rivals were jammed inextricably, but excessively fortunate in not being trodden under foot. The roars of laughter that resounded through the Race Stand, and, taken up by Tollah's Nully, were carried on and repeated in the Salt Water Lakes and eventually lost in the Soonderbunds, would have delighted the heart of the *Friend of India* had he been there and plotting his electric communication under the waters of "the Ganges and the Jumna, to the neighbourhood of the Punjab." * The laughter was electrical and instead of his calculation of the cost of wire and gutta percha per mile, and the labour of fixing it, and "the outlay for stations and attendants," he might have bethought him of a line of such jolly spirits as were then exploding; and even if the means of communication could only be made available when the country was required to be in a state of guffaw, he must have seen that it would have been in constant demand with an army in the field and Lord Gough at the head of it. But to return to our Sacks.

When the hero of the day achieved his last jump, which carried him just past the winning-post, (the whole distance fifty yards) he went plump down on his nether end, and being seized neck and heels was carried in triumph off the Course to be unsacked and sack Rs. 10. There was a second and third sack who claimed Rs. 5 and Re. 1, respectively, and there really would have been a fine contest but for those Jacks we have mentioned, who when the line was formed took a shot at it, end on, with a helpless cooly, and grassing two or three as if they were skittles, repeated the game every time a competitor was helped to his feet. The afternoon's sport was wound up with a Native Tat race— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile—any weights—bare backs and a bridle. Most intense interest had been excited among the native communities of Cooly Bazaar, the Chitpore and Circular Roads, and when the word was given for the competitors to make the best of their way to the starting-post, up rose a cloud worthy a charge of cavalry on a dusty plain. This served to conceal the number, and not until the whole band was got within the rails at the 2 miles' post, and man and horse

had been rested ten minutes, and—to write in a lofty strain worthily the occasion—the sweet south breeze, which just ruffled the tanks it passed over, had lifted the dusky veil into upper air—was it seen that 37 jocks in buff, mounted on as many bare-backed steeds, were drawn up in double file, reaching fully from the rail across the Course to the opposite fence. In sooth it was—as Mr J. P. R. James would have said if he seen it—a gallant sight, and as the Secretary rode proudly in front of the line (how he subsequently got to the rear was a mystery at the time and has never been accounted for,) it was in every body's mouth that not even the late Lord George Bentinck had ever accomplished anything like it! When the word was given Go—*Jao!* we believe it was, there was a strong heaving, a swaying laterally, and an active exertion made by everybody, which sufficiently indicated how happy they would be to obey the order if they possibly could. But they were tightly wedged: everybody's knees were in every body's tat's sides, and the long legs of the riders swinging vigorously to and fro, from the calf downward, looked like so many pendulums of clocks set going by a jerk. Each rider had a stick in his hand, right or left, and these, flourishing over head, were sufficient to realize a bit of Donnybrooke Fair. At last a young chap in the centre, by dint of the pressure, was shot out from the line like the pip of an orange from the forefinger and thumb, and he indicated the possession of genius by promptly improving the opportunity. Crossing his lank spindles under the belly of the lean animal he bestrode, he took a preliminary flourish with his stick, that would probably have sufficed to dismount any couple who had followed within reach, and then—thwack! it came down on the sounding ribs locked within his naked thighs. It was enough—he got a brilliant lead, but there was a gallant field behind who followed, and gained upon him, at a tremendous pace: still he reached the goal, and then as the clattering grew louder—it having been quite overlooked to tell them where they were to stop—he set to work with redoubled vigour and a score at least swept past the post at undiminished speed! Some half dozen horsemen rode after the flight to call 'em back, but the more they called the more the little rascals wouldn't stop, and the faster the pursuers went the faster went the pursued. Half a mile was now covered and the discomfited horsemen pulled up, while on went the tat-boys, evidently despising anything less than two miles, and barring occasional cuts by groups of three and four at a time they compassed the Course, a dozen at least finishing with a gallant rush that distanced everything that had been seen during the two Meetings. The hero of the start was nowhere in particular, but as nobody had been particular any

where in the race he got one of the prizes, if not the first. This concluded an entertainment that, in the language of the newspapers has "rarely been equalled and never exceeded," and when after driving home through all but impenetrable walls of dust—which so choked up a friend with us, that he was obliged to let a soda-water bottle off in his mouth to clear his throat—we came to reflect on the laughter that had been ringing in our ears for two hours, and the myriad of happy faces we had seen, and when we further reflected that it had not cost more than Rs. 75—sacks included—we protested to ourselves, and indeed aloud in the bosom of our family, that Lady Barbara Sackville had done as much for the amusement of the many as the Stewards, owners, and riders of the season put together!

On the Monday following the foregoing sport, came off a Hurdle race, a Sky race and a Pony race: the two former very good in their way, but the company was altogether inferior to that present to witness the struggles we have recorded. Mr Brown (of Hunter and Co.) carried off and won the Hurdle race with his bay Waler Leap Frog, and the Sky race with his English mare Jenny Lind—a thoroughbred, but taken from buggy practice and prepared at short notice.

This fairly closes the record of the season, but we must notice a meeting of the TURF CLUB which took place at the Race Stand on the 2d of March. In our first No. we recorded the resignation of Mr Larpent as Secretary of the Races, on which occasion Mr Ilume was "requested kindly to undertake the office." He did so: that was in February 1845 and in March 1849, at the Meeting we have alluded to, he intimated his resignation. He laid on the table the Bank Book, the accounts of the year, and indeed of all the years he had been in office. He mentioned that he had paid off about Rs. 1,300 of debt which he had taken over from his predecessor (for repairs to the Stand and a Race Cup), and that he left to the credit of the fund fully Rs. 6,000! This statement, which might have been expected to elicit some expression of satisfaction, was received in perfect silence, and the Secretary was permitted to resign without receiving one single syllable of thanks for his services, in an office which not one man in a hundred will undertake, and not one man in a thousand hold for a series of years. This is not an agreeable subject for us to dilate upon, and we shall avoid doing so, but we have felt it incumbent on us to notice it, since conduct so unusual, so ungenerous, so unsportsmanlike, and so impolitic, would be likely to receive some unfavourable solution from those who should hear of it in a less direct manner. We hope that whoever may succeed us will bring as hearty a good will to the labour before him, and he had need have, if possible,

more,—for it is not likely he will be able to command the advantages we possessed, and without which it would have been impracticable to accomplish all that we accomplished :—we need hardly say we refer, mainly, to the possession of a large printing establishment, and the facility it gave us in the publication of notices, the preparation of prospectuses, the getting out of accurate programmes of the coming day's races, within an hour or two of their being made up, and in various other ways. All our resources were freely at the service of the Stewards, owners, and others connected with the Turf, and we never begrudged the time or trouble bestowed, because we knew we were helping a good cause and believed we were regarded as one who was sincere in its support. And here—in the pages of the *India Sporting Review*—we will continue our best services, and nothing will gratify us more than to see an equally zealous successor in the tenfold more difficult office we have resigned.

A. E.

SYNOPSIS OF THE CALCUTTA RACES,—1848-49.

FIRST MEETING.

Race.	Entered.	Started.	Winners.	Age.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Amount of Stakes.
					st. lbs.	m. f.	m. s.	Rs.
The Derby, . . .	32	5	<i>Wahaby</i> , . . .	6	9 3	2 0	3 57	{ 4,640
50 G. M. Sweepstakes, . . .	4	2	<i>Greenmantle</i> , . . .	aged	8 7	2 0	3 53½	{ 800* 2,400
25 G. M. Sweepstakes,	2	2	<i>Child of the Islands</i> , . .	aged	9 5	1 0	1 57	800
The Colonial, . .	12	4	<i>Lunatic</i> , . . .	6	8 4	R. C.†	—	3,200
The Allipore Champagne, . .	17	2	<i>Don Juan</i> , . .	5	8 6	R. C.	3 29	4,880
25 G. M. Sweepstakes,	2	2	<i>Maid of Athens</i> , . .	4	8 4	1 4	2 21½	1,200
Auckland Stakes, The Omnibus Stakes,	2	1	<i>Minuet</i> , . . .	7	8 8	2 4	w. over	960
	15	3	<i>Prestwick</i> , . .	5	8 3	R. C. and a distance.	3 42	4,000
50 G. M. Purse Sweepstakes 50 G. M.,	10	3	<i>Minuet</i> , . . .	7	8 11	2 0	3 51	5,440
	3	1	<i>The Child of the Islands</i> , . .	aged	8 7	2 0	w. over	1,600
Sweepstakes 30 G. M.,	3	3	<i>Lunatic</i> , . . .	6	9 0	0 6	{ 1 23 1 26 }	1,920
Sweepstakes 50 G. M.,	6	2	<i>Wahaby</i> , . . .	6	8 4	1 0	1 56	3,600
Purse 40 G. M.,	10	3	<i>Wahaby</i> , . . .	6	9 3	R. C. heats.	{ 3 35 3 28 }	2,960
30 G. M. Sweepstakes,	3	3	<i>Lunatic</i> , . . .	6	8 9	0 6	1 22	1,440
50 G. M. Sweepstakes,	1	1	<i>Minuet</i> , . . .	7	9 5	3 0	w. over	1,600
The Cal. Turf Club Purse, . .	10	2	<i>Child of the Islands</i> , . .	aged	9 5	† St. L. Course	3 35	2,080
Sheik's Purse, . .	2	0	not filled	—	—	—	—	—
Governor General's Cup, . .	10	4	<i>Maid of Athens</i> , . .	4	7 13	St. L. Course.	3 30	{ 2,400 800*
Sweepstakes 25 G. M.,	3	2	<i>Boy Jones</i> , . .	aged	9 7	1 4	2 23	1,600
The Newmarket Stakes,	3	2	<i>Greenmantle</i> , . .	aged	8 13	1 0	1 52½	1,200

* Second Horse.

† 1½ Mile and 15 yards.

‡ 1½ Mile and 125 yards.

Race.	Entered.	Started.	Winners.	Age	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Amount of Stakes.
					st. lbs	m. f.	m. s.	Rs.
The Bengal Club Cup,	18	4	<i>Brunswick, ..</i>	—	7 12	2 0	3 52	{ 3,712 800*
Free Handicap Purse,	6	3	<i>Boy Jones, ..</i>	aged	8 12	T. I.†	2 53	
Selling Stakes, ..	2	0	<i>not filled</i>	—	—	—	—	
Winners' Handicap,	10	5	<i>Boy Jones, ..</i>	aged	8 6	2 0	3 53½	2,829
Losers' Handicap,	2	0	<i>not filled</i>	—	—	—	—	—
Total, ..								59,101

SECOND MEETING.

Race.	Entered.	Started.	Winners.	Age.	Weight	Distance.	Time.	Amount of Stakes.
					st. lbs	m. s.	m. s.	Rs.
The Merchants' Plate,	12	6	<i>Regicide, ..</i>	3	8 4	St L Course	3 30	5,289
25 G.M. Sweepstakes,	2	2	<i>Child of the Islands, ..</i>	aged	8 7	1 0	1 55	800
Selling Stakes ..	0	0	—	—	—	—	—
Sheikh's Purse ..	0	0	—	—	—	—	—
Cook and Co.'s Purse,	8	3	<i>Regicide,</i>	3	8 7	2 0	4 5	2,720
Handicap Sweepstakes,	1	1	<i>Wahaby,</i>	6	0 0	R. C.	w. over	—
Sweepstakes 20 G. M.,	2	2	<i>Wahaby,</i>	6	8 7	R. C.	3 31	640
Sweepstakes 20 G. M.,	2	2	<i>Lunatic,</i>	6	9 7	0 6	1 23	640
Trades' Plate, ..	10	7	<i>Wahaby,</i>	6	8 0	St L Course	3 32½	2,400
Sweepstakes 25 G. M.,	2	1	<i>Lunatic,</i>	6	8 4	2 0	w. over	800
Sweepstakes 30 G. M.,	5	0	<i>Prestwick, ..</i>	—	8 5	—	w. over	—
Abdool Rohoman's Purse,	0	0	—	—	—	—	—
Hunter and Co.'s Purse,	8	5	<i>Boy Jones, ..</i>	aged	7 13	2 0	3 53½	2,720
Handicap Sweepstakes,	3	2	<i>Lunatic,</i>	6	9 7	0 6	1 24	1,200
Winners' Handicap,	11	5	<i>Boy Jones, ..</i>	aged	8 4	2 0	3 56	1,760
Losers' Handicap,	0	0	—	—	—	—	—
Total 1st Meeting..								18,960
Grand Total.....								59,101
								78,061

* Second Horse

† 1½ Mile, less 90 yards.

SUMMARY.

	<i>Number of Races.</i>	<i>Amount of Stakes.</i>	<i>Pieces of Plate.</i>
Won by Arabs	19	44,349	Trades' Plate. Value Rs. 1,100 and Rs. 200 in specie.
„ English Horses	4	12,400	Governor General's Cup. Value Rs. 1,600. Merchants' Plate (given in specie,) Rs. 480.
„ N. S. W. Horses....	10	21,312	Bengal Club Cup (given in specie,) Rs. 672.
„ Cape Horses.....	0	0	
„ Country Breds.....	0	0	
	33	78,061	

N. B.—The above does not include Matches and Private Sweepstakes.

A. E.

SAUMBUR DEER.

This noble species of Deer is without doubt the largest found in India, standing as it does 16 hands, though 14 is the average height. They are generally of a dark brown, varying at times to slate, and even black: the hair is very coarse, increasing in length about the neck and shoulders. The ears are large and broad; the eye remarkably small, but at the same time brilliant, and the horns grow to an immense length.

They are found in almost all the hilly tracts of India, especially in the Western Ghats, where I am inclined to think they are more plentiful than any where else; they are found in the Himalayas also, but not, I believe, beyond an elevation of 9,000 feet; here they assume the name of Jurrow and Matrû. During the heat of the day they retire into thick forests where they prove difficult of access, but very early of a morning they are out feeding in cultivation: they are gregarious, moving sometimes in immense herds: upwards of a 100 have been seen roving about in the Mokenda Pass, a place celebrated for them, but the largest herd I have ever seen together has not exceeded twenty: they are uncommonly vigilant and active, and are at the same time endowed with great sight, hearing, and scent to an extraordinary degree.

The males are very muscular, at times savage, and no ordinary customer to meet on foot when wounded.

From their size, let no sportsman rest with the idea that there is no missing them: I have seen it done by first rate shots, who were unaccustomed to the rush of a herd, or of even a single one; there is no describing the rate they go, regardless of every kind of jungle. Again, to insure success, you must hit in a vital part, such as the head, heart or neck, otherwise you may fire away a dozen balls without any effect.

PURDY.



SELECTIONS

AND

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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SELECTIONS,

AND

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ANGLING RIVERS IN THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES OF SCOTLAND.

BY B. B * * * *

We enter here on what an angler may justly term *classic* ground. The rivers on the borders of Scotland are full of interest, not only to the angling sportsman, but to the antiquarian and man of literature. Here, if we have not to the full extent the bold and rugged scenery of the northern parts of the island, we have the agreeable mixture of hill and dale, of wild moors and fertile fields, of rustic cottages and princely mansions. The martial deeds of the border wars give an additional zest to every locality; and we cannot tread on the banks of these rivers without meeting, at every turn, with traditionary annals of former warlike deeds, and heroic acts of boldness and chivalry.

BERWICKSHIRE.

The Tweed is a magnificent river for the angler. In no country in the world can it be surpassed. Its rich supply of salmon and trout is the admiration of all who have visited its interesting banks.

The Tweed takes its rise on the borders of Lanarkshire; but good fly-fishing does not commence until it enters Peebleshire. There it winds its way through a hilly country for thirty miles, without the angler seeing either bush or tree; nothing save hills, rounded as in a lathe, and covered to their summits with the most refreshing verdure. This, to an English eye, is the most interesting scenery imaginable.

The bed of the Tweed is nearly all fine gravel; and from a little below its source to the town of Peebles, there are the most delightful streams intervening, at short distances, which the eye of the skilful angler can witness. There is nothing to annoy him. He stands upon

a fine bed of gravel, and lands his fish with the greatest ease and certainty. And it is of daily occurrence that an angler will kill his fifteen or twenty dozen of trout, and a good sprinkling of salmon, all within a mile or two's range of water.

All the tributaries of this noble river are full, to overflowing, with fish. About two miles from Kelso the Tweed separates into two branches, the one called the Tiviot, and the other still retains the name of the Tweed to the very confines of Lanarkshire. The Tiviot is a good stream. It flows to the south-west, and approaches very near to the English border. The angling is here excellent; but I have always preferred going along the banks of the Tweed, for it is the better stream of the two, both for salmon and trout. The White-Adder, the Black-Adder, the Eye, and the Lander are the tributaries of the Tweed in Berwickshire.

About six miles from the town of Berwick, on the northern side of the Tweed, the angler will meet with the White-Adder. It is a noble stream, and fine salmon and trout are to be caught in it at all times of the year. The trout are not, however, very rich in quality, nor very large in size. This river runs a long distance into the Lammermoor Hills, and is excellent for fly in every section of its course.

The Black-Adder flows into the White-Adder about ten miles from the mouth of the Tweed, and about two miles from the village of Whitsome. The trout of the Black-Adder are quite different from those of the White-Adder. The former are rich in quality, and of large size; they are not, however, so numerous. The stream runs but a few miles up the country. There is splendid fishing here in summer, after a fresh.

The Eye is a fine stream, and runs into the German Ocean at Eyemouth, about seven miles north of Berwick. There are delightful streams in the Eye, and both salmon and trout are numerous.

The Lander is a fruitful salmon and trout stream, and the angling with fly is first-rate. The trout are not, however, very rich nor very large. It runs through the vale of Lauderdale, and, after the course of about seventeen miles, falls into the Tweed, where this river begins to form the south boundary of Berwickshire.

There are many spots of singular beauty on the banks of the White-Adder. I have often ascended some of the more elevated of the hills which bound its course, above the village of Linton, and have been struck with the picturesque grandeur of the view. You see the river winding its way, like a crystal thread, amidst undulating hills and valleys, forests, meadows, country-houses, and church-steeple. Sometimes you obtain a glimpse of the Black-Adder skirting along a rich and comparatively a level track, and pouring its waters into the larger stream. The eye dwells upon the varied prospect with enchantment. As the White-Adder ascends further among the Lammermoor Hills it becomes narrower, and is frequently confined between two deep rocks, which force the waters into rushing streams, which again, after flowing short distances, form deep and wide pools, full to the brim of fine fish.

LANARKSHIRE.

The chief rivers in this county are the Clyde, the Tweed, the Avon, the Nathen, and the Annan.

The Clyde is the third river in Scotland in point of magnitude. It takes its rise from the summits of the mountain range traversing the south of Scotland—the Lowthiers, 3,150 feet above the level of the sea; the Lead Hills; Queensbury Hills, 2,259 feet; and the hills connected with Hart Fell, 2,790 feet. These form a sort of semicircle, out of which the rivulets spring, which when united form the Clyde. The largest of these is called the Daer, and another, smaller, is termed the Clyde, before their union. Where this takes place is called the Meeting of the waters, or Water-meetings. The joint streams flow in a northerly direction towards Roberton for nearly twelve miles. The whole of this piece of water is very rapid in its course, and abounds in strong and rushing streams. There are fine fish taken in this district, particularly with the minnow, after rains, in the months of June and July. From Roberton, the Clyde flows around the Tintoe Hills, and receives in its course the Douglas Water. At no great distance from this, the falls commence. These, in some seasons of the year, are magnificent and sublime. They lie a few miles from the ancient town of Lismahago. The two celebrated cataracts are the Corra Linn and Stonebyres. At Corra Linn, the rocks on both sides compress the bed of the river so much, that the waters in some places rush down a chasm of not more than four feet wide. At the fall itself, the river dashes over a height of one hundred feet. On the pointed cliff, just opposite to where the water falls over the steep ascent, stand the ruins of a castle. When the torrent is much swollen, this entire cliff and castle is sensibly shaken; and this is made manifest by water in a glass being spilled by the concussion of the mighty stream. A mile further up the river is the fall of Stonebyres, still more striking and sublime than that of Corra. The walk between the two is delightful and interesting in the highest degree. The rocks rise on each side to the height of one hundred feet above the bed of the river, and are well covered with wood. The channel is of solid rock, here and there worn into cavities by the force of the agitated waters. The Clyde is broader here than at Corra; but the scenery is more diversified by the wild and turbulent eddies which the foaming billows make, and which impress the imagination with a deep sense of awfulness and grandeur. The bridge in the vicinity of Crawford is a good angling station on the Clyde. It is better to ascend the river from this spot. Some trout have been taken here of great weight. In this part of the river the scenery is most delightful. Elvounfoot is another good station.

The river Annan takes its rise at a very short distance from the source of the Tweed. Both spring out of the same range of mountains. The Annan is a beautiful angling stream; and one of the best stations of its banks is the town of Moffat. The angler should go, however, about three or four miles up the river to have first-rate sport.

The Avon takes its origin near to the parishes of Avondale and Glaston. It enters the Clyde not far from Bothwell Castle.

The Nathen is a good fishing river. There are both salmon and trout in it.

ROXBURGHSHIRE.

The chief rivers in this part of Scotland are the Tweed, the Tiviot, the Ale, and the Liddle. The two first we have already noticed. The other two are excellent trout streams, and in spring and autumn a few good salmon may be taken.

The county of Roxburghshire belongs to the basin of the Tweed. This important river first touches the county at the junction of the Ettrick Water, and then flows eastward, sometimes within and sometimes upon the border, passing Abbotsford, Melrose, St. Boswell's, Makerston, Kelso, and Sproutson. It then quits the county, after flowing a distance of twenty-eight miles within it.

The Tiviot runs through nearly the whole extent of the county, conferring the name of Tiviotdale on that portion of it through which it passes. This great arm of the Tweed rises out of the mountain range on the south-west border of the kingdom, and flows a direct north-east course past Hawick, Denholm, to Eckford, and then joins the Tweed a little above Kelso. It runs a course of full forty miles. Its tributary streams are very numerous, and are all delightful angling waters. The principal of these are the Allan, the Slitrig, the Jed, the Kail, from the Northumbrian border, and the Borthwick and the Ale, from the county of Selkirkshire. The Ettrick and the Gala, the Leader, and the Eden, have each a portion of their course in this county. The whole course of the river Tiviot is exceedingly beautiful. The valley through which it passes is very fertile, and the banks of the stream are often abrupt and lofty. The whole of the county is pleasantly studded with neat gentlemen's seats. The part of the route of the river above Hawick is more pastoral than agricultural. The towns of Kelso and Hawick are excellent fishing stations. Here all kinds of tackle and flies can be obtained, and the most intelligent and skilful anglers met with. The Tiviot in the immediate neighbourhood of Hawick is a good deal fished by the manufacturing population of the town. It is advisable, therefore, to commence a short distance from it. There is a fine stretch of fishing water on the Tiviot, from Jedburgh to Hawick, of about ten miles in extent. The angler will pass through the chief vale of Rule, and to the principal hills of Tiviotdale—the Dunian and Ruberslaw. In this delightful ramble we perceive both sides of the river, studded with interesting cottages and noble mansions, the most distinguished of which is Minto House, the seat of the Earl of Minto. The scenery in the vicinity is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful, particularly from a spot called Barnhill's Bed, which is said to have been the hiding-place of a famous robber of that name, and which is alluded to in the following lines by the great Scottish poet:—

“ On Minto's crags the moonbeams glint,
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint

Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
'Mid cliffs from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy—
Cliffs, doubling on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn ;
Cliffs, which for many a later year
The warbling Doric reed shall bear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove
Ambition is no cure for love."

To the higher departments of the Tiviot, it is difficult for the mind to fix upon particular spots of its banks more interesting and beautiful than others. There is quite a constellation of fine scenes. Isolated hills and mountains present themselves in defile, and project one behind another like side-scenes. They are often intersected by small valleys and strips of land, divided, in some cases, by a small rivulet, which reflects from its limpid waters the beauty of the trees by which its banks are adorned. Again we see other hills, which exhibit a mixture of the gloomy and the gay ; while those which appear at the back of the scene are veiled with magical effect in the transparent mist off the horizon. On the one bank we see verdant meadows rise with gentle slope to a distant prospect, formed and bounded by small chains of abrupt mountains ; on the other we see jutting promontories and bluff headlands, studded with clumps of dwarfish trees or shrubs, which give a most pleasing effect to the landscape. It would be difficult to find rural pictures in which the pleasing and the romantic pre-mo-dinate with such delightful alternation, and such perfect harmony.

The angler will find the banks of the Jed, in the neighbourhood of Jedburgh, very picturesque and interesting. The walk through the grove which adorns the left bank, near to this town, is really delightful in a May morning. The abbey is best seen from the banks of the river. The angling in the Jed is good, particularly after a summer's fresh, when the minnow will be found to do great execution.

The Tweed is very beautiful in the neighbourhood of Kelso. In looking up from the bridge, the scene is very imposing. We see, the junction of the two rivers ; the ruins of Roxburgh Castle ; in the foreground, the palace of Fleurs, with its sloping and close-shorn lawn, and its drooping trees touching the surface of the waters. On the south side of the river we recognise the mansion of Springwood Park, with the light and handsome bridge over the Tiviot. On the north side is the town, extending along the banks of the river, with Ednam House and the lofty ruins of the abbey in the distance.

Kelso has long been justly celebrated as an angling station ; and many of its inhabitants are first-rate craftsmen. Flies and fishing tackle of all kinds will be found here, and of the very best quality.

The streams called the Slitterick and the Borthwick fall into the Tiviot ; the former at Hawick, and the latter about two miles above it. These are both good angling waters, when not too low in dry seasons. Near to Goldielands, where the Borthwick joins the Tiviot,

stands the interesting ancient border fortress, called Hardin Castle. In the front of this place there is a dark and precipitous dell, clothed on both sides with fine timber; in the recesses of which the Scottish freebooters of former times were wont to assemble for the division of their lawless spoil. This is alluded to by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

"Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
And wide round and haunted castle ower;
High over Borthwick's mountain flood
His wood-embosomed mansion stood,
In the dark glen so deep below
The herds of plundered England low."

PEEBLESHIRE.

This is one of the most interesting counties of Scotland for the angler. Here he finds himself among the deep solitudes of nature; for the habitations of man throughout this mountain district are few in number and widely scattered. A solitary shepherd's cottage is all he will find in a whole day's ramble.

The Tweed rises from a few springs in Tweedsmuir, at an elevation of 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. For the first twenty miles of its course, it descends through a height of upwards of 1,000 feet. All the rivulets and streams of the county pour their waters into its bed, and they abound with salmon and trout in astonishing numbers. The Lyne is one of the largest tributaries of the Tweed in this district. It is a splendid angling stream, and flows through a most romantic portion of Peebleshire. The Pebbles, or Eddlestone, is also an excellent stream, and it joins the main river at the town of Pebbles. The manner is considered by many skilful anglers to be the best tributary of the Tweed in the county. I have seen splendid baskets of fish taken out of it, especially after a fresh in the months of May and June. It takes its rise from a place called Manner Head, in the bosom of lofty mountains, and in one of the most lonely and secluded spots in nature. After issuing from its bed, for a short distance, the angler will soon find rushing and purling streams, in which he may throw his flies with a certain and deadly aim. It is quite a treat to fish this mountain stream in the month of April, if the weather be dry and open.

The Quair rises from near the Nether Glen, and falls into the Tweed at the seat of the Earl of Traquair. The stream has a very short run, but it is well stocked with trout.

There are some small but tolerably comfortable inns on the main road from Moffat to Edinburgh, and close by the side of the Tweed, in which the angler will find good lodgings and refreshments.

Peebleshire is not rich in antiquities, but there are a few in the shape of ruins of castles and towers erected on the banks of the Tweed to check the inroads of the English. The walls are generally composed of whinstone, strongly cemented, and about ten feet in

thickness. The castle of Necdpath, the property of the Duke of Queensberry, made a stout resistance against Cromwell. There is another near Broughton, called the castle of Macbeth. At Borland, on the Lyne, there is a Roman camp.

The vale of the Tweed, both above and below the town of Peebles, formerly contained a chain of strong castles for the purpose of affording a defence against the English marauders of former days. These were square towers, three stories high, the lowest being appropriated for the accommodation of horses and cattle. These alarm towers were placed on both sides of the river, and in a continued view of each other. As a signal, a fire was placed on the top, and this alarmed the country down to Berwick, a distance of seventy miles, and to the north and south to nearly an equal extent. The strongest and most entire of these fortresses is Needpath Castle, situated about a mile from the town of Peebles. It is picturesquely placed on a projecting rock on the north bank of the Tweed, which here pours its waters through a narrow glen. The following lines of Sir Walter Scott's allude to these fortresses—

“A score of fires, I ween,
From height and hill and cliff were seen ;
Each with warlike tidings fraught ;
Each from each, the signal caught ;
Each after each, they glanced in sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely earn ;
On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.”

SELKIRKSHIRE.

The rivers are the Tweed, the Gala, the Yarrow, and the Ettrick. The Gala is a good stream, but the angler must go up some little distance from the town of Galashiels to obtain the full benefit of the water. The weavers in the town angle a good deal in the river, and excellent anglers many of them are. The Yarrow is the better stream of the two. There are good salmon at certain seasons of the year in both. The scenery is very beautiful on many parts of the Yarrow.

The town of Selkirk is a convenient station for angling in this county.

The Ettrick is a stream which may be said to belong to the county. It rises in its south-west corner, and flows a north-east course until it falls into the Tweed, a little above Abbotsford ; it runs a course of nearly thirty miles ; it is a beautiful angling stream, and the scenery on its banks is often very imposing.

The Yarrow has its course on the western border of the county, and runs nearly parallel with the Ettrick, until it reaches Yarrowford, where it turns to the south-east, and then again joins the Ettrick, a little above Selkirk ; it has a run of full twenty miles, including its

route through the lochs of the Lowes and St. Mary's. These two small lakes are merely expansions of the Yarrow. The Lowes is about a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad, and that of St. Mary's is full three miles long and half a mile wide. This sheet of water is beautifully described in the second canto of Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion."

" Lone St. Mary's silent lake.
 Nor fen nor sedge
 Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge.
 Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
 At once upon the level brink ;
 And just a trace of silver sand
 Marks where the waters meet the land.
 For in the mirror bright and blue
 Each hill's huge outline you may view,
 Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare ;
 Nor tree, nor brush, nor brake is there,
 Save where of land yon slender line
 Bears 'thwart the lake the scattered pine.
 Yet even this nakedness has power,
 And aids the feelings of the hour ;
 Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
 Where living thing concealed might lie.
 There's nothing left to fancy's guess :
 You see that all is loneliness.
 And silence aids : though the steep hills
 Send to the lake a thousand rills,
 In summer-tide so soft they weep
 The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;
 Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
 So stilly is the solitude."

These lochs are well supplied with pike, eels, bull-trout, and minnows, and are much frequented by parties of anglers both from the Scottish metropolis and from England. A distinguished sportsman from London killed a bull-trout in St. Mary's Loch, in 1846, weighing *nineteen pounds six ounces* ; it was a well grown and beautiful fish, and was hooked with a large brown-coloured fly.

Should the angler make Selkirk his head quarters for a day or two's sport, he must not neglect to pay a visit to Abbotsford, the celebrated seat of the late Sir Walter Scott. This spot, consecrated to immortal genius, is situated on the south side of the Tweed, which here makes a beautiful curve around the pleasure grounds on which the house stands. The fishing in this locality is excellent, and many a splendid salmon has been captured in these waters by first-rate British sportsmen and literary anglers.

A little to the east of Abbotsford the river Allan joins the Tweed. The banks of the stream are bold and rocky ; and the waters gush

from one small cascade to another with clear and sparkling freshness. Nothing can be more delightful than a ramble up the sides of this river with the rod, in a morning in May or June, when Nature appears in her sweetest and most engaging attire.

Sporting Magazine, for October.

BULL-FIGHTS AND BAITING OF ANIMALS, CONCLUDED.

* And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds."

Shakspeare.

———" Hadst thou full power to kill,

Or measure out his torments by thy will,

Yet what couldst thou, tormentor, hope to gain ?

Thy loss continues unrepaid by pain."

Dryden.

From the preceding account our readers will have formed some general notion of the mode of conducting the bull-feasts in Spain ; but as we are enabled to lay before them a more particular, as well as a much more spirited and interesting description, furnished by the kindness of a literary friend, who witnessed a splendid exhibition of this nature, given at Madrid, to celebrate the return of King Ferdinand to his capital, we scruple not to enrich our volume with his narrative. So rare have these spectacles now become, that it is not easy to meet with a traveller who has witnessed them ; and seldom, indeed, do we encounter one so well able to describe what he has seen.

" Were we to suffer our opinion of the national character of the Spaniard to be guided by the amusement which forms so prominent a feature in his pursuit of pleasure as the bull-fight, we should be guilty of injustice in ascribing to his general nature that barbarous brutality which characterizes an entertainment unparalleled for cruelty, except in the gladiatorial exhibitions of a Nero or a Commodus.

" This amusement bears a greater affinity to the scenes of the Coliseum than to any of the entertainments of the other principal people who successively invaded and tinctured Spain with the manners and customs of their own nations. The only argument against its Latin origin is, that in the exhibitions of the Roman circles, animals useful for domestic purposes seem generally to have been excluded from the public combats ; but there are no records whatever which lead us to believe that the Goths were addicted to this species of entertain-

ment; nor do the tournaments, and other popular amusements of the Moors, produce any proofs that the bull-fight is of Saracenic origin. From whatever source it originated, there never was a pursuit more completely national, or to which a people were more devoted. Neither the Olympic Games of Greece, nor the boasted gladiatorial exhibitions of Rome, ever attracted a greater concourse of spectators, or created a greater degree of enthusiasm in the breasts of the Greeks and Romans, than is excited by a bull-fight in that of a Spaniard. The remains of Roman amphitheatres, in various parts of Spain, also corroborate the probability that this expedition is derived from that people, and that bulls were substituted for the wild beasts, as being the most powerful and fiercest animal which the country produced.

"No trivial eagerness of anticipation was therefore evinced by the Madridanos, when the placards in the coffee-houses, and the streets, announced a magnificent *Fiesta de Toros*,* in celebration of the return of Fernando; and, from an early period of the morning destined for the enjoyment of the entertainment, every inhabitant of Madrid appeared to be bending his course towards the *Puerta d'Alcala*, near to which the *Plaza de los Toros*, or theatre, is situated. It is only by witnessing the crowds of eager beings, of every denomination, flocking in all directions to the same point of attraction, with anxiety depicted in their countenances, and impatience betrayed by their hasty steps, that the intensity of a Spaniard's attachment to this national amusement can be conceived.

"Business, pleasure, and religion, seem for the moment to be entirely abandoned or lost in this one predominant gratification. Neither the decrepitude of age, nor the helplessness of infancy, prevents its pursuit; no command of masters can deter servants; no occupation appears paramount with the master to detain him from its indulgence; and though it is impossible to aver, with Burgoing, that the chastity of many a young female has fallen a sacrifice to the temptation of witnessing a bull-fight, when all the strength of her own inclinations and all the ardour of a lover were insufficient for his purpose, yet an attendance at one of these exhibitions is enough to convince the beholder of its being that in which the Spaniard centres his chief delight. On this morning, every street in Madrid, which did not form an avenue to the scene of action, appeared to be as deserted as at the hour of the siesta. Most of the shops were shut; vehicles and mules, adorned with gaudy trappings, were all in motion towards the same place, or hurrying back to convey more spectators to the destined scene of entertainment.

"Those who were not rich enough to obtain admittance into the building, or who had not sufficient interest to pass the barrier by other means, crowded in multitudes round the doors, and covered all the space between the theatre and the *Puerta d'Alcala*, to join in the tumultuous cries of the spectators within, and to gain the earliest intelligence of the event of the combats.

* Literary, bull-feast.

"At length, not only every seat was occupied, but the space of floor between them filled with men, women, and children, crouching into all the grotesque attitudes which the convenience and view of the more fortunate spectator required; while anxious listeners crowded the avenues almost to suffocation, where the roar of the bull might delight their ears, but where there was not the slightest hope or possibility of ocular gratification.

"The circular of the *Plaza de los Toros* is somewhat more than three hundred feet in diameter, five times as large as that of Drury-lane theatre, and surrounded by a strong barric-paling about six feet in height, in which, at equal distances, are four pair of double gates, used for the first admission of the bulls, and afterwards thrown open, to tempt their re-entrance into the circus, when their impetuous fury prompts them to leap into the passage beyond them, in pursuit of their tormentors. This passage is about eight feet in width, and surrounds the whole of the arena; affording at once a defence to the spectators in the lower seats, a retreat for the bull-fighters, and an additional space to contain those whose avidity for the amusement induces them to hazard its enjoyment in so dangerous a station. Beyond this passage, at a sufficient height for the lowest seat to command a perfect view of the barrier the lower benches rise one above the other to the outer wall of the building, with avenues of ingress and egress resembling the vomitories of the ancient amphitheatres. Above this species of pit are two galleries, surrounding the whole edifice; the first seated with rising benches like those below, and the second divided by partitions into boxes, decorated with silk hangings, and furnished after the taste of their proprietors; for most of the families of fashion have their private boxes in this national theatre. In this upper tier are the royal boxes, and those appropriated to the court and foreign ambassadors, all of which are likewise adorned with festoons and draperies of silk; those of the royal families being the only ones which exhibited the colour of crimson in the decorations. These boxes are roofed in, with an awning projecting over the passage round the barrier; but the circus is open to the sky, admitting the beams of a powerful sun upon the spectators; and the seats varied in price, accordingly as they were more or less exposed to this inconvenience.

"These ample dimensions, calculated to accommodate more than fifteen thousand people, are alone sufficient to attract and rivet admiration; but when every part of the building is filled with eager spectators, attired in all the varied costumes of the different provinces of Spain, the ladies in their mantillas, the soldiers in their motley uniforms, the monks in their sacerdotal habits, the citizens in their large capotes, and the courtiers in their embroidery, it is impossible to imagine a more imposing spectacle, or to describe the effect of the *coup d'œil* presented by such a regularly-arranged multitude, and such a variety of colours, upon an unaccustomed spectator.

"It is at this moment, when such crowds of human beings were seen waiting with anxious countenance for the scene of blood; when every eye beamed with the same expression of impatience, and every

lip opened but to speak upon the subject of the anticipated combât, that it was impossible for classic recollection not to trace the striking resemblance between the descriptions of the ancient gladiatorial exercises of the Romans, and the paraphernalia of the modern bull-fight of the Spaniards.

“ At a theatre of dramatic entertainment, neither the vilest acting multiplied mistakes of machinery, nor the unnecessary delays of the performers, can induce the national gravity of the Spaniard to betray the slightest expression of impatience. But here every dormant passion of his nature seemed roused into action ; his established solemnity appeared to be forgotten, and anxiety and impatience dwelt in the eager glance which every one directed towards the gate at which the animals were expected to enter.

“ As the entrance of the bulls was protracted until the boxes of the grandees above were occupied, murmurs of impatience began to be heard from the lower seats, which gradually rose into clamour, and joined with the bellowing of the animals issuing from the adjoining receptacle in which they were secured.

“ At length the sound of trumpets announced that this impatience was about to be gratified. The folding gates were thrown open, and a procession of the picadors, stacadors, banderillas, and matadors bearing the various arms with which they were respectively to fight or to annoy the bulls, passed round the arena, headed by two men mounted on mules, and habited in the costume of heralds. The proclamation of the combat by the heralds was announced by a flourish of trumpets ; and the toreadors made their obeisance to the spectators, and retired, leaving one of the heralds, mounted on a stage, as the arbiter and director of the tournament.

“ There are four kinds of fighters, or tormentors, generally employed in the bull-fight ; viz. the stacadors and banderillas ; who fight on foot, the first waving their handkerchief, or mantle, in the face of the animal, and the others planting arrows in his neck, to increase his ferocity to its utmost pitch against the entrance of the picadors, so denominated from their fighting on horseback, and the matador, whose business it is to complete the work by destroying the bull.

“ From the departure of the procession to the entrance of the animals, a silence so profound reigned throughout this immense assembly, that it was the eye only which ascertained the occupation of the building ; this silence was interrupted first by the blast of the signal trumpet, and then by the tremendous shout with which the bull was greeted by the spectators, as he rushed into the arena. Appalled by the uproar, the animal generally stops his furious course in the centre and gazes with astonishment at the scene which surrounds him. His surprise, however, soon yields to his fury, and perceiving no object on which he can immediately vent his rage, he spurns the ground with his feet, throws the dust into the air with his horns, and gallops furiously round the theatre ; soon becoming accustomed to the noise and appearance of the spectators, terror seems banished from his fury. His glaring eye, shooting its fiery glances from beneath the tufts of curling

hair which shades his forehead, might prove an apology for fear in the breast of the boldest. His rage becomes increased at the sound of the trumpet, by the entrance of the stacadors. These men, fancifully dressed and decorated, ran round him waving their handkerchiefs and mantles of different and gaudy colours in his face, attracting his indiscriminate rage, until one bolder than the rest, concentrated his fury upon himself alone, and towards him the bull directed the whole energy of his impetuous pursuit. The stacador flew for a moment before him ; then, turning suddenly round, waited the attack with intrepidity ; but at the instant when the inexperienced spectator supposed the next moment must be his last, he attracted the eye of the bull by his bright-coloured mantle, held on one side of his body, and against which the attack is directed. The stacador left it on his horns, and flew himself to the barrier. Tearing the mantle in a thousand pieces, the fury of the animal became tenfold at the escape of his tormentor, and he turned and pursued his companions, who one by one placed their handkerchiefs or mantles on his horns, and escaped over the barrier. Sometimes the animal appeared to feel the futility of directing his rage against the gaudy colour which attracted his attention, and directed his attack against the stacador himself ; who in such cases was fain to owe his security to the swiftness of his feet, which scarcely enabled him to pass the barrier, ere the horns of the bull resounded against it with a noise that increased both his own and the spectator's delight at his escape. This species of fighting is intended only to excite the bull to a greater degree of fury against the entrance of the picadores or horsemen, and lasts but a short time ; while the shouts and exclamations of the spectators vary according to the rage of the bull, and the boldness with which he is attacked, or the degree of danger to which the assailant is exposed.

“ The trumpet sounded for the third time, and the picadors galloped into the circus, mounted on short strong horses, and curiously caparisoned with a flat broad-brimmed hat and feathers, a laced short and loose jacket, lying open to discover an embroidered vest, and leathern pantaloons and stockings in one, so stuffed as to give a gigantic and clumsy appearance to their limbs, but which defended their legs and thighs from the horns of the bull. These marched round the enraged animal, and approaching him in front with their lances, by turns invited and provoked him to the combat. For a moment he receded, seemingly appalled by the sight of his new enemies ; but this was only to give additional force to his meditated plunge, which he made with one spring upon the horse and his rider.

“ His attack this time was met by no futile enemy ; his ferocity was no longer expended on a resistless or flying foe. The picador fixing himself firmly in his stirrup and couching his lance, waited his arrival with intrepidity ; and at the very instant when it seemed impossible but that the horse at all events must fall the victim of his rage, the lance was thrust into his back just above the neck, and the pain inflicted by the wound occasioned him to turn his head in another direction, at the moment that he expected to have accomplished the

vengeance which flashed from his eye. In this attack every thing depends upon the firmness and steadiness with which the lance is aimed, for should it miss it is generally fatal to the horse and highly dangerous to the rider. This occurred frequently from the receding motion of the horses, or by the bull changing his attack the moment he felt the point of the lance; and several times in spite of the pain, he pushed on and accomplished a portion of that vengeance, the whole of which would have annihilated its victims for ever. At these times his horns were plunged into the breast or bowels of the horse, and it became a personal contest between the two animals; for after contact it was possible for the man to shorten his lance sufficiently to give any force to his blow, while the vigorous thrust of the bull in one minute overturned both horse and rider, and would have pursued his revenge to its utmost accomplishment, had not his rage been diverted by the other horsemen, and by the stacador, who still hovered round for that purpose. The picador, if his horse was rendered unable to renew the combat, mounted another, and made a second attack on the bull to regain his character for dexterity. The valour of the horses now formed a second object of admiration. The courage with which they generally met the advancing bull, the struggle against his horns and head when contact was inevitable, the increased ardour with which, covered with blood and wounds, they still continued the fight, until, utterly exhausted, they fell expiring upon the spot, drew forth the plaudit shouts of the spectators, while they ought rather to extract groans of commiseration from every breast filled with a particle of humanity. On this day, one horse particularly attracted the attention of the spectators by an exhibition of strength, constancy, and valour, which continued to the last. After one or two successful attacks on the part of his rider, the bull succeeded in reaching his flank, and, by one vigorous thrust, lifted up his hind quarters and threw him absolutely upon his head. The picador was with difficulty extricated from under him, and the bull had time to make repeated thrusts before he suffered his attention to be attracted by the stacadors. This same white horse I observed in the attack of three successive bulls, till the colour of his coat could scarcely be distinguished for the blood with which it was covered. During the last half-hour his bowels hung through his wounds, and trailed upon the ground; which creating some marks of disgust in a part of the spectators, the inhuman rider merely pierced it with his lance to relieve it from the weight with which it was loaded, and continued the fight still mounted upon the unfortunate but noble animal, till sinking from absolute exhaustion, and not being lifeless enough to be drawn away in triumph by mules, amidst the sound of trumpets, he was admitted into the passage behind the barrier; where, falling on his knees, he lay panting, faint, and exhausted, among the feet of the spectators, till death or insensibility relieved him from his pain, and he was dragged behind the scene of this inhuman slaughter-house. The trumpet sounded a fourth time and the picadors, retiring, were immediately succeeded by the banderillas, so called from a species of arrow with which they are armed.

They carried one of these darts pointed at the end, and ornamented with fireworks in each hand, and tempted the bull to the attack by flourishing them in his face.

"The animal, a little exhausted by his encounter with the horse-men, now contented himself with keeping his assailants at bay, and eyed them silently and sullenly, until, roused by the boldness of their approach, he singled out the nearest, and erecting his tail rushed onward to the fight. The banderilla remained steady until the horns of the bull were within a few inches of his breast, when inclining his body a little to the right, he suddenly and dexterously placed a dart on each side of the upper part of his neck, which inducing a sudden and momentary contraction of the bull, he made his own escape, and either procured a new supply of darts, or, having thus performed his duty as banderilla, retreated until the next combat. In a few moments the combustible material contained in the fulminated ornament of the arrow ignited, and, by its explosion added terror and agony to the fury of the animal; who, as he attacked each of the banderillas in turn, received in his neck the darts with which they were aimed.

"This species of attack, next to the final one of the matador, is the most dangerous; for, as the greatest dexterity and vigour are required in placing, so the slightest failure on the part of the banderilla must be fatal, the points of the horns always passing close to his side. The bull thus provoked to madness by the anguish occasioned by the dart, rendered still more poignant by the gunpowder, now rushed indiscriminately on all, flew at the spectators, and frequently in the energy of the pain leaped the barrier, to the great terror of those who filled the space beyond it, and who with incredible alacrity jumped into the arena, while the bull rushed round the space they had just occupied, by turns roaring at the spectators on the one side, and attempting to attack those on the other; till he again entered the arena through the folding gates, which were successively thrown open at his approach. On one of these occasions, the tumult was so great to get over the barrier, that the impetuosity of the bull enabled him to overtake a young man before he could accomplish his escape. He threw him some distance from the ground, and violently gored him afterwards with his horns. He was borne senseless and dying from that assembly which he had joined to witness and exult in the destruction of the very animal from whom he was destined to receive his own death-blow. The herald now sounded his trumpet for the fifth time. The banderillas retired, and the arena was left to the bull, who rushed round it foaming with rage and pain; tossing up the dust, lashing his tail, and directing his fury indiscriminately against the barrier and the spectators.

"While the bull thus exhausted his impetuous rage, and bellowed with agony, the matador entered calmly into the circus; his head uncovered, his right hand bearing a naked small sword, and a green mantle hanging loosely on his left arm.

"The clamours of the multitude were now succeeded by the silence of listening and intense observation and curiosity. The eye,

before distracted and divided among the variety of assailants, who were occupied merely in tormenting and exciting the animal to the utmost fury of his nature, now dwells on two objects alone : the bull still wildly foaming, but suddenly become stationary, and eyeing his antagonist with the dark glance of madness ; and the matador, who met the fiery look of the animal with the steady and determined gaze of undaunted intrepidity.

“ The spectator, with breathless anxiety, seemed to prepare for the contemplation of the mortal contest. The glances of every eye were centred in the same focus, and rested on the same objects. Every movement of the combatants became painfully interesting, as the fate of one or both of them hung upon its influence.

“ Several minutes were now spent by the combatants in the contemplation of each other. The matador first approached and waved his mantle in the eyes of the bull, whose immediate attack was suspended by the point of the sword which he beheld opposed to his advance. At length, forgetting his danger in his fury, he sprang forward, and was dexterously avoided by the matador, who, leaping on one side, had resumed his defensive position before the attack could be renewed in another direction. The combat continued thus silently for a short period, with no roar on the part of the bull, nor one exclamation from the matador or the spectators. The silence was at length broken by the sound of the trumpet, which knelled the fate of the unfortunate bull by giving the signal to his antagonist for the completion of his work, and for the catastrophe of the combat. He accordingly collected himself for the decisive blow, tempted the bull to make another spring, and plunged his sword into the place where the junction is formed between the head and the neck at the root of the horns. The bull staggered with the thrust, and for a moment receded, but seeing the matador still standing in his front, his bloodshot eye beamed with the last ray of fire, and collecting all his remaining strength he made one more attempt at vengeance. His antagonist this time generally contents himself with avoiding the attack, without repeating his blow. The legs of the animal begin to totter, his head falls on his breast, he reels with the faintness of approaching death ; he utters no sound, but reserves his last struggle for another fruitless attempt at revenge.

“ At length, unable to move from the spot where he stood, his glazed eyeballs rolled insensibly over the spectators, who were gazing at his misery. Life's last struggles became fainter and fainter ; his knees alone supported his body, till, unable longer to contend with his fate, he sank in the dust already moistened with his blood, and expired without a groan.

“ The instant that the motionless limbs of the unfortunate animal proclaimed that life had departed, the ear was suddenly assailed by the sound of trumpets, the shouts of the multitude, and cries of bravo ! bravo ! which issued from all sides ; while handkerchiefs and mantles, waved in the air, spoke to the eye the triumph and pleasure of the spectators. In the midst of this tumult, the folding doors were

thrown open, and three mules abreast, richly caparisoned and ornamented with flags, were conducted in full gallop. The horns of the deceased bull were attached to the harness of the mules, and the body was borne round the arena, from the sight, amidst the tumultuous plaudits of the spectators.

"It is at this moment, when the scapulary of the priest is seen flourishing in the air by the side of the soldier's helmet; the white handkerchief of the lady waving close to the black mantilla of her own criada; and the huge cocked hat of the citizen uplifted with the little montero of the peasant, that the *coup d'œil* of this national spectacle becomes strikingly curious to the stranger.

"In this manner eight bulls were successively sacrificed in the morning, and six in the evening of this day; seven or eight horses fell the victims of this national propensity; and it is impossible to say which excited the greatest degree of astonishment—the dexterity of the men, the intrepidity and vigour of the animals, or the inhuman delight of the spectators.

"To see men crowd together and interest themselves in a scene of human danger and brutal slaughter is sufficiently shocking to the general principles of humanity; but to hold the sex formed by nature to gratify the softest of our feelings, and to become the subjects of our more tender sentiments—to see young and beautiful girls eagerly gazing on a scene where the destruction of life is the object; to mark the eye whose beams were intended for expressions of delight and love glut itself on blood, and eagerly watch, without disgust and horror, the different movements of a mortal strife; to hear a female voice mix in the tumultuous shouts of extravagant pleasure, excited by the struggling agonies of a generous and noble animal, is so contrary to all received and imagined notions of female character and delicacy, that the soul shrinks from them as women; and it is difficult to think of them as the same beings who are calculated by nature for the gratification of our softer passions, and designed as the chief sources of our domestic felicity.

"The bulls used, or rather abused, upon these occasions are bred on the estates of different noblemen, amateurs in the art, or, as they would be called in England, '*of the fancy*.' The owners are generally distinguished by the colour of the ribbon on their horns. The names of these noblemen resound through the theatre at the entrance of a bull; and shouts of applause, superior to those which in England greet the appearance of any favourite performer, always attend the entrance of an arrival of any favourite breed, or of a *torero* rendered famous by his courage or dexterity.

"Perhaps the battle of Salamanca itself did not create more admiration of English valour than was excited by a Scotch soldier at a bull-fight in the great square of that city. Impelled, it is supposed, by intoxication, this man suddenly leaped into the arena of the square, and, attacking the bull with his bayonet, was in a moment precipitated into the air by his horns. Rendered unable from the violence of the concussion to resume his feet, he yet retained his weapon, and

met the second attack upon his knees; but, before he could be rescued, became the victim of his own rashness and the fury of the bull, as well as an example that it is dexterity, and not courage, which renders the strength and rage of the animal so impotent against the toreros in these exhibitions. The unfortunate man was borne from the assembly amidst the shouts of 'Vivan los Inglezes! bravo los Inglezes! O valorosos Escosezes!'

"Among other instances of the eagerness which was displayed on the occasion at which I was present, the peasants, who filled the passage round the barrier, frequently got into the arena, and tempted the bull to attack them by every means in their power; waving their pocket-handkerchiefs, jackets, and caps in his eyes, at the hazard of their lives, and suffering the blows, which the legitimate bull-fighters dealt with no small degree of liberality, without exhibiting any signs of indignation.

"The following expression of an old lady of high rank, who occupied a seat near me, will prove that neither age nor sex is free from the influence of this national mania; and that it pervades the upper as well as the lower classes of society. The matador once performed his work so dexterously that the sword completely penetrated the head, and became perceptible under the throat. The consequence was the almost immediate death of the animal, with the loss of only a few drops of blood from his mouth. 'Oh, the dear creature, I could kiss him for it!' was the exclamation uttered by the old lady, with all the delight of a gratified amateur; but whether the imagined salute was intended for the dying bull or the victorious matador I was at a loss to determine.

"I was present at several bull-fights in the lesser towns in Spain, where the *plazas grandes*, or great squares, supply the place of a theatre; and the balconies and windows of the surrounding houses, together with temporary scaffoldings, form the spectatorial. As the ballets, however, of our Italian Opera become nauseous and ridiculous when performed by the tatterdemallions of an itinerant company, so does this national exhibition, when divested of the paraphernalia which give it some degree of interest in Madrid, degenerate into the disgusting scene of a common bull-bait.

"There is another species of this entertainment, called the fight of the *novillas*, or young bulls, in which the animals are not destroyed but only trained by their tormentors, and remanded from the tribunal till they become sufficiently ferocious to grace the exhibitions of the capital. Upon these occasions a figure resembling the English scarecrow is fixed in the centre of the arena, to attract the bull; and dogs are frequently used to add to his irritation. It frequently, however, happens, that he becomes too exasperated to quit the scene of combat at the pleasure of his tormentors; and in such cases a cow is driven into the circle. The bull invariably becomes tranquillized the moment he beholds her; his roar of fury subsides into a gentle moan, and he follows her quietly from the presence of the spectators; a tacit, though forcible reproof to the surrounding females, who, calculated as they

are by their ascendancy over our sex, to ameliorate the roughness of its nature, are, on the contrary, patronising by their presence and applause such scenes of blood as these exhibitions.

“ From the earliest period of their existence, the Spaniards are taught to consider the bull-fight as the highest species of entertainment. In many towns bulls are lent to form the Sunday-evening amusement of the children of the place, who, while their sisters are dancing the bolero at the doors of their respective houses, tie the unfortunate animal to a stake in the *plaza mayor*, where he is subjected for some hours to all the ingenuity of his young tormentors.

“ In olden times, national entertainments generally celebrated some circumstance worthy of recollection, or increased by their tendency some national characteristic worthy of preservation. It was thus that the Olympic Games of the Greeks tended both to excite that literary emulation which enrolled their nations in the annals of learned fame, and to improve them in those exercises which were useful in the warfare of the times. The gladiatorial exhibitions of the Romans kept up that apathy to scenes of blood, without which an empire rising upon the spoils of slaughter and conquest could never have been extended and preserved. The tournaments of the days of Charlemagne continued the gallant knights in the practice of those warlike feats which rendered them so famous to posterity, and so useful to their country in the hour of the battle. But neither the bull-fights of Spain, nor the boxing-matches of England, can seek for any apology excepting in the brutality which patronises them. The former has the advantage over the latter, as it certainly tends to display the superiority of human reason over brutal force; for the exhibition of a bull-fight may teach us that presence of mind can extricate us from a danger, where all our personal strength would be of little or no avail.

“ The prevalence of this delight in Spain is too powerful for any description to convey an adequate idea. It must be witnessed to be believed; for a Kemble, a Kean, a Siddons, an O’Neil, or a Kelly, never drew down more vociferous plaudits than the dexterous plunge of a banderilla, the rash attack of a torero, or the sudden and mortal wound of a matador.”

Painful as it is, the task we have undertaken compels us to notice the baiting of bulls and other animals, which has in all times been a disgrace to our own country, and the practice of which, though it is fortunately declining in accordance with the more humane spirit of the age, is not likely to be finally extirpated, so long as the lower orders may plead in excuse for their continuance, the cruelties of the field sports reserved for the amusement of the upper classes. Keen must be that casuist who can discover any essential difference between the hunting of a hare or fox, and the baiting of a bull or badger; except that the former cruelty is practised by those whose rank and education ought to have qualified them for a nobler pleasure than that of tormenting inoffensive animals; while the latter is the sport of those

who cannot be expected to have much taste for more refined amusements, and who may plead in its extenuation the examples daily exhibited by those who have converted cruelty into a privilege. The training of bulls, bears, horses, and other animals, for the purpose of baiting them with dogs, was certainly practised by the jugglers; and we have elsewhere shown that royal personages, and even queens and ladies of the court, did not scruple to countenance by their presence these barbarous pastimes. Fitz Stephen, who lived in the reign of Henry II., tells us that in the forenoon of every holiday during the winter season, the young Londoners were amused with boars, opposed to each other in battle, or with bulls and full-grown bears baited by dogs. Stow, who records this fact, makes no mention of horses; and it is believed that the baiting of this noble animal, though known to have been occasionally performed, was never a general practice. Asses also were treated with the same inhumanity, but probably the poor beasts did not afford sufficient sport in the tormenting, and therefore were seldom brought forward as the objects of this ruthless diversion.

There were several places in the vicinity of the metropolis set apart for the baiting of beasts, and especially the district of St. Saviour's parish in Southwark, called Paris Garden, which contained two bear-gardens, said to have been the first that were made near London. In these, according to Stow, were scaffolds for the spectators to stand upon, an indulgence for which they paid in the following manner: "Those who go to Paris Garden, the Bell Savage, or Theatre, to behold bear-baiting, enterludes, or fence-play, must not account of any pleasant spectacle unless they first pay one penny at the gate, another at the entrie of the scaffold, and a third for quiet standing." One Sunday afternoon, in the year 1582, the scaffold, being overcharged with spectators, fell down during the performance and a great number of persons were killed or maimed by the accident, which the Puritans of the time failed not to attribute to a Divine judgment.

Erasmus, who visited England in the time of Henry VIII., says there were many herds of bears maintained in the court for the purpose of baiting. When Queen Mary visited her sister, the Princess Elizabeth, during her confinement at Hatfield House, the next morning, after mass a grand exhibition of bear-baiting was made for their amusement, with which, it is said, "their highnesses were right well content." Queen Elizabeth, on the 25th of May, 1559, soon after her accession to the throne, gave a splendid dinner to the French ambassadors, who afterwards were entertained with the baiting of bulls and bears, the queen herself standing with the ambassadors to look at the pastime till six at night. The day following, the same ambassadors went by water to Paris Garden, where they saw another baiting of bulls and bears; and, again, twenty-seven years afterwards, Queen Elizabeth received the Danish ambassador at Greenwich, who was treated with the sight of a bear and bull-baiting, tempered, says Hollinshead, with other merry disports; and for the diversion of the populace there was a horse with an ape upon his back, which highly pleased them, so that

they expressed "their inward conceived joy and delight with shrill shouts, and variety of gestures."

Laneham, speaking of a bear-baiting exhibited before Queen Elizabeth, in 1575, says that thirteen bears were provided for the occasion, and that they were baited with a great sort of ban-dogs. In the foregoing relations we find no mention made of a ring put into the nose of the bear when he was baited, which certainly was the more modern practice; hence the expression by the Duke of Newcastle, in the *Humorous Lovers*, printed in 1617, "I fear the wedlock ring more than the bear does the ring in his nose."

When a bear-baiting was about to take place, it was publicly made known, and the bearward previously paraded the streets with his animal, to excite the curiosity of the populace, and induce them to become spectators of the sport. On these occasions the bear, who was usually preceded by a minstrel or two, carried a monkey or baboon upon his back. In the *Humorous Lover*, the play just now quoted, "Tom of Lincoln" is mentioned as the name of a famous bear; and one of the characters, pretending to personate a bearward, says, "I'll set up my bills, that the gamesters of London, Horsly-down, Southwark, and Newmarket, may come in and bait him here before the ladies; but first, boy, go fetch me a bagpipe; we will walk the streets in triumph, and give the people notice of our sport."

The two following advertisements, which were published in the reign of Queen Anne, may serve as a specimen of the elegant manner in which these pastimes were announced to the public. "At the bear-garden in Hockley-in-the-hole, near Clerkenwell Green, this present Monday, there is a great match to be fought, by two dogs, of Smithfield Bars, against two dogs of Hampstead, at the Reading Bull, for one guinea to be spent: five let-goes out of hand; which goes fairest and furthest in wins all. The famous bull of fireworks, which pleased the gentry to admiration. Likewise there are two bear-dogs to jump three jumps apiece at the bear, which jumps highest, for ten shillings to be spent. Also variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting; it being a day of general sport by all the old gamesters; and a bull-dog to be drawn up with fireworks. Beginning at three o'clock."

"At William Well's bear-garden, in Tuttle Fields, Westminster, this present Monday, there will be a green bull baited; and twenty dogs to fight for a collar; and the dog that runs furthest and fairest wins the collar: with other diversions of bull and bear baiting. Beginning at two of the clock."

The time usually chosen for the exhibition of those national barbarisms, which were sufficiently disgraceful, without this additional reproach, was the afterpart of the sabbath day. "It were well," says Strutt, "if these were the only vulnerable parts of the character of our ancestors; but it must be confessed that there are other pastimes which equally attracted their attention, and manifested a degree of barbarism which will admit of no just defence." Sir Richard Steele, reprobating the inhumanity of throwing at cocks, makes these pertinent observations: "Some French writers have represented this diver-

sion of the common people much to our disadvantage, and imputed it to a natural fierceness and cruelty of temper, as they do some other entertainments peculiar to our nation; I mean those elegant diversions of bull-baiting and prize-fighting, with the like ingenious recreations of the bear-garden. I wish I knew how to answer this reproach which is cast upon us, and excuse the death of so many innocent cocks, bulls, dogs, and bears, as have been set together by the ears, or died an untimely death only to make us sport."

There is another barbarous diversion, somewhat different from bull-baiting, and much less humane, which seems to have been only practised at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, and at Tutbury, in Staffordshire. The traditionary origin of the bull-running at Stamford, and the manner in which it was performed in the seventeenth century, are given by Butcher, in his Survey of that town; and this account I shall lay before my readers in the author's own words. "The bull-running is a sport of no pleasure, except to such as take a pleasure in beastliness and mischief: it is performed just the day six weeks before Christmas. The butchers of the town, at their own charge, against the time provide the wildest bull they can get. This bull over night is had into some stable or barn belonging to the alderman. The next morning, proclamation is made by the common bellman of the town, round about the same, that each one shut up their shop-doors and gates, and that none, upon pain of imprisonment, offer to do any violence to strangers; for the preventing whereof, the town being a great thoroughfare, and then being term-time, a guard is appointed for the passing of travellers through the same, without hurt; that none have any iron upon their bull clubs, or other staff which they pursue the bull with. Which proclamation made, and the gates all shut up, the bull is turned out of the alderman's house; and then hivie-skivy, tag and rag, men, women, and children, of all sorts and sizes, with all the dogs in the town promiscuously running after him with their bull-clubs, spattering dirt in each other's faces, that one would think them to be so many furies started out of hell for the punishment of Cerberus, &c. And, which is the greater shame, I have seen persons of rank and family, of both sexes,* following this bulling-business. I can say no more of it, but only to set forth the antiquity thereof as tradition goes. William, Earl of Warren, the first lord of this town, in the time of King John, standing upon his castle-walls in Stamford, saw two bulls fighting for a cow in a meadow under the same. A butcher of the town, owner of one of the bulls, set a great mastiff-dog upon his own bull, who forced him up into the town; when all the butchers' dogs, great and small, followed in pursuit of the bull, which, by this time made stark mad with the noise of the people and the fierceness of the dogs, ran over man, woman, and child, that stood in his way. This caused all the butchers and others in the town to rise up, as it were in a kind of tumult." The sport so highly diverted the earl, who it

* This passage he has Latinized in these words: "*Senatores majorum gentium et matronæ de eodem gradu.*"

seems was a spectator, that "he gave all those meadows in which the two bulls had been fighting, perpetually as a common to the butchers of the town, after the first grass is eaten, to keep their cattle in till the time of slaughter, upon the condition, that on the anniversary of that day they should yearly find, at their own expense, a mad bull for the continuance of the sport."

The company of minstrels belonging to the manor of Tutbury, had several peculiar privileges granted to them by a charter from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. In this charter it is required of the minstrels to perform their respective services, upon the day of the Assumption of our Lady (the 15th of August) at the steward's court, held for the honour of Tutbury, according to ancient custom. They had also, it seems, a privilege, exclusive of the charter, to claim upon that day a bull from the prior of Tutbury. In the seventeenth century these services were performed the day after the Assumption; and the bull was given by the Duke of Devonshire, as the prior's representative.

The historian of Staffordshire informs us, that a dinner was provided for the minstrels upon this occasion, which being finished, they went anciently to the abbey-gate, but of late years to "a little barn by the town side, in expectance of the bull to be turned forth to them." The animal provided for this purpose had his horns sawed off, his ears cropped, his tail out short, his body smeared over with soap, and his nose blown full of beaten pepper, in order to make him as mad as it was possible for him to be. Whence, "after solemn proclamation first being made by the steward, that all manner of persons should give way to the bull, and not come near him by forty feet, nor by any means to hinder the minstrels, but to attend to his or their own safeties, every one at his peril; he was then put forth, to be caught by the minstrels, and none other, within the county of Stafford, between the time of his being turned out to them and the setting of the sun, on the same day, which if they cannot doe, but the bull escapes from them untaken, and gets over the river into Derbyshire, he continues to be Lord Devonshire's property; on the other hand, if the minstrels can take him, and hold him so long as to cut off some small matter of his hair, and bring the same to the market-cross, in token that they have taken him, the bull is brought to the bailiff's house, in Tutbury, and there collared and roped, and so conveyed to the bull-ring in High-street, where he is baited with dogs; the first course allotted for the King, the second for the honour of the town, and the third for the king of the minstrels; this done, the minstrels claim the beast, and may sell, or kill and divide him amongst them, according to their pleasure." The author then adds, this rustic sport, which they call bull-running, should be annually performed by the minstrels only; but now-a-days they are assisted by the promiscuous multitude, that flock thither in great numbers, and are much pleased with it; though sometimes through the emulation in point of manhood that has been long cherished between the Staffordshire and the Derbyshire men, perhaps as much mischief may have

been done as in the bull fighting practised at Valencia, Madrid, and other places in Spain." The noise and confusion occasioned by this exhibition, are aptly described in the marriage of Robin Hood and Chlorinda, Queen of Titbury Feast; a popular ballad published early in the last century :

Before we came to it, we heard a strange shouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly,
For some were a bull-back, some dancing a morrice,
And some singing Arthur O'Bradley.*

Smith's Festivals, Games, &c., Ancient and Modern.

THE HERO,

WINNER OF THE EMPEROR'S PLATE AT ASCOT IN 1847 AND 1848.

The Hero, bred by H. G. Allen, Esq., of Crasselly, Pembroke-shire, in 1843, was got by Chesterfield, out of Grace Darling, by Defence, her dam by Don Cossack, out of Mistake, by Waxy.

Chesterfield, an own brother to Crucifix, bred by Lord Chesterfield in 1834, was by Priam, out of Octaviana, by Octavian, her dam by Shuttle, out of Zara, by Delpini. As a race-horse, he received in a produce stake at Newmarket; and then, being drafted out of his noble namesake's string, was taken down into Wales, where he got beaten at Aberystwith by one of Mr Pryse Pryse's flyers. This closed his career on the Turf, while as a stud-horse he only lived to father The Hero, who, with a steeple-chase horse of Mr Bisse's, called Pembroke, are, we believe, the only two by him that ever appeared.

Grace Darling, bred by Mr Isaac Sadler in 1832, figured for some seasons on the midland county circuit as Mr Sadler's, Mr Rceve's, or Mr Mathews' Sister to Desperate. Her performances, however, never exceeded those of a third-rate plater; and her produce, with this one grand exception, have so far been quite on a sample with her own very inferior merits as a race-horse. So unpromising, indeed, did she appear to Mr Allen, into whose hands she passed after leaving the turf, that he sent her, with the Chesterfield colt at her foot, to Bath races in the summer of 1843, to be sold for what she would fetch. Fifteen sovereigns was the maximum offered for the two; and at this price they became the property of Mr John Powney, of Lansdown, Bath, who has the mare still in his possession, as well as a half of the Hero; John Day agreeing for the other half, on the horse being sent into training.

* Extracted from Strutt's Sports and Pastimes.

The Hero is a chesnut horse, with no white about him beyond a star in the forehead and a few well-worn saddle-marks. He stands about fifteen hands three inches high; has a rather long, lean head, well set on to his neck, which is good and strong; has good shoulders, with fair depth of girth, but runs slight in his back-ribs, and very mean in his quarters; he has straight thighs, though rather long from hip to hock; and tail set on low. He stands upright on his joints; has a bad, shuffling walk; and is, in fact, as mean-looking, hackish an animal as any sanguine owner ever sent into training.

PERFORMANCES.

In 1845 The Hero, then two years old, commenced his career at Epsom, where, ridden by young John Day, he ran second to Lord George Bentinck's Cherokee for the Woodcote Stakes, three-quarters of a mile, Mr Dawson's Lord Harry third, and the following not placed—Sir Gilbert Heathcote's f. by Liverpool, out of Carolina; Mr W. Scott's Malt; Mr Ford's Ipecacuanha; Mr Baker's c. by Camel, out of Daisy; Mr Walker's Guzman; Mr Boyce's Tom Sare; and Mr Herbert's f. by Elis, out of Delightful. Won easily by a length.

At Ascot Heath he ran third for the Trial Stakes, new mile, won by Mr A. W. Hill's The Libel, Lord Chesterfield's Knight of the Whistle second, and the following not placed:—Lord Lonsdale's Loadstone, Mr Thompson's Pyrrha, Lord George Bentinck's Discord, Mr Mostyn's Master Stepney, and Mr Worley's Syllabub. Won in a canter, but a good race between the Knight of the Whistle and The Hero for second.

At Newmarket Second October Meeting, ridden by S. Day, he won fifty pounds for two-year-olds, T.Y.C., beating Mr Payne's Repeal and Lord George Bentinck's Terrier, who ran a dead heat for second, and the following not placed:—Lord Exeter's c. by Beiram, out of Agnes; Mr Hook's Buttress; Lord Chesterfield's Snake; Duke of Bedford's Black Cat; and Mr S. Herbert's c. by Venison, out of Pet. 4 to 1 against The Hero, who won by half a length.

In 1846, ridden by Donaldson, and carrying 5st. 7lb., The Hero ran second to Mr. O'Brien's Jonathan Wild, three years, 4st. 7lb., for the Goodwood Stakes, New Cup course, Mr Parr's Dulcet, four years, 6st. 10lb., third, and the following not placed:—Sir J. Hawley's A-la-mode, five years, 8st. 4lb., Sir C. Monck's Glossy, six years, 8st. 2lb.; Mr Drinkald's Vol-au-vent, five years, 7st. 2lb.; Major Yarbrough's Red Robin, four years, 7st.; Lord G. Bentinck's Clumsy, four years, 6st. 12lb.; Duke of Richmond's Pic Nic, four years, 6st. 11lb.; Lord George Bentinck's My Mary, four years, 6st. 10lb.; Mr Irwin's Connanght Ranger, four years, 6st. 9lb.; Sir J. B. Mill's Giantess, four years, 6st. 7lb.; Mr Menzie's b. g. Teetotaller, aged, 6st. 6lb.; Mr Treen's Ina, aged, 6st. 2lb.; Mr Freeman's Sir Digory Diddle, five years, 6st.; Mr H. Jolinstone's Jack Cade, five years, 5st. 9lb.; Mr Herbert's Petitioner, three years, 5st 8lb.; Mr. J. Clarke's maid of Lyme, three years, 5st 7lb.; Lord Chesterfield's Cherry, three years, 4st. 12lb.; Lord George Bentinck's Camera

Obscura, three years, 4st. 10lb.; and Lord Exeter's Hydrangea, three years, 4st. 7lb. 4 to 1 against The Hero, who was beaten by a neck.

At Salisbury, ridden by A. Day, and carrying 7st. 6lb., he won the Salisbury Handicap of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 5 if declared, with 150 added, two miles and a quarter, beating Mr Jones's Miss Shirley, three years, 5st., and Sir J. B. Mill's Giantess, four years, 8st. 9lb. Won in a canter by two lengths.

At the same meeting he walked over for the Gold Cup, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, two miles, 11 subs.

At York, ridden by A. Day, he won the Dundas Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 30 added, a mile and a quarter, beating Mr Meiklam's Lightning (2), Mr Plummer's The Barmaid (3), and Mr Allen's Lady Alice. 6 to 5 on The Hero, who won easily by two lengths.

On the same day, ridden by A. Day, he won Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., two miles, beating Mr Meiklam's Inheritress (2), Mr Maher's The Highwayman (3), and Colonel Cradock's Jingle-pot. 2 to 1 on The Hero, who won by a neck.

On the following day, ridden by A. Day, and carrying 7st. 8lb., he won the County Cup of 150 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, two miles, beating Mr Wormald's Quadraped, three years, 6st. 11lb. (2); Major Yarburgh's Red Robin, four years, 8st. 1lb. (3); and the following not placed:—Mr Lane Fox's Wrestler, three years, 6st. 6lb.; Lord Zetland's Co-heiress, five years, 8st. 1lb.; Mr Jaques's Philip, six years, 8st. 3lb.; Mr Cuthbert's Queen of Tyne, aged, 8st. 5lb.; Mr S. L. Fox's Waxholme, three years, 6st. 11lb.; Mr O'Brien's Mentor, four years, 9st. 1lb.; and Mr Worley's Example, five years, 8st. 9lb. 2 to 1 against The Hero, who won by a neck.

At Egham, ridden by A. Day, he won Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., two miles and a distance, beating Mr Moore's Wolfdog (2); Sir Gilbert Heathcote's c. by Hetman Platoff, out of Nannette (3); Count Batthyany's Tragical (4); and Mr Winch's Oliver Cromwell. 5 to 2 on The Hero. Won easily.

At Warwick he walked over for Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., two mile heats.

At Lichfield, ridden by A. Day, he won Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., two-mile heats, beating Mr Copeland's Arthur and Mr Meeson's The Dart, who were both drawn after the first heat.

At Leicester, ridden by A. Day, he won Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., three miles, beating Mr Cowper's Roebuck and Mr Wildman's The Heiress.

At Doncaster, ridden by A. Day, he won Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., four miles, beating Mr Hesselstine's Fitzwilliam. 8 to 1 on The Hero, who won by fifteen lengths.

At the same meeting, ridden by A. Day, he won the Doncaster Cup of 300 sovs., two miles and five furlongs, beating Lord Strathmore's Brocardo (2), Sir J. Hawley's Bravissimo (3), and the following, which did not pass the chair;—Major Yarburgh's Red Robin,

Mr Wormald's Quadruped, and Mr Stephenson's Sheraton. 7 to 4 against The Hero, who won in a canter by eight lengths.

In 1847 The Hero, ridden by A. Day, and carrying 9st. 7lb., won Her Majesty's Gold Vase at Ascot Heath, two miles, beating the Duke of Bedford's Bridle, three years, 6st. 12lb. (2); Lord Lonsdale's Jerieho, five years, 9st. 11lb. (3); and the following not placed:—Colonel Anson's Bingham, three years, 7st. 3lb.; Lord Caledon's Wanota, three years, 7st. 3lb.; Mr E. R. Clarke's Miles's Boy, three years, 7st. 3lb.; Captain Harcourt's Ellerdale, three years, 6st. 12lb.; and Lord Exeter's Cosachia, three years, 6st. 12lb. 9 to 2 against The Hero, who won by a head.

At the same meeting, ridden by A. Day, he won the Piece of Plate, value 500 sovs., the gift of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, two miles and a half, beating Lord Waterford's Wolfdog (2), Lord Lonsdale's Jerieho (3), and the following not placed:—Lord E. Russell's Sting, Mr Meiklam's Poynton, Sir J. Hawley's Mendicant, and Mr Isaac Day's Sir Tatton Sykes. 6 to 4 against The Hero, who won by a length.

At Winehester, ridden by A. Day, he won Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., two-mile heats, beating Mr Elves' Bourton and Captain Delme's Silver Eel in two heats. Both won easily.

At Goodwood, ridden by John Day, junior, and carrying 9st. 6lb. he won the Goodwood Cup, two miles and three-quarters, beating Lord Eglinton's Eryx, three years, 7st. 4lb. (2); Duke of Richmond's Halo, three years, 7st. 4lb. (3); Lord Waterford's Wolfdog, five years, 9st. 11lb. (4); and the following not placed:—Mr O'Brien's Mentor, five years, 9st. 4lb.; Lord E. Russell's Sting, four years, 9st. 4lb.; Mr Tilbury's Golden Rule, aged, 7st. 12lb.; Mr Fox's Dreamer, six years, 7st. 8lb.; and Captain James's Monarch (an Arab), aged, 5st. 4lb. 5 to 4 on The Hero, who won by a length.

At Egham he walked over for her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., two miles and a distance.

At Warwick he walked over for Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; heats, two miles.

At the same meeting, ridden by A. Day, and carrying 8st. 10lb., he won the Warwick Cup, four miles, beating Mr Moore's Wolfdog, five years, 8st. 13lb.; and Mr Minor's Hawkstone, three years, 6st. 5lb. 6 to 1 on The Hero, who won by three lengths.

At Doneaster he walked over for Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., two miles and five furlongs.

At the same meeting, ridden by A. Day, and carrying 9st. 5lb., he was beaten by Mr Bouverie's War Eagle, three years, 7st. 7lb., for the Doneaster Cup, two miles and five furlongs. 2 to 1 on The Hero, who was beaten easily by a length.

At Liehfield, ridden by A. Day, he won Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., heats, two miles, beating Mr Copeland's Arthur, who was drawn after the first heat.

At Leicester, ridden by A. Day, he won Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., three miles, beating Mr Wildman's ch. f. by Johnny Boy (pulled up.)

In 1848 *The Hero*, ridden by A. Day, again won the Emperor's Vase at Ascot Heath, beating Mr Green's Flatcatcher (2), Duke of Bedford's Saddle (3), and Mr Pedley's Foreclosure. 2 to 1 on *The Hero*, who won by a length.

At Salisbury, ridden by A. Day, he won Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., three miles, beating Mr W. Etwall's gr. c. by Thistle-whipper. 20 to 1 on *The Hero*, who walked in.

At Goodwood he walked over for the Craven Stakes, one mile and a quarter.

At the same meeting, ridden by A. Day, he was beaten by Lord Clifden's Footstool, for Her Majesty's Plate, three miles and five furlongs. 5 to 2 on *The Hero*, who was beaten by a length.

At Weymouth, ridden by A. Day, he won Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., heats, two miles, beating Mr Wadsworth's Heriar, who was drawn after the first heat.

SUMMARY OF THE HERO'S PERFORMANCES.

In 1845 he started three times, and won once :

A Plate at Newmarket, value clear	£ 50
In 1846 he started twelve times, and won eleven :	
The Handicap, at Salisbury	300
The Cup, at Salisbury	100
The Dundas Stakes, at York	145
Her Majesty's Plate, at York	105
The County Cup, at York	225
Her Majesty's Plate, at Egham	105
Her Majesty's Plate, at Warwick	105
Her Majesty's Plate, at Lichfield	105
Her Majesty's Plate, at Leicester	105
Her Majesty's Plate, at Doncaster	105
The Cup, at Doncaster	300
In 1847 he started eleven times, and won ten :	
Her Majesty's Vase, at Ascot	360
The Emperor of Russia's Plate, at Ascot	880
Her Majesty's Plate, at Winchester	105
The Cup, at Goodwood	690
Her Majesty's Plate, at Egham	105
Her Majesty's Plate, at Warwick	105
The Cup, at Warwick	240
Her Majesty's Plate, at Doncaster	105
Her Majesty's Plate, at Lichfield	105
Her Majesty's Plate, at Leicester	105
In 1848 he has started five times, and won four :	
The Emperor of Russia's Plate, at Ascot	780
Her Majesty's Plate, at Salisbury	105
The Craven Stakes, at Goodwood	25
Her Majesty's Plate, at Weymouth	105
<hr/>	
£5,565	

The Emperor's Vase of 1847 was presented by Messrs. John Day and John Powny to Mrs. Gully; and that for 1848 was purchased of them by John Day, junior, and presented by him to Lady Mill. In reckoning "the value clear" of Her Majesty's Vase, we have put it at two hundred.

BUFFALO* HUNTING.

There is perhaps no chase so exciting to a sportsman as a buffalo hunt, and the reader can readily imagine the tremendous addition its interest receives when the stomach has been in rebellion for hours, perhaps for days, from the insidious excitements of the fresh prairie air. The mode of hunting those noble animals is very simple. They are most generally found upon the outer range, grazing near the head of some hollow, leading up towards the sand hills. The sight of the buffalo is very dull, but their scent, by its superior acuteness, compensates for this defect. You must, therefore, always manage, if possible, to get to the leeward of them, or you are almost certain to see the whole herd scamper off before you arrive in pulling distance. As an instance of this, I one day saw a band of about a hundred buffaloes at two miles distance at the opposite side of the river running up its line on a parallel with our train. They did not see us, but the wind being from our side they caught the scent when about opposite our centre upon which they turned off instantly at a right angle and scoured away like mad. Approach them to the leeward, however, and you are almost certain to get within easy shooting distance. When you have discovered a herd close up to the line of the hills, you should station your horses in some hollow near at hand (but out of sight), and then creep cautiously up to your position, pick out your animals and fire, one at a time, in slow succession. If you give them the volley, they directly scamper off, and a rapid succession of shots is followed by the same result; but if you load and fire slowly, you may kill several before the whole herd take alarm. I have seen three or four reel down or bound up to the air and fall, without exciting any attention from their indifferent companions. When you have fired as often as you can with effect, from the position you have taken, and the animals have moved beyond your reach, you should hasten to your horses, mount with all speed, and approach as near as possible without showing yourselves; but when you do put your horses up to the top of their speed and away after the game as fast as you can go. You may dash at a band of buffaloes not more than a hundred yards off, and though you may think you are about to plunge into the very midst of them in a moment, you will find if your horse is not well down to his work, they will slip away like legerdmain. Though they appear to run awkwardly, they contrive to "let the links out" in pretty quick succession, and if you suffer them to get any kind of a start, you must expect to have a hard run to overtake them. The better plan, therefore, is to put your horse to the top of his speed at once, and thus by bringing the matter to a climax, you obviate the inconvenience of being drawn in a distance from the camp, and of making your jaded steed carry a wearisome load several miles back. If you hit a bull from cover and he sees no enemy, he will at once lie

down, but, if you press him on the open plain, when injured, he will resent the wrong, turn short round, bow his neck, and waving his tail to and fro over his back, face you with a fight. At this crisis of affairs, it is well to show him some respect, and keep at a convenient distance. If you will content yourself with fifty yards he will stand and receive your fire all day. As soon as you bring him once to bay you are sure of him, for you may fire as often as you please, and the only indications he gives before going down, of having received a wound, is by a furious kicking at the assaults of his deadly visitant. You must not attempt to kill him by shooting at his head for you will only spatter your ineffectual lead upon his frontal bone, but shoot him behind the shoulder at the bulge of the ribs, or just below the back bone in the same latitude, and you will pass your ball directly through the thick part of the lungs. This is the most deadly of all shots, for the flow of blood stifles his respiration and suffocates him at once. When excited these animals are very hard to kill, and unless when wounded in this fatal spot, I have seen them so tenacious of existence as to live for hours, even with two or three bullets through their hearts. The animals though it generally flies pursuit, is capable of the most romantic deeds of daring. An instance of this kind occurred on the 27th of June. We had stopped our waggons at noon within half a mile of the river, and while enjoying the comforts of our mid-day meal we discovered seven large buffalo bulls slowly moving up the opposite shore of the river. When they got directly opposite the encampment, they turned and plunged suddenly into the stream and swam directly towards us as straight as they could come in the face of waggons, team, cattle, horse, men and all. Every man prepared his gun, and those on the extreme ends of the line stretched down to the bank of the river, thus forming a complete semi-circle of death for their reception. Notwithstanding we were thus prepared for their approach, we all felt certain they would turn tail and recross the river; but to our complete astonishment on they came regardless of our grim and threatening array. They were received with a tremendous bombardment, and down went every bellowing vagabond to the ground. Several of them rose to their feet, but the storm of death bore them back again upon the sod, and not a single one escaped to profit by this lesson of imprudence. There is perhaps no flesh more delicious to a traveller's appetite than buffalo meat, particularly, that cut from a fat young cow; and it has the peculiar advantage of allowing you to eat as much as you please without either surfeit or oppression. I shall never forget the exquisite meal I made on the evening of the 1st of June. I had been hunting all day, was very weary, and as hungry as a whole wilderness of tigers. Out of compassion for my complete fatigue Mrs. Burnett cooked six large slices from a fat young buffalo for my supper. My extravagant hunger induced me to believe when I first saw the formidable array served up, that I could readily dispose of three of them. I did eat three of them, but I found they were but the prologue to the fourth, the fourth to the fifth, and that to the sixth, and I verily believe that had the line

stretched out to the crack of doom. I should have staked my fate upon another and another collop of the prairie king. This story hardly does me credit, but the worst is yet to come, for two hours afterward I shared the supper of Dumbarton, and on passing Captain Gant's tent on my way *home*, I accepted an invitation from him to a bit of broiled tongue ; yet even after this I went to bed with an unsatisfied appetite. I am no cormorant, though I must admit I acted very much like one on this occasion. My only consolation and excuse, however, is that I was not a single instance of voracity in my attacks upon boiled buffalo meat—*Oregon*.

ANCIENT AND MODERN COURSING.

“ I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips

“ Straining upon the start—The game's a-foot !”

SHAKESPEARE, *Hen. Vth.*

The greyhound, under the antient name of gaze-hound, formed one of the earliest dogs of the chase, and from the very nature of his first appellation was intended only to run by sight. He was the original accompaniment of royalty in the sports of the field ; and in lieu of fines and forfeitures due to the crown, King John was wont to accept of greyhounds ; whether, when received as a tax, he was able to obtain those of a superior description, is not to be ascertained. But the dog of that day, which under kings was the concomitant of hawking, was long-haired, and somewhat resembling the one used by warreners ; and in the oldest pictures now extant on the subject, the spaniel, and sometimes the pointer accompanied the sportsman in what was at that period denominated—coursing.

The greyhound then employed was probably larger than even the warrenmongrel, resembling more the shaggy wolf-dog of former times than any sporting dog of the present day. The Wolds of Yorkshire, which like the Wealds of Kent, are a corruption of the word “ Wilds,” appear, from the dates of parish books, to have been infested with wolves later than any other part of England. In the entries at Flixton, Stackston, and Folkton, in the east riding of Yorkshire, are still to be seen memoranda of payments made for the destruction of wolves at a certain rate per head. They used to breed in the cars below amongst the rushes, furze, and bogs, and in the night time come up from their dens, and unless the sheep had been previously driven into the town, or the shepherds indefatigably vigilant,

great numbers of them were destroyed ; it being observed of all wild animals, that when they have opportunity to depredate, they prefer the blood to the flesh of the victim, and of course commit much unnecessary earnage.

From the wolfs having so long remained in the parts just mentioned, it is not more than fifty years since many of the long-haired, curl-tailed greyhounds were to be traced, bred originally from the wolf-dog ; and some of these, for a short distance, could run with surprising velocity. That a dog of this description should sufficiently gratify the coursing sentiment of that day, is by no means surprising ; the uncultivated face of the country, covered with brakes, bushes, wood, and infinite obstacles, may readily account for it. In running their game, they had to surmount these impediments, and to dart through thorn hedges (in that unimproved state) which covered eighteen or twenty feet in width, and frequently to kill their object of pursuit in the middle of them.

These dogs were accustomed to lie unhoused upon the cold ground, and to endure all hardships of indifferent food, and more indifferent usage ; but when the owner (or protector) lived in the open air, unmindful of the elements, and regardless of the storm, it can create no surprise that the faithful dog should fare no better than his master. This most likely was the earliest stage of the gaze or greyhound : wild in his aspect, erect in his ears, and shaggy in his coat ; but even in that unimproved state they had many good points ; as straight firm legs : round, hard, fox-hound feet ; were incredibly quick at catching view, and being instantaneously upon their legs, which modern sportsmen term " firing quickly."

In uniform progress with time, improvement proceeded also : during " the merry days of good Queen Bess," when maids of honour could breakfast upon beef, and ride a-gallop for a day together the sports of the field were objects of due attention. It was then her majesty, divested of regal dignity, would condescend to see a brace or two of deer pulled down by greyhounds after dinner ; and it was then that coursing began to assume a more regulated form, and to acquire a more universal degree of emulative estimation.

Instead of the wild man with his wilder dogs, taking his solitary quest for game ; the hourly enlightened sportsman of that day, began to form themselves into meetings of more friendly congeniality, and rules were adopted by which a general confidence and mutual intercourse might be maintained. The Duke of Norfolk, who was the leading sportsman of that time, was powerfully solicited, and ultimately prevailed upon, to draw up a proper code of laws, which (are already inserted, and) constitute the coursing magna charta of the present day.

These rules, though established by a duke, and regulated by a queen, rendered the coursing of that period but of a very sterile description. Pointers were used for the purpose of finding the game, and when any of these made a point, the greyhounds were uncoupled as a necessary prelude to the sport which was to ensue. The grey-

hounds, even at this time, deviated but little from the kind already described; rough and heavy, with strength enough to overcome any difficulty it might be necessary to break through. To found the era of improved coursing, and for introducing greyhounds of superior form, and higher blood, was reserved for the late princely owner of Houghton. If the agricultural meetings in the most distant counties feel themselves gratefully justified in drinking, as their first toast, "The Memory of Mr. Bakewell," no true and consistent coursing meeting can ever omit to give, with equal enthusiasm, "The Memory of the Earl of Orford."

It is the distinguishing trait of genius to be enthusiastically bold, and daringly courageous. Nothing in art or science; nothing in mental, or even in manual labour, was ever achieved of superior excellence, without that ardent zeal, that impetuous sense of eager avidity, which to the cold, inanimate, and unimpassioned, bears the appearance, and sometimes the unqualified accusation of insanity. When a monarch of this country once received the news of a most heroic action maintained against one of his own fleets, and seemed considerably chagrined at the result; the then Lord of the Admiralty endeavoured to qualify and soften down the matter, by assuring the king that "the commander of the enemy's fleet was mad."—"Mad? would he were mad enough to bite one of my admirals."

Lord Orford had absolutely a phrenetic furor of this kind, in any thing he found himself disposed to undertake; it was a predominant trait in his character never to do any thing by halves, and coursing was his most prevalent passion beyond every other pleasurable consideration. In consequence of his most extensive property, and his extra-influence as lord lieutenant of the county, he not only interested numbers of opulent neighbours in the diversion, but, from the extent of his connections, could command such an immensity of private quarters for his young greyhounds, and of making such occasional selections from which, that few, if any, beside himself could possess.

There were times when he was known to have fifty brace of greyhounds; and, as it was a fixed rule never to part from a single whelp till he had a fair and substantial trial of his speed, he had evident chances (beyond almost any other individual) of having, amongst so great a number, a collection of very superior dogs: but, so intent was he upon this peculiar object of attainment, that he went still farther in every possible direction to obtain perfection, and introduced every experimental cross from the English lurcher to the Italian greyhound. He had strongly indulged an idea of a successful cross with the bull dog, which he could never be divested of, and after having persevered (in opposition to every opinion) most patiently for seven removes, he found himself in possession of the best greyhounds ever yet known; giving the small ear, the rat tail, and the skin almost without hair, together with that innate courage which the high-bred greyhound should possess, retaining which instinctively he would rather die than relinquish the chase.

One defect only this cross is admitted to have, which the poacher

would rather know to be a truth, than the fair sportsman would come willingly forward to demonstrate. To the former it is a fact pretty well known, that no dog has the sense of smelling in a more exquisite degree than the bull dog; and, as they run mute, they, under certain crosses, best answer the midnight purposes of the poacher in driving hares to the wire or net. Greyhounds bred from this cross, have therefore some tendency to run by the nose, which, if not immediately checked by the master, they will continue for miles, and become very destructive to the game in the neighbourhood where they are kept, if not under confinement or restraint.

Having necessarily adverted to the father of modern coursing, some distinguishing traits of his character (replete with anecdote) can prove no deviation from the descriptive variety previously promised in the course of the work. No man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property to practical or speculative sporting as the late Earl of Orford; whose eccentricities are too firmly indented upon "the tablet of memory" ever to be obliterated from the diversified rays of retrospection. Incessantly engaged in the pursuit of sport and new inventions, he introduced more whimsicalities, more experimental genius, and enthusiastic zeal, than any man ever did before him, or most probably any other man may ever attempt to do again.

Amongst his experiments of fancy was a determination to drive four red deer (stags) in a phaeton instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journies upon the road; but unfortunately, as he was one day driving at Newmarket, their ears were accidentally saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, who soon after crossing the road in the rear, immediately caught scent of the "four in hand," and commenced a new kind of chase with "breast high" alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description; in vain did his lordship exert all his chariot-teering skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage were of no effect; off they went with the celerity of a whirlwind, and this modern phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this Hudibrastic set of "fiery-eyed" steeds to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his lordship's fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed; into the yard they suddenly bounded to the dismay of ostlers and stable-boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton, and his lordship were all instantaneously huddled together in a large barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

This singular circumstance, although most luckily attended with no accident, effectually cured his lordship's passion of deer-driving; but his invincible zeal for coursing, and his undiminished rage for its improvement, remained with him to the last. No day was too long, or any weather too severe for him; those who have ever seen him,

can never forget the extreme, laughable, singularity of his appearance. Mounted on a stump of a pye-balled poney (as uniformly broad as he was long), in a full suit of black, without either great-coat or gloves; his hands and face crimsoned with cold, and in a fierce cocked hat facing every wind that blew; and while his game-keepers were shrinking from the sand-gathering blasts of Norfolk, on he rode, like old Lear, regardless of the elements,

“ Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow

“ You cataracts, and hurricanes, spout

“ Till you have drench’d our steeples, drown’d the cocks!”

for innately warm with the predominance of his passion for sport, he set at defiance storms of every description.

At a particular period of his life, when

“ The springs of nature rose above their level,”

there was a necessity for some degree of medical coercion to bring them again within the bounds of prudent regulation. During this scene of unavoidable suspension from his favourite pursuits, the extreme attention shewn to him, by a person who regulated his domestic concerns, so much influenced his nicer sensations, that he dedicated to her the most tender and grateful affection during her life. The circumstance of her death (though by no means young or handsome) so much affected his lordship, that the nerves before unstrung, again gave way, and the former malady returned with increasing violence. He was at this time confined to his chamber, with an attendant necessary to the disordered state of his mind; but, with all that latent artifice for which objects of this description are so remarkable, he contrived, by some plausible pretext, to get his keeper out of the room, instantly jumped out of the window, ran to the stables, and saddled his pye-balled poney, at the very time he well knew the grooms and stable-attendants were all engaged.

On that day his favourite bitch, old Czarina, was to run a match of much magnitude; the game-keepers had already taken her to the field, where a large party were assembled equally lamenting the absence of his lordship, and the cause by which his presence was prevented. When at the very moment of mutual regret and condolence, who should appear at full speed, on the pye-balled poney, but Lord Orford himself.

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay,

His friends stood in silence and fear:

but none had power to restrain him, all attempts and entreaties were in vain; the match he was determined to see; and no persuasions whatever could influence him to the contrary. Finding no endeavours could divert him from the ecstatic expectation he had formed, the greyhounds were started, and Czarina won; during the course no human power, or exertion could prevent him from riding after the dogs, more particularly as his favourite bitch displayed her superiority

in every stroke; when in the moment of the highest exultation and the eagerness of his triumph, unfortunately falling from his poney, and pitching upon his head (whether occasioned by apoplexy, or such contusion upon the skull as instantly affected the brain), he almost immediately expired, to the inexpressible grief of those who surrounded him at the last moment of his life; individually convinced, that coursing was the predominant idea,

“ Still liv’d the ruling passion strong in death.”

A man of more simple manners, more liberal constructions, or of a more courteous nature, never was known to constitute a part of benevolent and philanthropic society. All the urbanities of life were his, and he seemed by nature formed to attract the most grateful attention; generally acquainted as he was from his rank, as well as from his sporting pursuits, with every condition of persons from the prince to the peasant, his conversation was happily suited to each, and equally winning with them all.

The Prince of Wales, when occasionally visiting his lordship on a shooting party, saw at no other place such a profusion of game of every description—such a display of attendant game-keepers—such a noble, though plain hospitality, as at Houghton; and a park so curiously and infinitely stocked with every original in beast and fowl of almost every country from the African bull to the pelican of the wilderness. When an actor, a poet, or an hero dies, if his reputation be sufficient for the posthumous exultation, we must look in Westminster Abbey; if a great sportsman retires from the busy fashionable scene of life, his intrinsic worth can only be ascertained by a walk to Tattersal’s.

In a short space of time after Lord Orford’s decease, his greyhounds (with various other sporting appurtenances) came under the hammer of the auctioneer. Colonel Thornton of Yorkshire, who had passed much of his early life with Lord Orford, and had been an active associate with him in his hawking establishment, was the purchaser of Czarina, Jupiter, and some of his best dogs, giving from thirty to fifty guineas each. It was by this circumstance the select blood of the Norfolk dogs was transferred to Yorkshire; and thence a fair trial was obtained how the fleetest greyhounds that had ever been seen on the sands of Norfolk could run over the Wolds of Yorkshire.

Old Jupiter, when produced by Colonel Thornton in that country presented to the eye of either the sportsman or the painter, as gallant and true a picture of the perfect greyhound as ever was submitted to judicious inspection. He was a dog of great size, with a very long and taper head, deep in the chest, strong in the loins, with a skin exceedingly soft and pliable, ears small, and a tail as fine as whipcord. From this uniformity of make and shape, a cross was much sought after by members of the different coursing meetings in the northern districts, and it was universally admitted that the breed in Yorkshire was considerably improved by the Norfolk acquisition.

Notwithstanding these dogs were amongst the best Lord Orford had ever bred from all his experimental crosses, and were the boast of the greatest coursers the south of England ever knew ; yet when they came to be started against the hares of the High Wolds, they did not altogether support the character they had previously obtained. This was more particularly demonstrated when the hares turned short on the hill sides, where the greyhounds unable to stop themselves, frequently rolled like barrels from the top to the bottom, while the hare went away at her leisure, and heard no more of them ; it was, however unanimously agreed by all the sportsmen present, that they ran with a great deal of energetic exertion, and always at the hare ; that though beaten, they did not give it in, or exhibit any symptoms of lurching, or waiting to kill.

In the low flat countries below the Wolds they were more successful ; such gentlemen, therefore, as had been witnesses of the Norfolk, as well as the Berkshire coursing, and saw how the best dogs of the South were beaten by the Wold hares, were led to observe, and afterwards to acknowledge, the superiority of the Wold coursing, and the strength of the hares there. By those who have never seen it, this has been much doubted ; the good sportsmen of the South, each partial to his own country (from a strong small enclosure to an open marsh pasture), deny this totally, and many invitations have passed from them to the sporting gentlemen of Yorkshire, to have a midway meeting of greyhounds from the respective countries.

To have capital coursing, a good dog is only one part of the business ; it is not only necessary to have a good hare also, but a country where nothing but speed and power to continue it can save her. Over the high Wolds of Stackston, Flixton, and Sherborne, in Yorkshire, where hares are frequently found three or four miles from any covert or enclosure whatever ; the ground the finest that can possibly be conceived, consisting chiefly of sheep-walk, including every diversity of hill, plain, and valley by which the speed and strength of a dog can be fairly brought to the test ; it will not require many words to convince the real sportsman, that such courses have been seen there, as no other part of the kingdom in its present enclosed state can possibly offer, and these necessarily require a dog to be in that high training, for which in coursing of much less severity there cannot be equal occasion. But the day is fast approaching when coursing of such description will no more be seen ; in a very few years these Wolds will be surrounded, and variously intersected with fences, and thus equalized with other countries, the husbandman (who will then have his day of triumph over the sportsman) may justly and exultingly exclaim,

Seges est, ubi Troja fuit !

The man who in any way challenges the whole world should recollect—the world is a wide place. Lord Orford once tried the experiment, and the challenge thus confidently made, was as confidently taken up by the present Duke of Queensbury (then Lord March), who had

not a greyhound belonging to him in the world. Money will do much; with indefatigable exertion it will do more; and it is a circumstance well known to many of the sporting world, that upon particular occasions, some of the best pointers ever seen have emerged from a cellar from the metropolis, who it might be imagined had never seen a bird in the field. The duke in this instance applied to that well-known character old Mr Elwes, who recommended him to another elderly sportsman of Berkshire (Captain Hatt), a courser of no small celebrity, who produced a greyhound, that in a common country, beat Lord Orford's imaginary phenomenon.

This same kind of challenge was some few years since given by Snowball, the property of Major Topham, of the Wold Cottage, Yorkshire; and was the only challenge of similar import, that has not been accepted; but it is requisite, at the same time, to remark, that the match was restricted to be run only in such place where a fair and decisive trial could be obtained. Those who have seen great matches decided by short courses, and bad hares (where chance frequently intervenes), must know that such trials are uncertain and deceptive, and that the real superiority of either dog may still remain unknown when the match is over. Perhaps, even in the best country, should the contest be for a large sum and between two greyhounds of equal celebrity, the most equitable mode of ascertaining the merit of each, would be to run three courses, and adjudge the prize to the winner of the main of the three; it being very unlikely, that in three courses ran in an open country, the superiority of one greyhound over the other should not be evidently perceived.

The excellence of Snowball, whose breed was Yorkshire on the side of the dam, and Norfolk on that of the sire, was acknowledged by the great number who had seen him run; and, perhaps, taken "for all in all," he was the best greyhound that ever ran in England. All countries were nearly alike to him, though, bred where fences seldom occur; yet, when taken into the strongest enclosures, he topped hedges of any height, and in that respect equalled, if not surpassed, every dog in his own country. They who did not seem to think his speed so superior, all allowed, that for wind, and for powers in running up long hills without being distressed, they had never seen his equal.

On a public coursing day given to the township of Flixton, the continuance of his speed was once reduced to a certainty by the known distance, as well as the difficulty of the ground. From the bottom of Flixton Brow, where the village stands, to the top of the hill where the Wold begins is a measured mile, and very steep in ascent the whole of the way. A hare was found midway, and there was started with Snowball a sister of his given to the Rev. Mr Minithorpe, and a young dog about twelve months old of another breed. The hare came immediately up the hill, and after repeated turns upon the Wold, took down the hill again; but finding that in the sandy bottom she was less a match for the dogs, she returned, and in the middle of the hill the whelp gave in, Snowball and his sister being left with the

hare; reaching the Wold a second time she was turned at least fifty times, where forcibly feeling the certainty of approaching death, she again went down the hill, in descending which the bitch dropped, and by immediate bleeding was recovered; Snowball afterwards ran the hare into the village, where he killed her.

The length of this course, by the ascertained distance, was full four miles, without adverting to the turns, which must have much increased it; this, with a hill a mile high, twice ascended, are most indubitable proofs of continuance which few dogs could have given, and which few but Flixton hares could have required. The people of Flixton talk of it to this day, and, accustomed as they are to courses of the richest description in the annals of sporting, they reckon this amongst the most famous they have seen.

Snowball, Major, his brother, and Sylvia, were perhaps the three best and most perfect greyhounds ever produced at one litter. They never were beaten.

The shape, make, systematic uniformity, and all the characteristics of high blood were distinguishable in the three; the colour of Major and Sylvia were singularly brindled, that of Snowball a jet black, and when in good running condition was as fine as black satin. Snowball won ten large pieces of silver plate, and upwards of forty matches, having accepted every challenge, from whatever dogs of different countries were brought against him. His descendants have been equally successful: Venus, a brindled bitch; Blacksmith, who died from extreme exertion in running up a steep hill; and young Snowball have beat every dog that was ever brought against them.

For the last three years Snowball has covered at three guineas, and the farmers in that, and the neighbouring districts, have sold crosses from his breed at ten and fifteen guineas each. Major, his brother (whose portrait and history are annexed), has displayed his powers before the gentlemen of the south as already described; this, as a public exhibition of the dog to a few sporting amateurs, might be bearable, but could he have found a tongue, when he beheld himself brought to run a hare turned out of a box, in the month of March, upon Epsom Downs, amidst whiskies, buggies, and gingerbread carts, well might he have exclaimed,

“To this complexion am I come at last!”

A man who had been accustomed to fish for salmon in the waters of Lough-Lomond, could not be more conscious of his mortification, if degradingly stuck down with a stick and crooked pin to fish for tittle-baits in ——— Paddington canal.

Major Osbaldeston (a name well known to the sportsmen of the north) has been long celebrated for greyhounds of the real Yorkshire breed; his famous dog Snail (*lucus a non lucendo*) was for some years the leading dog at Malton coursing meeting, where the determination is invariably “for the best of the whole course.”

Mr Heblethwayte, of Burlington, has been equally remarkable for the excellence of his dogs, which are of the same country also, he

never having deviated from the original stock into any cross whatever.

Mr Hodgson, of Stamford Bridge, in the East Riding, produced, some few years since, a breed which, for a time, as much surprised the sportsmen of Yorkshire as any greyhounds they had ever seen. These consisted of three bitches, called "the Dents," from a name which had long been in the family. Their skins were perfectly smooth, their ears small, and their heads uncommonly fine; but, from their tails being short and curled, their appearance was not unlike a very light, smart rabbit-dog. They united in themselves two very opposite qualities; they ran with immense fire and speed, and yet turned so completely with the hare, they appeared always upon their game, rendering their style of killing uncommonly great. They were sold for very large sums; one of them is the property of Sir Francis Boynton, Bart. of Burton Agnes; another of Richard Darley, Esq. of Aldby Park; and the third of Major Topham, of the Wold Cottage; the last of which won the large prize-cup at Malton about four years since.

In the year 1496 a very curious book of sports was published by Wynken de Worde, a writer of that time, who had very good ideas on the subject; on the choice of a greyhound he has precisely these words:—

Headed lyke a snake,
Neckyed lyke a drake,
Fottyed lyke a catte,
Taylled lyke a ratte,
Syded lyke a teme,
And chyned lyke a beme.

Except in the article of the stern, the Dents exactly answered this description; their legs and feet were remarkably fine, but they stood higher than the Derbyshire dogs, whose legs are shorter but stronger, and therefore still better calculated for running up the stony hills of their own country. Those bred by Mr Swinfen and Mr Mundy have been highly distinguished; old Paramount, the property of the former, was considered the best dog ever known in that part of England; and a bitch of Mr Mundy's breed, in a very severe course of February last, beat Mr Darley's Dent: in point of speed, the Dent bitch was superior, but wanted bottom to continue the course.

The gentlemen of Norfolk, since the days of the Earl of Orford, have been so devoted to coursing, and the sport so much patronized by the ladies also, that a correct enumeration of their dogs would be impossible; but they continue in the blood originally introduced by Lord Orford. Nature, however, does not seem to have favoured their efforts to the full extent of the "consummation so devoutly to be wished," having denied a country equal to their deserts and the energy of their endeavours. Flat sands do not give the hare an equal chance with the dog, and there is wanting a diversity of ground for any severe trial; their meetings, however, are very shewy, and they make up in parade what they want in reality.

Newmarket has occasionally shewn some well tried courses, and a meeting has been recently revived there of much respectability. Every jockey in that and the neighbouring district fancies he has a capital galloper of a greyhound, and many of these have been sold for large sums. The late Doctor Frampton was the "tutelary genius" of the old school of coursing there; and amongst those who frequently dashed down from town for the sake of an occasional course. Mr Clarke of Vauxhall, had a famous dog called Schoolboy, already mentioned as of great speed, strength, and size; those of Dr Frampton were of an opposite description, light and small. At the Newmarket meeting, as well as at many others, Mr Corsellies (who is a very old courser) and Mr B. Dudley have both started very good dogs. The latter has an old dog (whose performances are already recited) called "the Miller," the sire of his present stock, that for running in the large deep pastures, at Bradwell Marshes, has been very famous, and beat all his opponents. He was a dog of great size, and proportional power; remarkable for leaping, with ease and activity, the higher gates which form the entrances into these pastures.

Dogs of this large kind have not in general been found able to run long upon wind. What is considered necessary to the horse, is thought to be necessary to the dog likewise; many half-bred horses have, for a short distance, exhibited instances of wonderful speed; but a thorough bred horse only can continue it for miles in succession. This forms the essential difference betwixt grey-hounds who have to run in an enclosed, and those who have to run in an open country.

Next to the Wolds of Yorkshire, the downs and extensive plains of Wiltshire have afforded the best trials of greyhounds, as hares are frequently found three or four miles from a covert; and who must of necessity prove good runners, well knowing what formidable opponents they have the chance to encounter. In addition to this, on hard, dry, spare soils, the hare is never unsound; and it may be held as nearly an invariable rule, that where the land is bad, the hare will be good.

The family of the Chaplins, in Lincolnshire, have been always famous for good greyhounds, having the encouragement of a good country. The father of the present Mr Chaplin maintained some spirited contests with the late Lord Orford, but was in general beaten by his lordship, upon a well-founded prevalent opinion, that it was in consequence of taking his dogs out of a good country into a bad one.

The gentlemen who, in different parts of Yorkshirc, have been most distinguished for their greyhounds at the Malton Coursing Meetings are—

Sir ROWLAND WYNN, Bart, of Nostal Park.	} West Riding.
STEPHEN CROFT, Esq. Stillington.	
HALL PLUMER, Esq, Bilton Park.	

The latter has pursued the plan of endeavouring to obtain good dogs, without predilection for any particular breed, and few men have been more successful. His famous dog Speed, who he considered

(from the repeated trials he had procured) the fleetest dog in England, was the last greyhound against whom Snowball started and beat. This match terminated the coursing career of Snowball's popularity; as the owner, in consideration of his age, then declared he should never run another public match. Speed was the dog before-mentioned, to have died soon after the match.

As coursing is now almost universally reduced to a system of matching only, there is not often an instance of a farmer having a dog worthy the notice of a gentleman for that purpose. Their ideas go to killing only, and Buonaparte, in his most furious moments, cannot be more sanguinary in his favourite pursuits than they in theirs. As a proof of what the opinion is (and which is common to them all) of the qualities requisite to form a capital dog, the following anecdote told me by a very respectable clergyman may suffice:—

A farmer having heard much of the clergyman's greyhounds came to tell him, "that if he had a mind to buy the best dog in England, he had him." Away went the parson and the peasant, the former neatly booted and spurred, upon a bit of blood; the latter with a thick stick, mounted upon a cart-mare. A hare was soon found, and the parson and his bitch, after a hard run, were coming in only second best, not having observed the farmer's dog render any assistance he concluded him completely thrown out, and was rejoicing accordingly; When, as they approached a thick furze covert, the hare gallantly beating the bitch, he much to his surprise saw the farmer's greyhound sitting quietly upon his hind quarters waiting for the hare, who when she came near enough, he suddenly started up and presently killed. The farmer and the cart-mare, who had taken a short cut, came in at the death, uproariously exclaiming, with a broad grin of triumph, "there parson, I told you what a devil of a dog he was. Let him alone for goodness." "That I certainly shall," replied the clergyman, and rode home without farther ceremony.

The good greyhounds of farmers are all of the same cast; and being designed for the cupboard only, might, with equal consistency, be called—turnspits. Mr Swinfen's method of training greyhounds has not only been confidently asserted and by no means controverted, that he would take two dogs nearly equal, and giving any opponent the best, would in three weeks beat him with the worst. His mode was not to let them run at a hare, but to give them a brisk gallop twice a day with his hunters; thus affording them the advantage of gradually increasing respiration without extra straining, or incurring probability of lameness. Some small information may therefore be expected upon the express article of

TRAINING GREYHOUNDS

previous to a conclusion of this part of the work.

The training gentlemen of Newmarket, who are universally admitted to know full as much as they ought to do, make no scruple of giving an opinion that training a greyhound may be brought to as great a certainty as training a horse. The long experienced writer is

of a different opinion, feeling himself justified, by ten years observation, in conceiving those speculative gentlemen are too rapid and uncertain in their declarations.

For a casual course in a common enclosed country, he is avowedly of opinion, not to train is the best ; having seen repeated instances of dogs taken out of the streets, and who were almost mad at the sight of an hare, having ran with more fire and desperation ; more intoxication (if the term is allowable) for a short distance, than dogs who had been regularly trained to long courses, and when a hare was found, expected they had a great deal of business to get through. The well-broke, steady old hunter affords ample confirmation of this idea ; he avails himself of his experience, and is become too sagacious and observant to waste his strength in unnecessary capering, uncertain what may prove the length of the chase.

Presuming, therefore, that in a common sort of country, no training is the best plan ; the only question then is, what is the best method in a country which requires a dog to be in complete wind, and to run a course of four or five miles at the extremity of his speed the whole way ? To this kind of country the writer has been accustomed, and having had some few dogs die in the field, where the hearts have been ruptured from the violence of exertion ; he has been naturally induced to make some rational experiments on what kind of training was the best ; and what means might prove most conducive to the success of the exertions required.

In respect to the article of feeding, he is induced to believe, after the various trials made by sporting friends on the subject, it is by no means as yet ascertained, whether eggs, bread, or meat be the best food for a greyhound, when required upon a particular occasion to be in the best possible condition ; knowing there are different members of the various clubs who are even medically nice on the subject of training, and who critically adhere to the modes of feeding before-mentioned. Nor is he certain whether casual and chance food from the master's table be not as good a plan as many of those deliberately adopted ; in respect to his own they are fed principally upon dry, boiled meat, which he finds answer every expectation. In regard to the subject of exercise, he is perfectly convinced that merely giving the greyhound, as his only training, a run after a horse who is taking his watering gallop, would by no means qualify him to run a course over the high Wolds, where the best bred horse at his rate has not been able to keep pace throughout with the dogs.

The system he should recommend would be concisely as follows : To begin with a greyhound that is much above himself, or, in other words, fatter than he ought to be, with two doses of physic, allowing an interval of six days ; bleeding once midway between the operation of the dose and the administration of the other. After this, his food should be dry boiled meat, with occasionally a change to fine oatmeal rendered of a proper consistence with boiled milk. He should be permitted to run two or three courses a week, and every day to have a regular dressing over his body with a soft pliable hair-cloth, and this

to be continued until the flesh over his loins be as hard and elastic as possible.

Should the feet get cut, or become lacerated in running, they may be washed with a weak solution of alum in water. Whenever a dog has long courses to encounter, he should be rather thin in respect to flesh ; no dog can bear being pressed when too fat and overloaded.

On the morning of running a cordial ball may be given, particularly if any seeming lassitude appears denoting him below par ; but, with all the care and attention it has been possible to bestow, the writer is free to confess, that he has been disappointed in many greyhounds not running up to their mark ; although he has seen the very same dogs, with an inferior degree of care run better than when in the highest training possible, and in perfect health. But, as the severe coursing of open countries, from the improvements of agriculture is diminishing daily, very high degree of training will cease to be necessary.

The Flixton meeting "is now no more ;" a misunderstanding about the ground, in which, probably, no party was to blame (but all regret), created some local impediments to a meeting which, from the extent and diversity of the ground, as well as the peculiar excellence of the hares, appeared out of all Britain the very spot most singularly appropriated to the enjoyment of this sport in its richest extent. The enclosure of Flixton and the adjoining townships has now completed what accident began ; and, though the coursing may still exceed that of other countries, yet no longer can be seen there, those famous runs of four and five miles each, over turf uninterrupted.

On these Wolds the celebrated Major will most probably never run again ; and, from the advanced age of Snowball, his former excellence in running cannot be looked for. The whimsical poem of "Beth Gelett" once sanctified the grave of the greyhound ; in conformity with which precedent, the writer thinks proper to close this humble delineation of coursing with what is, at some future day, intended to be engraved over

THE TOMB OF SNOWBALL,

BY HIS MASTER.

He, who out-bounded time and space,
The fleetest of the Greyhound race,
Lies here !—At length subdued by death.
His speed now stopp'd, and out of breath.
Ah ! gallant Snowball ! what remains
Up Fordon's banks, o'er Flixton's plains
Of all thy strength—thy sinewy force,
Which rather flew, than ran the course ?
Ah ! what remains ? Save that thy breed
May to their father's fame succeed ;
And when the prize appears in view
May prove that they are Snowballs too.

The landlord and tenant in the before-mentioned neighbourhood may mutually congratulate each other, and will, probably, have reason

to rejoice at the change in the face of the country but the contemplative sportsman will heave a sigh of retrospection over the sports he has seen, and which now he can never expect to see again. It was on these plains the blood of Snowball (now spreading fast over the kingdom) first distinguished itself; and, as neither time or trials have produced any thing equal, it is not likely we may look with confidence to an expectation of any thing superior.

We shall here conclude our Observations on this head, by offering our warmest acknowledgments to Colonel THORNTON for his readiness in permitting our artist to execute a painting of the celebrated MAJOR (whose properties are too well known to require any eulogium in this place); nor are we less indebted to a *Popular Sportsman* of the present day for his valuable contribution on ANCIENT AND MODERN COURSING.

Sportsman's Cabinet.

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON HORSES AND ON THE MORAL DUTIES OF MAN TOWARDS THE BRUTE CREATION.*

BY JOHN LAWRENCE,

2 vols. 8vo. boards, 14s. Longman.

In continuing the subject of Mr Lawrence's work, we shall pass over some philosophical observations on the innate capacity of the brute, and take the Author up from the 84th page of the first volume, wherein he says,

"The horse, from the earliest accounts, seems to have been a native of nearly all the climates of the old world; why this excellent animal was denied to the new continent, almost all regions of which, are so well adapted to his production and maintenance, is a difficulty not easily solved. Whether they were, *ab origine*, indigenous to one particular country, whence all parts else were supplied; or whether common to many, and of different races, befitting the nature and circumstances of each country, is a theme fit only to display the powers of imagination, in such an ingenious and fanciful writer as Buffon. Thus much, constant observation and experience have determined upon the matter, that the genus varies with soil and climate, that the horses of warm climes and dry soils, are of the truest proportion, the finest

* Continued from page 272.

skin, and the most generous spirit; of course the fleetest, and fittest for the saddle; as we approach the north, we find them more robust, and formed with very little symmetry of shape; coarse-haired, hardy, and slow, fitted for draft, and the more laborious purposes of life; that the species will thrive, with proper care, in all habitable countries; but succeed best under the temperate zones, and upon fruitful and graminiferous soils.

"It frequently happens, that of two hypotheses, although one only can be simply true, yet both may lead, by different trains of argumentation, to the same conclusion. The easiest method, and perhaps that liable to fewest objections, is to divide the genus of horses into two original and distinct species, or creations; the fine and speedy, and the coarse and slow. To these original sources, all varieties whatever may be traced; and the various intermediate degrees may also be influenced in some measure, by soil and climate; but it does not appear probable, either in theory, or by analogies which might be adduced, that any length of time, or change of soil, could convert the delicate, silk-haired, flat-boned courser of the southern countries, into the coarse, clunisy, round-made cart-horse of the north of Europe.

"The original countries of the two opposite races (whether they were first and exclusively created there, matters not to us) are the mountainous part of Arabia, and the low lands of Belgium in Europe, Arabia is the oldest breeding country (to use a familiar phrase) in the world; it has been known to possess a pure and unmixed race of horses for thousands of years; and the experience, both of ancient and modern times, has proved them to be of superior form and qualification to all other horses upon earth. In the very early ages, the breed of Arabian horses was sought and dispersed over almost all Asia and Africa, and from thence to the southern parts of Europe; in more modern times, they have been introduced farther north, particularly into this country; and from that source has originated our best racing blood, to which we owe those advantages and improvements, and that superiority in horses, we so evidently possess over all other nations.

"At what period of time, or by what nation, or individual, the horse was first reduced to human use and obedience, is a piece of intelligence which must for ever lie hid in the impenetrable recesses of the most remote antiquity. But it is sufficient we know from their works, that the ancients, in general, were well acquainted with the various uses to which the animal may be applied; and that many of the eastern nations, as well as the Greeks and Romans, were well skilled in equestrian knowledge and management. If we were not well aware of the necessity of being upon our guard against the exaggerated relations of ancient writers, we should be indeed surprised at the number of horses said to have been kept for purposes of luxury and parade, in those early ages. Herodotus says, the king of Babylon maintained a stud of sixteen thousand mares, and eight hundred stallions.

In our own country the breed of horses is of much higher antiquity than any extant history, since we are informed by Julius Cæsar,

that on his first invasion of the island, the Britons had already great numbers of them, well trained to warlike exercises. The species we may fairly presume to have been such, of all sizes, as we are likely to see in any fruitful northern region, where it has not been improved by a mixture of the blood of the south country horses ; that is to say, rough-coated, round-made, and with but little symmetry, sturdy, with bones comparatively soft and spongy, and sinews unendowed with any high degree of elasticity. The Romans, it is probable, contributed very little to the improvement of the British breed of horses, since no traces of amendment are to be found during so many ages. The same may be said of the Crusaders, who certainly had it in their power to have sent home to their own country, some of the choicest horses in the world their destination being so near the fountain head ; but they had, unhappily, objects in view, far other than those of either common utility, or common sense. There is but little evidence, during the early periods of our history, to guide our researches, except a law of one of our Saxon monarchs, to prevent the exportation of horses ; which seems no indication of their plenty at that time, but that, perhaps, those of England were in some request in the neighbouring countries.

The first period, of any particular or marked attention, to the amendment of our breed of horses, may be dated from the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII. ; but the regulations then made, and the means employed, agreeable to the genius of those unenlightened times, consisted of arbitrary directions and impolitic restraints, by no means calculated to advance the intended purpose. Magistrates were empowered to scour, at Michaelmas tide, the heaths and commons, and to put to death all mares they should judge of insufficient size to bear good foals ; the ancient prohibition to export horses was continued, in particular stallions ; which last, I am informed by an officer in the customs, it is illegal to export at this day ; and that it is usual to do it at the out-ports, and by stealth. The laudable custom, however, began about that time, of importing stock proper to breed nags, from the southern climes, and such as was fit to enlarge the breed of draft cattle, from the opposite continent.

We learn from Blundeville, that in the reign of Elizabeth, the generality of English horses were either weak, or consisted of sturdy jades, better adapted to draft them to any other purpose ; but, with some exceptions, which exhibited strong proofs of infant improvement one of which is, an instance of a horse travelling fourscore miles within the day for a wager ; a feat which would puzzle a great number of those fine cock-tail nags, sold by the dealers of the present day at three or fourscore pounds each. The desire of improvement was so generally diffused, according to the above-named author, that even the carters had become very nice in their choice of horses. The following races were well known to the gentlemen breeders of the country, namely, " the Turk, the Barbarian, the Sardinian, the Neapolitan, the Jennet of Spain, the Hungarian, the high Almaine (or German) the Friezeland, the Flanders, and the Irish Hobby." Still, horses were

so deficient in number, that on the Spanish invasion, the Queen found the utmost difficulty in mounting two or three thousand cavalry.

In the reign of James, horse racing became fashionable, throughout all parts of England; a favourite diversion of most of the Princes of the Royal House of Stuart, and particularly encouraged by them. Even the grave and hypocritical Cromwell, in his apathy of the pomps and vanities of royalty, did not forget that necessary appendage—a stud of race horses. It is well known that Richard Place was the Lord Protector's stud groom. The famous white Turk has immortalized himself and his keeper; the conjoined names of the man and the horse (Place's white Turk) are sure to be delivered down to the latest posterity.

The merry æra of the Restoration relieved the good people of this country from the ill effects of the most insane and useless, of all the numerous follies which have turned the brains of mortal men. I mean that of mortifying and degrading both soul and body, and stifling the lawful desires of nature in their birth, under the stupid pretence of securing a luxurious reversion in some future world. A single couplet of the witty and profligate Earl of Rochester, which in truth contains the justest sentiments, when joined with morality and virtue, had now as universal an effect, as the long-winded puritanical sermons in the past times. Englishmen had now discovered, that man's proper aim was "life's happiness," and accordingly set about promoting all its conveniences, all its comforts and enjoyments, with a commendable alacrity. As of the most distinguished among these, horses were by no means forgot. In order to promote emulation among the breeders, and with the judicious view of perfecting and extending a race of horses, fit for the road, the chace, and the war, an additional encouragement was given to horse-coursing, by the institution of royal plates; and by an enlightened policy, free exportation was allowed, the readiest method of assuring plenty of any commodity. From that period, to the middle of the present century, the system of renovation from the different original foreign stocks, has been occasionally adopted; the happy consequences have been, a decided superiority over the parent stock, from whatever country and an original breed of our own, of all denominations, of superior proportion, speed, power, and utility.

This superiority having been for a long time established, it should seem (with some little exceptions perhaps) that we have no longer any necessity for recourse to foreign stock of any description with the view of improvement; that being in our power, even to the highest point of perfection, by judicious selections from our own native races. Indeed, our importations of foreign horses of late years, have been made chiefly with the view of obtaining serviceable draft cattle, for immediate use, at more reasonable rates than they could be bred at home, rather than for the purpose of breeding; and this has been almost entirely confined to Flanders and Friesland. No importation of saddle horses has ever taken place within the present century, that I know of; as to the Arabians, Barbs, and other foreign stallions, formerly so essential in our studs, they have for some years ceased to

be much in request, and there are now but few of them in the country. The marks of their foreign origin are now distinguishable but in very few of our English horses, being lost in the proper characteristic form of the country, which time, the influence of climate, good provender and good care, have established. Thus our racing stock, although they have lost somewhat in delicacy of skin, and warmth of temperament, have gained more size, fuller and better proportion, more speed and continuance, than the real Arabians; and our cart-horses together with a peculiar characteristic rotundity of form, have acquired more beauty and greater activity, than the species upon the continent upon which they have descended. The saddle-horses of England are in request in foreign countries, on account of their uniting superior action, with strength, proportion, and beauty. No people in the world have ever been so fond of speedy travelling as the English; of course, the attention of breeders has been no where else so much directed to the attainment of that particular shape which is most conducive to action. The Spaniards of the old school, who valued a horse in proportion to his susceptibility of the manœuvres of the riding horse, were accustomed to style those which excelled in such exercises, *hazedores*, or *dores*. We of this country, emphatically distinguish those horses by the appellation of *goers*, which are particularly endowed with our favourite qualification—speed.

The original breed of English horses has been long since entirely extinguished by that general improvement which has pervaded every quarter of the country; a curious observer may nevertheless form a very good estimate of its figure and merits, by examining our common road hacks, which shew little or no mixture of foreign blood, and the lower kind of farmer's horses, to the breed of which, little or no attention has been paid. We are to except the Shetland ponies, and a few remaining Scotch and Welch mountain hobbies, which are probably the same race, in all respects, as when they were either first created upon, or imported into the Island. Every body knows the Northern ponies are very small, very hardy and durable, and amazingly strong in proportion to their bulk. The torrid zones, also, produce a very diminutive species of the horse; some of them in Guinea, and the East Indies, are scarce superior in size to large dogs; but, unlike their peers of the hardy regions of the North, they are weak, delicate, mulish, and almost without use. The following anecdote of a postman, and his little horse, is extracted from that elaborate, and curious work, Sir John Sinclair's statistical account of Scotland. "A countryman, about five feet ten inches high, who died last year, was employed by the Laird of Coll, as post to Glasgow or Edinburgh. His ordinary burden thence to Coll was sixteen stone. Being once stopped at a toll, near Dumbarton, he humorously asked, whether he should pay for a burden; and upon being answered in the negative, carried his horse in his arms past the toll."

The horses of this country had, no doubt, arrived at the highest point of perfection, in the admired qualities of speed and strength, individually, long before the present time. For instance, we have no

reason to expect that the speed, strength, and continuance of Childers and Eclipse, as gallopers; of Archer, and one or two others, as trotters; or the powers of certain cart-horses, which have drawn such immense weights, and repeated so many dead pulls, will ever be excelled. It seems not to be within the compass of those powers of action which nature has bestowed upon the horse, to gallop a mile in less time than a minute; or to trot the same distance in less than three minutes, bating a few seconds. But animals, capable of such extraordinary feats, to be found nowhere else upon the face of the habitable globe, have ever been *rare aves* even in England. To speak a truth, although we have maintained a superiority over other countries for near a century, yet we have at no period been overstocked with good horses; nor are we at this instant, although we have continued progressively to amend. The reason of our defect I shall by and bye endeavour to explain. The authors who best understood this branch of the subject, particularly Bracken and Osmer, have made heavy complaints of the scarcity of good horses in their days, and assigned their reasons for it. Since their time our improvements have been wonderfully great chiefly owing to the care of particular gentlemen breeders, and to the more general diffusion of racing blood, amongst our hunters, hacks, and coach-horses. We certainly travel the roads now with as much expedition, as the nature of the poor animals who draw and carry us, will ever admit. What would Booth, the celebrated comedian say, could he peep out of his grave, and see the rapid whirling of our post-chaises, and mail-coaches, who boasted that he was accustomed to whip from Windsor to London in three hours, with a set of horses. We have discarded the old heavy, black, long-tailed, and no-tailed coach-horse, which used to trudge on so steadily and painfully at the rate of five miles per hour, all day long, and replaced him with an elegant blood-like, full, and well-proportioned nag, equally adapted to real service and parade. I am speaking chiefly of our highest form of coach-horses, which I conceive approach very near to the standards of perfection, from the judicious use made of the racing blood, by some of our present breeders. We have, nevertheless, but too many of the coach kind, with scarce any other merit than a silken coat and a shew of blood; tall, leggy, splatter-footed, of insufficient substance, and little use.

Our first class of cart-horses have, I apprehend, been bred up to too large a size; ætieve, muscular strength, has been inprovidently sacrificed to the momentum of mere bulk and weight. We besides, see every day, many of these much too high upon the leg; a fault pretty general among all descriptions of English cart-horses. I do not say that it is absolutely necessary, but I conceive it possible, that in some countries, our breed of cart-horses, might be farther amended by a fresh recourse to Belgium, the parent country. The best Flanders cattle, which I have seen, are deeper bodied, with shorter, flatter, and more clean and sinewy legs, than our own of the same kind.

It may be very safely pronounced, that we have had more good horses of every description, in the country, within the last ten years,

than in any preceeding time; but the number of such, bears not as yet, any fair proportion with that of an inferior sort. We are constantly hearing those, who are the best judges of horses, complaining of the great number they are under the necessity of looking over, before they can find one for the saddle, of any considerable degree of excellence, in any point of view. Our national propensity to fast riding, no doubt, enhances the difficulty; but there are certainly too many of our saddle-horses, miserably ill-shaped and weak, or overlaid with substance ill-placed; in short, calculated to be rather a burden than any real benefit to their owner. The long and discouraging catalogue of the defects of horses, which every *connoisseur* among us, is obliged to have at his finger's ends, obviously serves but too well to establish what I have advanced as fact. If we are indebted to blood for all our advantages, it is qually certain, that an injudicious use is too frequently made of it.

Having in our last, concluded in the middle of a paragraph, we shall proceed from that paragraph in the present extract.

“ We observe too much delicacy and pliability of sinew, with too little bone and substance, in great numbers of those horses destined to quick draft. The legs of such will scarce ever accompany the carcass in a proportional share of labour over turnpike roads. As to the refuse of our studs of race-horses, it consists usually of a parcel of half-got, delicate, weak, spider-legged creatures, which it is a misery to see applied to any labour whatever. Our grand *desideratum* now is, substance well placed, which ensures both power and action; a deep and well-proportioned frame; to support these through the piece, bone under the knee, and tough feet.

It will be no difficult matter, to assign sufficient reasons, why horses of the above valuable description are not more plentiful among us, or rather one reason alone will suffice. We owe our defects to a total absence of all regular principles in our general breeding system. The reader will perceive, that I leave out of the question the few judicious and intelligent breeders, from whose laudable exertions, at different periods, we owe all that is valuable in our various races of horses. The business of stock-breeding, which is properly scientific, and therefore requires the aid of philosophy and reflection, is from necessity, as it should seem, the far greater part of it, in the hands of the most ignorant and untutored, perhaps the most prejudiced and obstinate of mankind. It is a mere chance-medley affair. Does a countryman wish to breed a horse? His solicitude and attention, seldom extend farther than to the size of the animals he chooses for that purpose; provided they be high enough, large enough, and at hand, the business is done; the species, and conformation of the mare in particular, and her aptitude for the intended purpose, are considerations which seldom occur; or if they do, are usually thrown aside, as if they really bore no relation whatever to the question. Now this happens to be the most important point of all others, without recurring to the general idea of the superior consequence of the female in the affair of procreation; for granting the stallion to be thorough shaped and pro-

per, (and it is much likelier for a common breeder to find a good stallion, than to possess a good brood mare) yet if the mare be defective and faulty, there can be no just reason to expect the produce will be perfect. Not a few of our horses clearly evince, by their appearance, the probability of inheriting their numerous defects, both from sire and dam. I am sorry to remark, that these strictures, not only apply to our general run of casual breeders throughout the country, but in a great measure also, to the considerable ones of the northern, usually styled the breeding countries; and the reader will find these sentiments confirmed in the Yorkshire Tour of the elegant and enlightened Mr Marshall.

It results from these premises, that our intelligent breeders have brought the horses of this country to a sufficient, or rather perhaps to the highest degree of perfection. The finest models of all denominations, both for beauty and use, are to be found in England. All that is now wanted, is a transfer of the bulk of the business of the stud, from ignorant to intelligent hands; the certain consequence of which fortunate change would be, as great a plenty, as there is now a scarcity of good horses. There are, it is true, a formidable host of discouraging circumstances in the train of the best concerted breeding plan, even where there is an ample range of proper land. The capital required to go into it to any extent, is considerable; the requisite attention great and constant; for it is a business which often fails from being trusted entirely to ignorant grooms; to reflect upon the distant period to which a man must attend the reward of his labour and expence, and that after all, he may purchase horses at much less cost than he can breed them is disheartening. It is indeed true, that the breeders of a great part of our horses are not reimbursed the cost; of which they would be convinced, were they in the habits of calculation. But that objection is of no validity against capital stock, which must inevitably, for a series of years to come, command an adequate price; and if we take into the question the universal destruction of horses throughout the whole continent, occasioned by the present most cruel and disastrous war, and that they must be, in part at least, recruited from hence, I think it may be very safely pronounced, that at no former period, was the prospect of breeding so inviting as at the present moment.

Various complaints have been made against the too great number of horses bred in England, which I believe to be totally groundless, on any account, as far as relates to horses intended for the saddle, and quick draft; for which no other animals can be placed in substitution; as to cart-horses (the least useful of the species) such complaints are certainly just.

Of the Horses of foreign countries, I have a right to say but little from my own experience; and the relations of travellers, and of those who have improved upon them, are intitled to little dependance since none of them, that I can discover, were good jockies. The celebrated Mr Bruce, who plumes himself upon his ignorance of the turf, tells of an excellent race of horses, which he found at Sennear,

sixteen hands high, at four years old, if they continue to grow in that country, as long as with us, they must be, no doubt, stately animals at six; only somewhat difficult to mount. It is pretty generally agreed, however, of that traveller, that he was given to make use of the common privilege; to which, if we add his acknowledged want of skill in horses, we shall be justified in subtracting somewhat from his account of the height of those at Sennear.

Dr. Russel, in his natural history of Aleppo, gives us as particular and satisfactory an account of the horses of the circumjacent countries, as could be expected; and no doubt a just one, as far as it goes. He describes the Turkish horses of a large make, and martial appearance; the Arabs more slender, and less showy, but beautifully turned, more swift, and more hardy. The Syrians he commends for their beauty and goodness; and also for that remarkable gentleness of nature, familiarity with man, and docility, for which the Arabians are so distinguished; the consequence, in some measure, no doubt, of that humanity and kindness, with which they are treated by their masters.

The Eastern countries are seldom the theatre of change or improvement; and their horses, it may be fairly presumed, are much the same, in all respects, as in ancient times. Arabia, Persia, Syria, Egypt, Barbary, still continue the chief breeding countries, whence India, Turkey, and various other parts, are supplied.

I have never seen but one Spanish horse; he was a chesnut, sixteen hands high, very much resembling our Yorkshire half bred horses, which are applied to the purpose of getting coach cattle, and strong nags. This horse was represented to me as of the best race in Spain, but evidently shewed to be of a mixed breed, his head being ill set on, and his shape, in general, irregular; his shoulder was tolerably well placed, his legs flat and feet very good. As to the famed Andalusian horses, and the jennets of Spain, I can find no account of them but in old books, or late writers, who appear to have copied from them.

Although there always have been, and I suppose are at present, considerable breeding studs in Germany, and in different parts of Europe, it does not appear that any great improvements have been effected; on the contrary, in some European countries the horses have degenerated, or they are eclipsed by the superior fame of those of England. A Treatise on the different Studs of Europe, was published by M. Fluzard, in 1788. I have not seen the book, but I must own my expectations from it are not very sanguine; all that I have read upon the subject, either in French, or from the Italian, being chiefly a repetition of the exploded notions and practices of former times, with some few additional particulars, which, if new, are not a whit more to the purpose.

Of the present state of the coursers, war-horses, and coach-horses of Naples, formerly so celebrated, I know nothing.

The Germans and Swiss, are represented to me as a heavy, misshapen race, not remarkably well fitted for any purpose. The Hun-

garians, and those bordering on the Eastern countries, no doubt partake in a degree, of the symmetry, speed, and goodness of the horses of Asia; but I have often remarked a singular deviation of nature from her general rule, in horses bred in Germany, and in different parts of the continent of Europe; they have appeared well-proportioned with the undoubted marks of oriental origin, or what we term blood; and yet, on trial, have exhibited no proofs of the characteristic property—speed.

The horses of France, although generally inferior hitherto, will, I conceive, one day, equal our own in all respects. There is every thing in the soil and climate of that great and glorious country to warrant such a supposition. The attempts made by their sporting nobility a few years past, to breed racers, ill-judged and ill-directed as they generally were, yet evidently proved their ability to rival us upon the turf; and the readiest mode the convention can now adopt, to raise a superior breed of horses, for all purposes (an object which they have much at heart) is to give encouragement to the noble and rational diversion of horse-racing. The horses of Normandy are, at present, as I am informed, by a military friend, who served in France until the execution of the king, upon an equality with the general run of our own. He describes them as bearing a resemblance to the stock of Eclipse, chestnut, with a blaze in the face, and white legs behind; good trotters, active, hardy, and well fitted for the troop. They travelled, it seems, sometimes on their marches, seventy and eighty miles per day.

The countries upon the Baltic produce active, hardy, clean-limbed saddle horses, perhaps an original race, without any mixture of Asiatic blood. Such as I have seen from Norway, were dun-coloured, small, but thick-set and very well shaped. I have known good stock raised from Norway mares, and our bred horses. I have heard of capital trotters, and of good size, in Sweden and Russia.

In the vast plains of South America, where European industry and tyranny have not yet penetrated, it is well known there are numerous herds of wild horses, in the original state of nature. These have increased to their present numbers from a few put on shore by the Spaniards, more than two centuries ago. Although the produce of Spanish stock, formerly held in such high estimation, they are represented by those who have seen them of late years, as small thick-headed, and ill-shaped. I have my doubts of the existence of wild horses, in any other part of the world.

Our brethren of the United States of North America, well aware of the consequence of this excellent animal to the interests, and the comforts of human society, have been, for a number of years, taking the proper steps to replenish their extensive and fertile regions with a race of horses worthy of them. They have occasionally imported some of the best bred stallions and mares, from this country. The famous Sharks, which was perhaps, after Childers and Eclipse, the best horse that ever ran over English ground, which beat all the horses of his time, both speedy and stout, each at their own game, and won his

owner twenty thousand guineas, has for some years continued to stock the plains of Virginia with high racing blood. I am credibly informed, that a noble lord of great celebrity in the annals of the turf, offered ten thousand guineas for this famous horse, the day on which he was finally withdrawn from his labours, covered, with the honours of the course. In the Jerseys, Tallyho, a son of Highflyer, and several well-bred horses, cover with great success, and to the considerable emolument of their owners. A sporting friend of mine, who was in America during the late unfortunuate war, described their saddle-horses as a light, spider-legged, sickle-hamned race, with much more activity than lasting goodness, resembling the worst of our half breeds. Brissot, who travelled those countries afterwards, and mentions the great exertions of their stages upon the road, extending sometimes to ninety-six miles in a day, seems to think their horses inadequate in strength, and that the care bestowed upon them, and the keep, are by no means sufficient. But there can be no doubt, that the late great emigrations from Yorkshire, with some of the best cattle, will also import into America, the just and generous stable-economy of old England.

The few hacks and hunters of Ireland, which have come under my observation, appeared to me to vary no otherwise from English-bred horses, than that they were somewhat more slim, and sharper built; perhaps they have naturally a little more fire. The following account of the present state of Equestrian affairs in Ireland, I received in April, 1796, from a man who has had more than forty years experience in horses; and who had returned the preceding week from Dublin, where he had resided a considerable time, as an assistant at one of the horse repositories. "They have few or none of those large cart-horses so common in this country; those they have, for the most part, ill-shaped, loose, and leggy. Their saddle-horses naturally as good as ours; but in general, poorly kept, worse groomed, and still worse shod. In the latter respect, they are thirty years behind us; the feet of their hacks, even in Dublin, being torn to pieces by weight of iron and nails like skewers. Their hunters the highest leapers in the world, being trained to it from their being first bitted. Prices considerable under ours; good coaching-like nags, and chappmen's horses, being sold at the repositories for ten or twelve pounds each. They excel even the good people of England, in anticipating the strength of their horses, and wearing them out early; and deem them aged at the sixth year. Their hay ill-made, spoiled by standing too long before the grass is cut, and afterwards, by not being stacked. It is carried loose to market. General want of industry among the Irish, and the rage of setting up for *Gentlemen*, so universal and contagious, that no sooner has a man acquired a few hundred pounds, by the exertion of an unfashionable industry, than he scorns to turn his attention to any thing farther, than the readiest means of spending it. Freight of horses to Park-gate, two guineas each."

I intreat the good citizens of Ireland, to excuse my detailing the above unfavourable particulars, and to observe, that I speak merely

from the report of another. If the picture be false, or overcharged (which my partiality for the gallant character of the Irish makes me anxiously wish) they will pass it over with a forbearing smile; if in any respect true, their serious reflections upon it, will prove the first step towards amendment.

Our author's remarks on the external conformation of the Horse, are very interesting. He says—

I shall now (after a few preliminary remarks) present the reader with a general description of the external conformation of the horse, grounded, I conceive, upon just principles of theory, and confirmed by experience. By a general description, I would be understood to intend such an one, as is equally applicable to the racer, and the cart-horse; the particulars wherein they differ, will be explained in the course of the work, under the distinct heads. In laying down certain rules, as the standard of beauty and proportion in horses, human judgment has, no doubt, been guided by the observation of the best natural models; these have been originally furnished by the coursers of Arabia, according to all history and tradition, the oldest breed in the world, and proved from all experience, to be the best shaped. I have already observed upon the ingenuity of those geometrical rules and calculations, adopted in the French veterinary schools, for the purpose of fixing a standard of just proportions for the horse; and had I room to spare, I should borrow them of Saintbel, who has freely borrowed of other authors, both French and English; but it does not come within my plan to be so mathematically exact.

The head of a horse should be void of flesh, and for length and size, appear to hold fair proportion with the size of his body; his eye full, and somewhat prominent; eye-lids thin and dry; ears thin, narrow, erect, of middling length, and not distant from each other; forehead flat, not too large or square, and running nearly in a straight line, to the muzzle, which should be small and fine; nostrils capacious; lips thin; mouth of sufficient depth, and the tongue not too large; the jaw bones wide at top, where they join the neck; the head not abruptly affixed to the extremity of the neck, but with a moderate curve and tapering of the latter.

The neck must be of moderate, not too great length, nor too thick and gross on the upper part, nor too large and deep, but rising from the withers or forehead, and afterwards declining and tapering at the extremity, it will form somewhat of an arch; underneath, the neck should be straight from the chest, and by no means convex, or bellying out.

The shoulders capacious, and of large extent, so as to appear the most conspicuous part of the body, but without being loaded with flesh; they should reach fairly to the top of the withers which must be well raised; the chest should be sufficiently full, not narrow or pinched.

The body deep and substantial; back a plane of good width, but handsomely rounded; back-bone straight, or with a trifling inclination, and not too short; loins wide, and the muscles of the reins, or

fillets, full and swelling on each side the back-bone ; the space sufficient between the ribs and hipbones, the bones themselves round, and the buttocks deep and oval ; the rump level with, or not too much elevated above, the height of the withers ; the croup must have reasonable space, and not sink too suddenly, in which case, the tail would be set on too low, which ought to be nearly on a level with the back.

The hinder quarters should spread to a wider extent than the fore-parts, and the hind-feet stand farther asunder than those before ; the thighs should be straight, large, muscular, and of considerable length ; the hock wide and clean, the shank not too long, but flat, and of sufficient substance, its sinew large and distinct, the fetlocks long ; the hocks should form an angle, of such extent as to place the feet immediately under the flanks. The fore-arms, like the thighs, should be large, muscular, and of good length, the elbows not turning outwards ; the knees large and lean ; the shank, or cannon-bone, flat, strong, and not too long ; the tendon large ; the forearm and shank, must form nearly a straight line ; fetlock-joints large and clean ; pasterns inclining to a certain degree, not too long, but large in proportion to their length ; the coronary rings not thick, or swelled, but clean, dry, and hairy ; the feet neither too high, nor too flat, and of size apparently a sufficient base for the weight they have to sustain ; hoofs of colour dark and shining ; without seams or wrinkles, tough and strong not hard like oak ; foot internally concave, sole hard, but not shrunk, heels wide, and of middling height ; frog not too large or fleshy, but rough and sound ; the feet of equal size, should stand exactly parallel, so that the front or toe incline neither inward nor outward ; the forefeet should stand perpendicular to the chest, not too much under it, and they should be less wide apart than the fore-arms ; the legs should not be loaded with hair.

The age of a horse, it is sufficiently well-known, is only determinable with precision by his teeth ; and that rule fails after a certain period, and is sometimes equivocal and uncertain, even within that period. A horse has forty teeth ; namely, twenty-four double teeth or grinders, four tushes, or single teeth, and twelve front teeth, or catherers. Mares have no tushes, in general. The mark, which discovers the age, is to be found in the front teeth, next the tushes. In a few weeks, with some the foal's twelve fore teeth begin to shoot ; these are short, round, white and easily distinguishable from the adult or horse's teeth, with which they come afterwards to be mixed. At some period between two and three years old, the colt changes his teeth ; that is to say, he sheds the four middle fore teeth, two above, and two below, which are some time after replaced with horses teeth. After three years old, two others are changed, one on each side the former : he has then eight colt's, and four horse's teeth. After four year's old, he cuts four new teeth, one on each side those last replaced and has at that age eight horse's and four foal's teeth. These last new teeth are slow growers, compared with the preceding ; they are the corner teeth, next the tushes, are called pincers, and are those which bear the mark ; this mark consists in the tooth being hollow,

and in the cavity bearing a black spot, resembling the eye of a bean. At four years and a half old, these mark teeth are just visible above the gum, and the cavity is very conspicuous. At five years old, the horse sheds his remaining four colt's teeth, and his tusches appear. At six, his tusches are up, and appear white, small, and sharp, near about which, is observable, a small circle of young growing flesh; the horse's mouth is now complete, and the black mark has arrived at, or very near the upper extremity of the corner teeth. At seven the two middle teeth fill up. Between the seventh and eighth year, all the teeth are filled up, the black mark hath vanished, and the horse is then said to be aged, and his mouth full.

From that time forward, the age of the horse can only be guessed at from certain indications: but these guesses are usually made with considerable accuracy by experienced people. If his teeth shut close, and meet even, are tolerably white, not over long, and his gums appear plump you may conclude he is not yet nine years old. At that age, and as he advances, his teeth become yellow and foul, and appear to lengthen, from the shrinking and receding of the gums. The tusches are blunt at nine; but at ten years old, the cavity or channel in the upper tusches, until that period to be felt by the finger, are entirely filled up. At eleven, the teeth will be very long, black and foul, but will generally meet even; at twelve his upper-jaw teeth will overhang the nether; at thirteen and upwards, his tusches will be either worn to the stumps, or long, black, and foul, like those of an old boar. Besides those exhibited by the mouth, nature ever furnishes variety of signals, denoting the approach of old age and decay, throughout the bodies of all animal. After a horse has past his prime, a hollowness of his temples will be perceived, his muscles will be continually losing something of their plumpness, and his hair that gloss and burnish, which is the characteristic of youth and prime; it will look dead, faded, or entirely lose its colour, in various parts. In proportion to the excess of these appearances, will be the horse's age.

The following, are among the devices practised by a set of unfeeling rascals, who have no other rule of conduct than their supposed interest, to counterfeit the marks of age in horses. At four years old, they will frequently knock out the remaining colt's teeth, in order to make the horse appear five; but you will be convinced of the fraud by the non-appearance of the tusches; and if it be a mare, by the shortness and smallness of the corner teeth, and indeed of the teeth in general. To give an old horse the mark, is termed, to bishop him; of the derivation of this term I have no knowledge. They burn a hole in each of the corner teeth, and make the shell fine and thin, with some iron instrument, scraping all the teeth to make them white sometimes they even file them all down short and even. To this they add another operation; they pierce the skin over the hollow of the eye and blow it up with a quill; but such manoeuvres can deceive only the inexperienced, and in case of dispute would be detected in an instant.

Of the colours of horses, nothing in my opinion can be said more to the purpose, than to repeat an adage of old Bracken, "A good

horse is never of a bad colour." Modern light and experience, have been happily employed in detecting and exploding the theoretic whimsies of antiquity, upon almost all subjects; among the rest, upon that of attributing this or that good or evil quality, or temperament, to the colour of a horse. All that I am warranted in saying, from my own observation, is that I have seen more bad horses, of all kinds, among the light bays, with light-coloured legs and muzzle, than amongst any other colours; and the most good saddle and coach-horses among the common bays, with black legs and manes, and the chocolate browns. This, in all probability, has been accidental.

ON THE RIGHTS OF BEASTS.

E'en the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal suff'rance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies—

Notwithstanding the constant and professed aversion of a considerable part of mankind to the discussion of abstract principles, it appears to me an axiom, that truth, be whatever the subject, is to be discovered by no other means; and that they who form a judgment upon a less laboured process, will obtain only a superficial knowledge, which may urge them to determinations in opposition to the laws of justice and humanity, and to the general interests of society, with which their own must be necessarily involved. This observation applies materially to the subject before us. The barbarous, unfeeling, and capricious conduct of man to the brute creation, has been the reproach of every age and nation. Whence does it originate? How happens it that so large a portion of cruelty remains to tarnish the glory of the present enlightened times, and even to sully the English character, so universally renowned for the softer feelings of humanity? We are to search for the cause of this odious vice, rather in custom which flatters the indolence of man, by saving him the trouble of investigation, and in the defect of early tuition, than in a natural want of sensibility in the human heart, or in the demands of human interest.

It has ever been, and still is, the invariable custom of the bulk of mankind, not even excepting legislators, both religious and civil, to look upon brutes as mere machines, animated, yet without souls endowed with feelings, but utterly devoid of rights; and placed without the pale of justice. From these supposed defects, and from the idea, ill understood, of their being created merely for the use and purposes of man, have the feelings of beasts, their lawful, that is, natural interests and welfare, been sacrificed to his convenience, his cruelty, or his caprice.

It is but too easy to demonstrate by a series of melancholy facts, that brute creatures are not yet in the contemplation of any people, reckoned within the scheme of general justice; that they reap only the benefit of a partial and inefficacious kind of compassion. Yet it is easy to prove by analogies drawn from our own, that they also have

souls; and perfectly consistent with reason to infer a gradation of intellect, from the spark which animates the most minute mortal exiguity, up to sum of infinite intelligence, or the general soul of the universe.

By a recurrence to principles, it will appear that life, intelligence and feeling, necessarily imply rights. Justice, in which are included mercy or compassion, obviously refer to sense and feeling. Now is the essence of justice divisible? Can there be one kind of justice for men and another for brutes? Or is feeling in them a different thing to what it is in ourselves? Is not a beast produced by the same rule, and in the same order of generation with ourselves? Is not his body nourished by the same food, hurt by the same injuries; his mind actuated by the same passions and affections which animate the human breast; and does not he also, at last, mingle his dust with ours, and in like manner surrender up the vital spark to the aggregate or fountain of intelligence? Is this spark or soul to perish because it chanced to belong to a beast? Is it to become annihilate? Tell me, learned philosophers, how that may possibly happen.

If you deny unto beasts their rights, and abandon them to the simple discretion of man, in all cases, without remedy, you defraud them of those benefits and advantages acceded to them by Nature herself, and commit a heinous trespass against her positive ordinances, as founded on natural justice. You deprive them in a great measure even of compassion, but previous to an attempt to vindicate the rights of animals, it is no doubt necessary to determine specifically in what it consists. They arise then spontaneously from the conscience, or sense of moral obligation in man, who is indispensably bound to bestow upon animals, in return for the benefit he derives from their services, "good and sufficient nourishment, comfortable shelter, and merciful treatment; to commit no wanton outrage upon their feelings, whilst alive, and to put them to the speediest and least painful death, when it shall be necessary to deprive them of life."

It is a lamentable truth, that the breach of these obligations has ever been attended with impunity here; but if we suppose that such will be the case hereafter, the very foundation of the doctrine of future rewards and punishments is at once swept away. *La morte est sommeil eternal*. We may as well, at once, adopt the imperfect principle of Diderot, who in his *Jean le Fataliste*, instructs us, that "could he take a view of the chain of causes and effects which constitutes the life of an individual, from the first instant of his birth to his last breath, we should be convinced, that he has done no one thing but what he was necessarily compelled to do."

I am aware of a small sect of *Bramins* among us, who are disposed to proceed a step beyond me, and to deny that nature has conferred any such right on man, as that of taking the lives of animals, or of eating their flesh. These, I suppose, are the legitimate descendants of the saints of Butler's days, who were for

—— abolishing black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in.

Certain philosophers there are also in Paraguay, (if travellers may be depended upon) who will not eat sheep, lest they should get children covered with wool; a very rational apprehension, *a priori*, no doubt. Noxious and dangerous animals, I suppose, are included in this system of extreme sensibility; and in order to carry it to full perfection, it would become necessary to build hospitals for lice and fleas.

It is true every custom, however ancient or universally established, ought to be subject to the tribunal of reason; and this of killing and feeding upon the flesh of animals, will, I apprehend, abide the severest scrutiny. Nature herself, by rendering it necessary, has established the legality of putting a period to harmless or useless existence; she has also established the carnivorous system upon the same foundation; and the pretended superior salubrity to man, of feeding entirely upon the fruits of the earth, is warranted by neither reason nor experience. By the scheme of universal Providence, the services between man and beast are intended to be reciprocal; and the greater part of the latter can by no other means require human-labour and care, than by the forfeiture of life. Were it not permitted to man to destroy animals, it is evident they would overstock the earth; and in numberless cases it is an act of mercy to take their lives.

Thus much for the theory of right in animals; which, I trust, will not be controverted by those of sound minds, and feeling hearts, to whom this treatise is more particularly addressed. But the bare acknowledgment of the right, will be but of small avail to the unfortunate objects of our solicitude, unless some mode of practical remedy can also be devised. On that head I shall venture to deliver my sentiments.

The grand source of the unmerited and superfluous misery of beasts, exists, in my opinion, in a defect in the constitution of all communities. No human government, I believe, has ever recognized the *jus animalium* which surely ought to form a part of the jurisprudence of every system, founded on the principles of justice and humanity. The simple right of these four-legged and mute citizens hath already been discussed. Experience plainly demonstrates the inefficacy of mere morality to prevent aggression, and the necessity of coercive laws for the security of rights. I therefore propose that the Rights of Beasts be formally acknowledged by the state, and that a law be framed upon that principle, to guard and protect them from acts of flagrant and wanton cruelty, whether committed by their owners or others.

As the law stands at present, no man is punishable for an act of the most extreme cruelty to a brute animal, but upon the principle of an injury done to the property of another; of course the owner of a beast has the tacit allowance of the law to inflict upon it, if he shall so please, the most horrid barbarities. If such enormities had never been, or were not now too frequently perpetrated, these speculations had never seen the light.

In the trial of William Parker, (July sessions, 1794,) for tearing out the tongue of a mare, Mr Justice Heath said, "In order to convict a man for barbarous treatment of a beast, it was necessary it

should appear that he had malice towards the prosecutor." Thus we see, had the mare been the property of this fiend, he had escaped punishment.

In November, 1793, two Manchester butchers were convicted in the penalty of twenty shillings each, for cutting off the feet of living sheep, and driving them through the streets. Had the sheep been their own property, they might, with impunity, either have dissected them alive, or burned them alive; particularly, if in imitation of certain examples, they could have made any allegation of profit.

A butcher, in * * * street, has been more than once seen to hang a poor calf up alive, with the gambrell stuck through its sinews, and the rope thrust through his nostrils, until the bleating of the the tortured animal has disturbed the neighbourhood. But who shall prevent this man, seeing he does but torture his own property, for his own amusement and satisfaction?

Whilst I am writing this, I have received information of a poor horse's tongue having been cut out, and of several cattle having been hamstrung, and otherwise treated with the most diabolical cruelty.

It results from such premises, that unless you make legal and formal recognition of the Rights of Beasts, you cannot punish cruelty and aggression without trespassing upon right of property. Divest property of the usurped and fictitious addition to its right, and you have the means of protecting animals, and securing the dearest interests of morality.

A law of this nature would effectually sweep away all those hellish nuisances, miscalled sports; such as the baiting and torturing animals to death, throwing at cocks, hunting tame ducks, sometimes with a wretched owl fastened to their backs, eating live cats, and the like; in which savage exertations, the unnatural and preposterous idea is fostered and encouraged, that one animal can derive sporting and pleasing sensations, from witnessing the lingering tortures, and excruciating sensibility of another. An idea in which human reason is totally overset by barbarous custom; and a single one, among innumerable proofs of the necessity of a perpetual recourse to first principles.

No true and lawful, that is to say, rational, useful, and delightful sports, would be interrupted by this regulation, but rather confirmed, illustrated, and improved. No right of property would be infringed in the smallest degree. The manners of a people are necessarily formed by the government under which they live; and an injunction, proceeding from such high authority, in support of natural justice, and in favour of the helpless and unoffending part of the creation, would, in process of time, have the happiest influence upon the feelings and moral conduct of men. It would be the first step towards those auxiliary measures necessary to render the system of humanity effectual and complete; which are, to make the rights of beasts a material branch of education, and to afford a sanction to those who are emulous to stand forward volunteers in the noble cause of justice and mercy.

It is now necessary to attend to the practical part of the subject, to adduce such examples as experience and recollection may suggest, and to afford such hints as I hope I may flatter myself will produce some small tendency towards the desired reformation. I have been by no means unmindful, from the beginning of this treatise, of the censure and ridicule to which I am exposing myself from the indolent, the prejudiced, and the naturally hard-hearted; and it is pleasant to reflect, that without doubt such have already in their ideas, provided me with a snug corner in the holy temple of Methodism. But I assure myself that the humane and philosophic will support, with their countenance, the man who is engaged in defending the cause of the innocent, the helpless, and the oppressed; and even if otherwise, I will place my foot upon the everlasting pillar of truth, still open to conviction; no, I will look down with the calmest indifference upon all such animadversions as are the result of precipitate thinking, or interested sophistry. Besides, the time is arrived when we ought all to challenge the right of speaking our minds freely, and without reserve, be whatever the subject. There is no other road to truth and reformation. Let us pledge ourselves, one and all, to follow it.

Of all things in the world, however, let me not be suspected of desiring to abridge the pleasures and enjoyments of life; on the contrary, I shall be found, in the course of this work, a willing, although, perhaps, a weak advocate, for all those sports, which inspire mirth and hilarity, and promote health, by steeling the constitution with pleasing labour. It requires only a just turn of thinking, and a due contempt for blind and stolid custom, to feel convinced that pleasurable sensations and cruelty are incompatible.

Nature seems to have divided human, and even brute minds, into two classes; such as are indifferent to, or have a hearty contempt for helplessness and distress; and such whose hearts are ever attracted by suffering misfortune, and who, from a natural impulse, range themselves by its side. These last have hitherto been invariably in the minority.*

I will run as quickly, and as briefly as possible, through the most material of the various abuses, of Horses in particular, which I have noticed. I declare it with the sincerest pleasure, I have not of late heard of that detestable practice, which formerly disgraced the conduct of many of our unthinking young men, who paid for driving tired horses, for the purpose of enjoying the unnatural pleasure of inflicting upon them the utmost tortures of the whip, in proportion as their strength and ability were exhausted. When cruelty, or unnecessary severity, is practised in horse-racing, it is usually among ignorant and black-guard pretenders; the true gentleman-sportsman, from his knowledge and experience, is able to judge with sufficient accuracy

* We were proceeding with Mr Lawrence, in his abstract principles; but finding him travel beyond us on points which may not prove so acceptable to our readers, as more practical information, we shall leave a space, and take him up again at page 145.

of the extent of his horse's powers; and to discriminate between the correction necessary to excite their exertion, and bootless cruelty. Such a character would ever rather choose to err on the side of humanity, if, in any sense, that could be called an error. Some jockies are in the odious habit of butchering and cutting up their horses unnecessarily, or merely to make an ostentatious display of their powers in their use of the whip and spur; to speak the truth, they lie under a disagreeable predicament in the case; their bread being at stake, they must not incur suspicion; but I have known men of that class, of feeling hearts as well as keen heads, and who possessed the justest ideas of compassion. The following anecdote will serve the purpose of farther illustration. Some years since, a young jockey, who was in no particular service, but rode for various employers, described to me, very feelingly, the painful situation in which he then found himself: he had lately ridden the horse of a certain man, who kept several in training, and of whom he earned a good deal of money; but notwithstanding the utmost exertion of his strength and skill, with a particular horse, he found it impossible to win. He was engaged to ride the same horse again, at a place where he was sure to meet the same, or in all probability, horses of yet superior form. He represented to his employer the impossibility of winning, for although his horse was both stout and honest, his antagonists went so much too fast for him, that he could make no impression upon them, even by running distress every yard of the course. Such reasoning was not calculated to make any impression upon the solid sconce, or marble heart of this Smithfield Sportsman. He chided the lad for his too great tenderness to the horse in the last race; and for the succeeding one, his orders were, "Make him win, or cut his bloody entrails out.—Mark, if you don't give him his belly-full of whip, you never ride again for me—I'll find horse, if you'll find whip and spur!" The generous little horse ran three four-mile heats without flinching, or hanging for a single stroke, with that excess of exertion, that his very eye-balls seemed ready to start from their sockets, but unsuccessfully; and, with an aching heart, I saw him literally cut up alive, from his shoulder to his flank, his sheath in ribbands, and his testicles laid bare. To my great mortification, no one took it in hand to rebuke the thick-headed miscreant who was the author of this useless piece of cruelty, except his jockey, who swore he would perish for want, sooner than repeat such an act of blasted infamy.

Few sporting people, in or near the metropolis, but have heard of the hard fate of the poor old flea-bitten grey gelding. This excellent creature, though not a full-bred horse, thrice ran twenty-two miles within the hour, over the hard road. By way of reward for such uncommon excellence, he was afterwards, when his powers had declined, killed in an unsuccessful match, with circumstances of the most horrid barbarity. I have been informed, he was whipped to that excess, that his entrails were visible, and even hung trailing on the ground; I speak from information only, and heartily wish the owner, if he be still alive, may have it in his power to contradict a story so

much to his discredit. The ill-judged and unskillful attempts of ignorant people, at matching and racing upon the hard road, (which they prefer) are almost ever attended with disgusting circumstances of cruelty.

But the most fruitful source of misery to horses, is that they are committed (through necessity in a great measure perhaps) to the absolute discretion, in all respects, of their drivers; a majority of whom are the least enlightened, the most hardened and profligate of all the lower people. Here the generality of proprietors commit a great error against their own and the interests of humanity. A man with a well-informed mind, however ignorant he may chance to be of horses, or of the established routine of stable discipline, may be superior, in one respect, to the most skilful groom or driver. I mean in that science which teaches the government of the temper both of man and horse; and there is a perfect analogy.—The ignorant and brutal mind is too prone to tyranny, and measures of barbarous and savage coercion. You'll see a man of this sort, to whom the management of horses is committed, everlastingly intent upon glutting his vindictive disposition, for every fault, real or supposed, which the poor animals may chance to commit: whereas it is a truth, grounded upon the experience of ages, and confirmed by the best judges of the present time, that the obedience of Horses is best inculcated and secured by mild methods, and by overlooking trifling faults; and that from such treatment, we shall reap the greatest possible benefit from their labours. I here foresee a difficulty arising in the minds of gentlemen, and owners of horses, and I will do my endeavour to help them out of the dilemma. It would surely be no great trouble, nor productive of any inconvenience, for a gentleman or lady to say to a newly-hired coachman, carter, or groom,—“Take notice, beasts have both sense and feeling, and I am told by experienced people, that horses are best governed by gentle usage. I am determined to permit no other to mine. I will have no foul blows given, nor suffer my cattle to be wealed and marked with the whip. If any of them will not do without such usage, prove it to me, and I will change them. I shall look and enquire strictly into your conduct, and the instant you disobey me, in this respect, you are no longer my servant.”

Much mischief and cruelty ensues from indulging the petty vanity, and knowing conceits of country carters. I knew a villain of that class, who, being offended at the figure and condition of a horse, which his master had purchased for the plough, continued to drive him by the whip, to sustain more than his share of the labour; at feeding times inhumanly tying his head up to the rack, to prevent his reaching the corn, until in a short time the poor animal dropped down dead in the stable, from excessive labour, and want of sustenance. Great barbarity is too often exercised, to no manner of purpose, upon those horses, the nature of which will not permit them to draw, what are called, dead pulls.

In town, the absurd method of shoeing cart and coach horses, in particular, is productive of a thousand cruelties and dangers. The

dispositions of Horses vary in the same manner and degrees, as we observe those of the human race. Some of them will dash forward, through thick and thin, or over whatever ways, without the smallest solicitude, whether they stand or fall; others, on the contrary, have ever an anxious care upon them, to keep themselves up; and in a difficult or slippery way, take every step with the utmost precaution; these last suffer most cruelly upon London stones, when slippery with sun or frost, from the brutality of their drivers.

You will frequently see a gentleman's coachman whipping one of his horses, with the most brutal fury, the whole length of a street. This practice is so very common, that it doubtless leads people to suppose it to be perfectly right, and in order. Now I have, for many years, paid particular attention to it, and can scarce recollect an instance where such correction was on just grounds, or likely to be attended with good effects. On examination, I have generally found it has been used, because the horse unavoidably trod in a hole, or slipped from bad shoeing; that it was a misfortune, not a fault in the horse, or that, in all probability, he was totally ignorant for what reason he was corrected. This last consideration, overlooked by the ignorant, is surely of the utmost importance. Even in the case of a fault, it may be relied on, that nine parts in ten, at least, of the correction used must be superfluous, as is most of that brutal whipping, which we see practised on an embarrass, at the door of the play-house, or other public place.

The humane reader, who has been accustomed to perambulate the streets of the metropolis, will recollect that he has often observed a carman, with his whip hoisted aloft, upon his arm, and his countenance marked with all the insolence of petty tyranny, strutting along the foot-path, and calling his fore-horse towards him. This necessary manœuvre, of "Come hither, who-o'" the little tyrant of the whip is determined to inculcate by dint of the utmost rigour and by absolutely breaking the spirit of the beast; whence ensue carelessness, stubbornness, uncertainty, and desperation; instead of using mild and persuasive methods, attempered with occasional slight correction, in virtue of which he might, almost to a certainty, ensure the willing and steady obedience of his horse. At one instant the horse is whipped for holding too close to his driver, at the next for bearing off too much; now, for going too fast, then again, for going too slow; bye and bye for stopping, afterwards because he did not stop; that the faculties of the poor beast are totally confounded, and caused to degenerate into an inert and stagnant state of insensibility, instead of making a progress in that ratio of improvement, of which they are so highly capable. Hence the source of many of those accidents, which daily occur. Does a stage coach man commit an error, with his eye or his finger, from which a horse's mouth receives a wrong direction, and an accident occurs? thinking the horse ought to have understood him, although it is probable he did not understand himself, or ashamed that his skill should be questioned, Mr Hell-driver proceeds to whipping, with all his new and home

cuts, perhaps for a whole street's length, distressing all his other horses, and running the utmost risk of a new accident. In short, the examples I could give, and the proofs of the inutility, as well as barbarity, of the far greater part of that correction, which we daily see given to horses, would be endless. The standing orders of masters ought to be, *parce puer stimulis*—"I will not suffer my horses to be whipped, for the more whip, the greater necessity; and you may proceed from a whip to a cat-o-nine tails."

The brutal cruelty of the Smithfield drovers, has been an immemorial disgrace upon the character of the people of this country; and I should not obtain credit, were I to state the number of lives, which appear from old magazines and newspapers, to have been lost, from accidents by over-driven cattle, within the last fifty years. The late exertions of the City Magistracy, to check these infernal practices, have done them immortal honour; the regulations they have caused to be put up in Smithfield, are excellent, and have no doubt been attended with considerable good effect. But it is impossible, in the beginning, to do more than barely check so inveterate a disease, even with the best remedies. To declare the fact, the fault by no means lies with the drovers exclusively, but is to be attributed to those relics of barbarity which are still latent in the minds of the people. How indeed are they to discriminate? since the most exquisite pleasure is supposed by their betters, to be derived from hunting, worrying, and tearing the living members of the most harmless and timid animals—Why not hunt bullocks, as well as hares and deer? I have heard of a fellow belonging to one of the public offices, who is so enamoured with this humane, innocent, and delectable sport of bullock-hunting, over the plains of London, that he has not missed any opportunity for years; and who, upon the first intelligence, will leave the most important business of his life, his wife in the pains of child-birth, his books unmade up, or his prayers unfinished, to follow the bullock, and the jolly cry of "D—m my eyes! why don't you box him?" from the Change to Hyde Park Corner, from that to Limehouse Hole, and from thence, were it upon the cards, to the gates of hell.

It is a fact, that needs no labour of mine to prove, that nearly all those beasts, styled mad, that is, vicious and untractable, are rendered so by the strange change of place, and by harsh and cruel usage; and that an amendment is to be sought only in the improved morals of the people. Respecting additional remedies to those already devised, I am for radical ones. I will freely confess myself a *ne plus ultra man*. I detest half measures, and palliatives, in all concerns whatever, as much as I do the patching up of a clap; and were I but persuaded, that the body politic itself was thoroughly infected, I would, without scruple, give my vote to have it hove down, that it might at once undergo a radical and effectual cure. But to the question—I cannot conceive any regulations, however prudently devised, and punctually observed, likely to be thoroughly efficacious, so long as the cattle market is held in its present situation; and one would be tempted to suppose, that it could be none other than such wisecracks, as

framed the sapient laws against fore-stalling, and regrating, to think of introducing such a dangerous nuisance, as a market for live cattle, into the heart of a populous city. Common sense, and the general weal, have long demanded the abolition of Smithfield market, and the establishment of two in lieu thereof—one on the North, and one on the south side of the metropolis; as well as the total discontinuance of slaughtering cattle within the town. But the common sense, or justice alone of a measure, are seldom any recommendation. Even were the whole Court of Aldermen to be tossed by horned cattle, their united influence would not be able to carry such a measure, as the removal of Smithfield market. A man might as well have the modesty to ask for Universal Suffrage, and the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

The advantages of this proposed change, (the removal of Smithfield market) are so many and obvious, and the rational objections so few, or rather null, that I am certainly performing a work of supererogation to expatiate. All the thousand horrors and risks of driving loose and untamed cattle, through every part of a populous city, and the hourly defilement of it, with loathsome scenes of blood and carnage, would be avoided.—The saving to the public, and to the butchers themselves, in the superior condition of the meat, would be immense; for it is well known, that from the old mode of beating, bruising, and harassing the cattle about town, and confining them in heaps, in close places, and a noisome atmosphere, they too frequently die in such a state, that their flesh is scarce wholesome even for present spending, but totally unfit for preservation by salt. This must materially affect our sea-stores. The saving in the article of manure, a most important consideration would also be great, from the convenience with which the farmer's carts might take it, from slaughtering-houses situated without the town. Instead of only two markets, north and south of the town, more might be established, if held necessary; and the slaughtering houses might be made to surround the market. The conveyance of carcases to town, could be no great object of inconvenience, since, on the present plan, they are occasionally obliged to be conveyed to a considerable distance, and every butcher already possesses some kind of vehicle.

I am convinced I shall be joined by thousands, when I assert, that any member of the legislature, who will take this public matter up earnestly, will deserve well of the country. I am aware, however, in this case, of the appearance of acting in direct opposition to my publicly professed principles, by desiring to instigate the civil government to an interference with the private concerns of the people; the grand source of all mischief in every country: but where apparent natural rights aggress upon others of equal validity, they become of themselves void, and their exercise may lawfully be suspended for the general good.

In the present state of things, I think the following additional regulations might have the use of strengthening those old ones, already in force. A steady man, at a respectable salary, ought to be employed in Smithfield, as inspector of the market; whose business it should

be, to prevent, or report, all acts of cruelty and danger.—Drovers ought to be men of steady and good character, and the strictest scrutiny occasionally made into their conduct; their responsibility in a service of fair and adequate emolument, would insure their good behaviour. General orders should be issued by the magistracy, to the officers of all the different parishes, strictly enjoining them to apprehend bullock-hunters; and it must be made the drover's duty to point them out. And lastly, as the most effectual of all remedies, mild methods of driving should be insisted on, upon pain of discharge, and incapacity of service ever after.

Many acts of cruelty to poor animals, destined to the slaughter, are overlooked, which it is damnable infamy to tolerate. As a pregnant instance, how often have I seen, with an aching heart, the wretched calves, their poor tender limbs stiffened, and rendered almost useless, by the length and jolting of their journey, precipitated head, sides, or heels first, as it might happen, from a high waggon, down upon Smithfield stones; and the barbarous, unthinking, two-legged brutes, powdered or cropped, *sans-culotte*, or in pantaloons, who generally surround the waggon to see so charming a spectacle, shouting aloud in proportion to the distressed animal's fall. Did these good christians never in their lives get a severe and stunning fall upon the stones? Dozens such to them with all my soul! it might perhaps, put them in remembrance of the propriety, of the humanity of throwing a truss of straw, or of placing some slide, or other convenience, to break the fall for the poor harmless calves.

Constant habits of business amongst cattle, renders even mild men insensible of their miseries.—There is a great deal of needless cruelty practised among butchers. Would it not be practicable to put blinds upon a bullock, previous to giving him the fatal stroke? Would it not tend to use an expedition? This occurred to me, from having seen several oxen escape after having received a blow, when they have been with much difficulty and danger recovered, and tied up again; and have not fallen at last, under perhaps a dozen strokes, which they strove to avoid with the strongest appearance of agitation and conscious terror.

I shall quit these disagreeable details, with remarking upon the mistaken humanity of those tender-hearted persons, who turn adrift a poor dog or cat which they choose not to keep, instead of fairly putting them out of the reach of want and misery. Who do they expect will entertain a poor forlorn stranger, when they are sensible themselves would drive back such a one from their door? In general, these poor outcasts are seen starving, about town, and dying by inches; or are torn to pieces by dogs, for the strange amusement of men, whose minds, in their present state, are scarce superior to those of brutes. What a perversion also of such as one would suppose the common feelings of humanity, and the obvious dictates of reason; that we can behold an unfortunate and forsaken animal, exiled, perhaps, from the hospitable board and comfortable hearth of its late owner, exposed to all the horrors of famine, wet, and cold; and to the

constant apprehension of insult and torture, pining for the loss of its happy home, and looking pitifully up into the face of every passenger, for mercy and assistance—I say, that we can behold all this, and instead of affording the poor sufferer at least a look of compassion, can make sport of its sufferings, and even heap additional miseries upon its devoted head, by endeavouring, with an industry we refuse to the better occasion, to wound, maim, and worry, and by all possible means to embitter the miserable remnant of its existence : and yet, this is the lesson which our youth are taught !

Let us not regret a small additional trouble which we may incur, by doing justice to beasts, through which we reap such immense benefits, were it only because it is natural for us to expect justice ourselves, both here and hereafter. *Virtus in actione consistit* ; and when we give up ourselves to the suggestions of mean and sordid indolence, life becomes a stagnant pool, and we defeat its first and grandest purposes. Nor let any one suppose this subject to be trifling, and of no importance ; it has exercised the abilities of some of the greatest men, both of ancient and modern times : nor yet let us despair of inculcating into the susceptible minds of Englishmen, the inferior duties of humanity ; since we know they have long since found admission into the hearts of some of those nations, whom we style barbarous and savage.

The Asiatics, in general, but particularly the Arabians, have been long renowned for their kind and merciful treatment of beasts ; these last seldom or never correct their horses, either with whip or spur ; but caress and reason with them, as animals which they perceive to be endowed with a large portion of the reasoning faculty. Hence, in a great measure, (as has been already observed) the superior docility, generosity, and affection for man, in the Arabian courser.—Amongst our northern neighbours, of Tartarian descent, the brute creation has found learned and powerful advocates ; of the most eminent of whom, was John Erisheben, an Icelandic gentleman, who about forty years since, published, at Copenhagen, his Treatise, “ *De Philippia Veterum* ;” or, of the Affection of the Ancients for Horses. I regret never to have enjoyed an opportunity of perusing this book, which I am informed, is written in pure elegant Latin.

Humanity and benevolence to helpless beasts, is (in general) a certain indication of generosity of soul, and of a natural love of justice. If it be real, not occasional or assumed, depend, such a soul harbours no seeds of lurking treachery. But I do not mean that partial kind of charity, which embraces only black cats and robins, because, forsooth, the one wears a coat of a fortunate colour, and the other is a sacred bird. A pretty conceit truly, that the *old gentleman's* colour should be the harbinger of good luck ; and that robins, the most spiteful and quarrelsome of all birds, two of whom are never seen upon one bush, should be entitled to an exclusive and privileged compassion. In one sense, perhaps, it may be perfectly right to style robin-red breasts, God Almighty's chosen dicky birds ; since they look upon all the rest of the feathered tribe as Philistines, and enter-

tain an antipathy towards them, perfectly Hebrew. To be genuine, and of catholic use, all principles must be permitted to have their universal effect.

(To be continued.)

Sporting Magazine, 1798.

THE RACING SEASON OF 'FORTY-EIGHT.

BY CRAVEN.

"A Scotchman is thinking about term-day; or, if easy upon that head, about hell in the next world."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The propensity with which the author of *Waverley* charges his countrymen is no longer likely to be confined to the north of Tweed, whatever it might have been when the passage prefixed to this paper was written. Merry England is being brought up in the school of Heraclitus—not that John Bull is fed on grass, indeed, like the ascetic of Ephesus, but that his beef and beer, his venison, and claret, are being turned to gall and bitterness. What has come o'er the spirit of the land? To what end are our blessings to become as the fruits of the Dead Sea? . . . My reflections took this view of our social characteristics as I lately passed the details of our great national sport in review before "my mind's eye." They were associated with the events of a year unparalleled in the history of the world. They, too, had had their *crosses*: the whole human communion had been upset—the turf with the "legs" uppermost. The topsy-turvy of politics was no business of mine, however: not so the complexion of the sweet courtesies. A general decay of national hilarity—a substitution of "faces that would compliment a funeral" for "wreathed smiles"—a tendency to extract gain from everything—furnished matter for grave thought. That racing should not have its changes is as little to be desired as expected. That it should alter for the worse, is for it to fall short of the character of the times: a revolution "from gay to grave" appeared to me a step in this direction. With the reader's leave, we will canvass the convenience of substituting mourning for "motley," and selecting the costume of our *menus plaisirs*, from a "mitigated melancholy" warehouse.

The popular taste has grown *triste* by degrees, and a peculiar class of our popular literature was the food on which it fed fat its fantasies, if not the seed whence this lackadaisical harvest sprung. Poets! *Beaux esprits*! Essayists! what would you be at? Caterers

for our feast of reason, "shall there be no more cakes and ale?" I open at hazard a work by the Comus of the day—a composition which may claim place as a leading specimen of the popular humour. An isolated passage can hardly convey a just idea of a writer's style or thought, but it may illustrate the tone of his production: the extract tells its own story..... "So there came one morning and sunshine, and all the world got up and set about its various works and pleasures with the exception of Old —, who was not to fight with fortune, or to hope or scheme any more; but to go and take up a quiet and utterly unknown residence in a churchyard at Brompton, by the side of his old wife.".... Now this undertaker's vein does not by any means harmonize with the implied contract between the reader and author of a volume of fun and frolic, to say nothing of the philosophy, which is vile both in a natural and moral application. It might as well be argued that Old — took up his residence in the wardrobe every time he hung his coat and pantaloons there. No one can dispute the talent of the gentleman to whose page these remarks refer, but he has adopted a faulty model: if we elect—*jurari in verba magistri*—at least let us choose one from a sound and wholesome school.

And is the guide, philosopher, and friend that popular taste follows one whose doctrine is founded on a hale hypothesis? May mankind not be merry as well as wise? Must wit be written with hyssop, and morality croaked in sentiment "sadder than owl-songs?" Like Sandy in the thesis, we are always "thinking about term-time," or something worse. Evil is "the skeleton in every house" of the German proverb. Labour is this domestic buggaboo—but labour is no evil at all, but quite the reverse—according to high authority..... "There is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow, to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his *ennui*. The only difference is, that the poor man labours to get a dinner for his appetite, and the rich man to get an appetite for his dinner.".... See that, in face of the Ten-hours Factory Bill.

The fact is, the world runs no risk except from its friends. Too many cooks spoil the philanthropic broth. When Pitt was solicited to help Burns in his difficulties, his answer was, "Let literature help itself." The advice was good; and, it may be added, the employment will find literature plenty to do. Goldsmith wrote a play in five acts to demonstrate the damage done by good nature. The busy-body-ism of benevolence is one of the most dangerous schemes devised for circumventing the blue-devils. May I venture on one modern instance?..... Once upon a time—some half-dozen years ago—a coterie of ladies in May Fair, in the purest spirit of Christian charity, had all but brought about a sanguinary rebellion in the sister island—"such things indeed," as Byron sings, "it don't take much to do." It having come to their ears that the town and neighbourhood of Ballyragged were in a strait for decent covering, they got up a fancy fair, and consequently a pleasant afternoon, attended by certain superfluous funds. Within the latter a supply of clothing "for the

suffering Irish" was purchased, and forwarded in the Fancy Fair Committee's name, for distribution by the Marchioness of Castlegarret—her ladyship and the Marquis being at the time on their annual week's visit to their estates in the neighbourhood aforesaid. A day for the bountiful solemnity was appointed, and all the county celebrities of course attended—the clergy, both protestant and papist—the old squires, turned (by gout) from punch to true religion—and the young ladies of three-score, who had substituted spiritual things (*per force*) for carnal. The million attended in such a company as usually congregates when anything is to be had for nothing. Imagine how the women's eyes stood on the threshold of their sockets as the bales of London finery were being unpacked! Conceive the gorgon grimness of their hearts, as gravely that consignment of costume was unfolded, and revealed a wilderness of green-baize bathing shifts! . . . In an hour after the first knot was untied, the riot act had been read at the market cross of Ballyragged; and, in a letter written that evening to a friend at Brook's, the Marquis stated it was owing solely to an especial interposition of Providence, that he and her ladyship had escaped being tarred and feathered.

Cant, whether it tickle in caricature, snivel in sentiment, or rave in romance, does a world of mischief. It is a stamp that confers currency on pretence, and franks the circulation of deceit and fraud. In a recent charge to the clergy of his diocese, the Bishop of Oxford declared that "participating in the sports of the field or the amusements of the world was perfectly incompatible with the Christian pastor. It leads the flock to believe that their ministers are men of the world, and the Christian character was therefore deeply maligned *and at the judgment day they would have to give account for having preferred their own pleasures to the Lord's heritage.*" How does the Bishop of Oxford know this? And how is our reverence for that stupendous mystery, the Deity's manifestation to man, affected by talking of it as glibly as of the Old Bailey Sessions? May it not be an offence, as indictable in "Heaven's high Chancery" to wear purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, while millions of human beings are worse cared for than the swine that are in his lordship's sty, as to take the air of autumn in a stubble field, or cheer a winter's evening with good fellowship and brotherly love?

The principle of Humbug is false both in theory and fact. The handsome young curate of Covey-cum-Snipes won't go a bit more certainly to the devil in consequence of a day's shooting, though his perdition were prognosticated by all the prelates in Christendom. Neither will a clever contrivance to get money by the disparagement of his neighbour ensure the projector a perpetual annuity. . . . It will be seen that I am not "travelling out of the record," as the phrase goes in Satan's vocabulary, for the question is—Are the flowers and fruits of life to be turned to ashes, for the profit of the contractors? And this brings me to that clever contrivance to get money by the *tort* and inconvenience of society which has so frequently been my theme in these pages. The principle of Racing Sweeps and Lotteries

was a humbug. It was put forth as something to be done at the cost of *five per cent.* to the employer. Now this was a delusion as regarded the licensed victuallers who dealt in them, because to the five per cent. cash was to be added the *fifty per cent.* for liquors and the like. It was a delusion in reference to the "Offices," because *five per cent.* upon the capital that they could calculate on would not pay a tithe of their expenses; and the schemes of fifty-thousand and sixty-thousand pounds could only be based upon the premises that the kingdom was in a condition of hopeless lunacy. To carry out their speculations, the monied interest was to deposit its wealth with anonymous occupiers of unfurnished ground-floors—that was all. The theory in the case of Covey-cum-Snipes cannot certainly be established by lawful proof, and we are not obliged to take his bishop's word for it. The fact, as it affects the Derby Sweep system, is that the public was "jockeyed" by it; and lo! as befitting it is on its last legs. By a recent decision of the Recorder of London, gambling by means of racing lotteries has been held to be a violation of the conditions attached to licence of a public vintner, contrary to the law, and therefore an offence which for the future will absolutely involve the forfeiture of the privilege to practise his trade and calling. It is now competent for the common informer to lay an information against the proprietor of an establishment at which he, or some one for him, procures a ticket for a Sweep, upon which conviction must follow, and half the fine goes into his own pocket! Once put an end to at public-houses, the nuisance will die a natural death; for as to the Office "rig," that is an evil will minister to itself. Those members of the Society for the Propagation of Good Clergy, who, with a becoming feeling, kept aloof from such *doings*, will for the future "draw" their liquors with the consolation that their sporting brethren must confine their operations to draughts of a like kind. Customers will presently find that the draught which Barclay and Perkins prescribe is less costly, and with a more *germane* to their taste, than the thirst for gain, with its charms and philtres. . . . "There's a good day coming, boys!" In it the world will cultivate "peace and good will"—then the spirit of religion shall be figured in the semblance of a dove—then Democritus shall be restored from banishment—and then young gents from town and country shall visit Epsom, and return without "thinking of hell in the next world."

Such being the case, we ask the reader to accompany us to Newmarket, as our glimpse of the Houghton meeting was too cursory for the importance of the occasion. Monday, the 25th of October, was just such a day as one would never desire to meet outside a threshold. The attendance was very considerable, and consequently, combined with the rain, the vicinity of the Duke's Stand was like the inside of a scavenger's cart with a full load. The first race being over the Criterion Course, also assisted. This—that is, the first race—was for a tiny Stakes of 10 sovs.; but it is understood between us, that unless an event has something more to recommend it than the fact that A won and B was second, we'll go on to the next in the list, and so on

till we light on a feature of some account. Now a walk over by the Bishop of Ronford's Cob is not in this category; neither certain small matters that followed—except, indeed, a very small one—just as an adult of thirty inches stature craves observance; whereas, had he reached four feet, you wouldn't be aware he had passed you in the street. This little matter was a Match for 25 sovs. a side, 8st. each, between Lord Chesterfield's gelding, by Jereed, dam by Dr. Syntax, and Lord Glasgow's filly, by the Provost, dam by Cornus—the last hundred yards of the Abingdon Mile. The filly carrying 2lbs. over weight, was beaten by a length—time, *eight* seconds. Passing several other matches, we arrive at the Criterion, with its thirty-nine nominations and eleven runners. This has frequently been the most important two-year-old race of its year, but such was not its character in the present season. The field did not contain one of the “great creatures” of the market, and the second-raters that it did muster were destined to discomfiture. They took 5 to 2 about Garriek, 4 to 1 against Rackety Girl, 6 to 1 about Raillery, and a point more about Nina—Elthron being at the same price. The favourite, with an indiscriminate cluster around him, made the early portion of the running, Robinson waiting with Nina up the hill, with Elthron at his side. This pair then crept closer to the body of horses, and soon after entering the ropes, they went to the front, and ran a close race, which the mare won on the post by a neck. Garriek did not get a place. The rain fell bitterly while this was being disposed of; but as it ran out the list, and finished “at the top,” the town was soon gained, and the fire-side was the order of the afternoon.

Tuesday now claims mention—it is the gala of the week. By noon it was obvious that the day would be fine and tolerably “clear.” For the thousands of the Cesarewitsch, the Cambridgeshire had its hundreds—a good exchange for the meeting, though not so profitable to the cheap train speculation. The catalogue was full, but not to repletion, and sport befitting the occasion was the result. What would it boot to tell the manœuvres which marked the speculation of the previous evening, and eke the instant morn? They are of the things that were, and shall be again. In the course of a life of some adventure I have “fallen among thieves.” I have dealt with the discounterers of Israel in my time: like the author of *Childe Harold*,

“When young, I borrow'd money in that way.”

So that I know something of the circumcised. But I'll give you the pick of the kingdom of Judea, Jericho, Jerusalem, and all, and lay you long odds that I find a Gentile, who, in the course of a season's betting, shall clear out a Synagogue. So you may suppose there were sheer “doings” on the Cambridgeshire. The first overt act was an inquiry into the probable age of Lanesboro', the Irish horse that played “principal villain” in the two great autumnal handicaps. He was pronounced a four-year-old, so that he was exculpated from the “bishop rig.” This verdict mended his popularity, as will be seen from the last market prices. Now I cannot detect in the day's list anything that

calls for especial remark, either before or after *the* race, which brought the hundreds that came by thousands to witness its great predecessor. And what rewarded their travel? The sight of a sporting race won by one of the most straightforward sportsmen on the turf, and that which would have opened the eyes of the Olympian worthies of Old—a batch of race-horses going forth to contend together, some bestriden by *santoccini*, such as used to dance in their puppet-shows, and others by stalwart yeomen as if they were going a hunting.—Thus was this scene “mounted”——

The CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 100 added, the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes, and the winner to pay 30 sovs. to the judge; 145 subscribers, 48 of whom declared.

Col. Peel's Ducia, 3 years old, 5st. 9lb.....	(G. Brown)	1
Col. Peel's Taffrail, 3 years old, 5st. 7lb.....	(Collins)	2
Mr J. Knight's Gaffer Green, aged, 6st. 10lb.....	(Tasker)	3

The following also started, but were not placed :—

Mr Merry's Chanticleer, 5 years old, 9st. 11lb. (including 6lb. extra) (Marlow).....	0
Lord Glasgow's Miss Sarah, 6 years old, 8st. 12lb. (including 6lb. extra) (F. Butler).....	0
Mr Marc's Collingwood, 5 years old, 8st. 10lb.....	(Robinson) 0
Mr Drinkald's Dulcet, 6 years old, 8st. 6lb.....	(Ford) 0
Mr Fryse's Buscot Buck, aged, 8st.	(W. Boyce) 0
Mr Murphy's Lancesborough, 4 years old, 7st. 10lb.	(Nat) 0
Lord Warwick's Yardley, aged, 7st. 8lb.	(Whitehouse) 0
Mr John's New Forest Deer, aged, 7st. 6lb.	Wakefield 0
Duke of Bedford's Bridle, 4 years old, 7st. 5lb.	(Pettit) 0
Major Martyn's The Moor, 3 years old, 7st. 3lb.	(S. Mann) 0
Mr S. L. Fox's Psalmsinger, 6 years old, 6st. 12lb.....	(Feann) 0
Mr Greville's Geraldine, 5 years old, 6st. 7lb.	(Dockeray) 0
Mr H. Jeuning's Serenade, 3 years old, 6st. 7lb.....	(G. Elsley) 0
Major Pitt's Fern, 3 years old, 6st. 5lb.....	(Pearl) 0
Captain Cookson's Camphine, 3 years old, 6st. 5lb.	(Rider) 0
Col. Peel's Lola Montez, 3 years old, 6st. 3lb.....	(G. Harrison) 0
Mr Wigram's Keraun, 3 years old, 5st. 13lb.	(Dean) 0
Col. Anson's Backbiter, 3 years old, 5st. 13lb.	(Charlton) 0
Mr B. Green's Maid of my Soul, 3 years old, 5st. 13lb.	(Basham) 0
Lord Exeter's Tophana, 3 years old, 5st. 2lb.	(J. Mann) 0
Lord Exeter's Ulysses, 4 years old, 6st. 10lb.....	(C. Sharp) 0

Betting.—3 to 1 against Lancesborough (taken), 4 to 1 against Ducia (taken) 10 to 1 against Chanticleer, 10 to against Fern, 10 to against Geraldine, 14 to 1 against Backbiter, 16 to against Miss Sarah, 20 to 1 against Buscot Buck, 25 to 1 against Taffrail, 33 to 1 against Tophana, 40 to 1 against Collingwood, 40 to 1 against Dulcet, 40 to 1 against Bridle, and 40 to 1 against any other.

Thus stood the hopes and opinions before and after the issue, which was determined in this wise. As soon as the flag fell, and they

were "off," Col. Peel's trio got to work, and cleared the crowd. Next to them was an indiscriminate rabble, the earliest of the tailers being the "crack," and poor Chanticleer opprest as for a Welter race. As they ascended the hill, the weights continued to unfold their "tail" whereof the catastrophe is written in the return. It was all through one of those eminent commentaries on the handicap, which our courses so constantly afford the curious in such subtleties. . . . It would be, indeed, *infra dig.* to chronicle what befell the Fifty Pound Plate that followed—a savouring of Burgundy with small swipes. The day finished with the monster handicap, to all intents and purposes of interest, to say nothing of the principal it affected. With your leave, we will bid adieu to the heath.

Wednesday, with propitious weather for sport, was also genial as regarded the settling on the previous afternoon's racing. The Cambridgeshire was not as ruinous as it might have been—*malgré* the foolish of course became the scorn of the wise. In comparison with the rifling on the Cesarewitch—as Byron says of the Russians at Ismael, "they ravished very little." In my notice of the remainder of the week's running, I shall only particularise such events as, from circumstances, possessed an interest beyond the mere results. There was, indeed, an infinite variety of races; matches great, small, and intermediate; sweepstakes from 5 sovs. upwards; handicaps ditto; and plates "of low degree." During the day under consideration, ten contests of one kind or another took place, but scarcely any worth recapitulation. A weight for age Sweepstakes was won, in a field of a dozen, by The Widow. The only feature in this is that of a battered old park hack being sent to Newmarket as an alternative for the knacker, and there beating the chivalry of the English turf! . . . We had summer weather on Thursday, and on Friday the climate peculiar—as it is erroneously supposed—to Terra del Fuego. The former had a catalogue extending to thirteen events. They were, however, all "small deer," save the Glasgow Stakes—a two-year-old event reckoned of some account. There were ten subscribers, and three runners: there were to have been four—Robinson having weighed for Honey-comb, and his number having been Telegraphed. But he didn't go after all. The law of the Jockey Club which treats a horse brought to the post as a *bond fide* runner, both in relation to stakes and bets, might most properly apply to animals announced to the ring by means of the novel starting list, the telegraph. Formerly men used to wait to see the horses out, and then galloping back to the betting-post as fast as their nags could carry them, get "on" or "off" as the occasion might require. The telegraph was adopted as a convenient substitute for this anticipatory race; but, to make it such effectually, the horse so put up should be treated *de facto* as a starter. The trio for the Glasgow consisted of Osterley, Tiresome, and Drakelow—won by a neck as here placed. The winner was said to be quite unfit, so that his achievement thereby was invested with an additional *écclat*. Tiresome was the favourite: both were Mr Mostyn's nominations. Have they missed the

pick of the basket? Friday, as aforesaid, rained cats and dogs. There was no end of the sport, as they grinned and called it—fourteen races!—during which the jokers in mackintosh were on a (water) level with the joekeys in sarsenet. I can't call to mind anything that was "worth the water," as the French say of the candles. Glendower gave half a stone to Ulysses in a Match, T. Y. C., for a couple of hundred, "and got beat," as the professional grammar goes. The First Class of the Nursery Stakes Strongbow won, in a lot of nine; Garrick second, getting 11b. from the winner. Second Class: Tiresome first, with 8st. 5lbs. up; Clarissa second, 7st. 11lbs.; and Drakelow third, 8st. 7lbs.—2lbs. more than the winner—his conqueror in the Glasgow; but I do not intend this as any reflection on the weights. Saturday wound up the tug of war for winter supplies with lots of little goes—of no use to any one but the owner. With a town "full of horses," as you were assured, and with those who knew well how to turn them to account, as you know without the assistance of any information, that there was racing as long as there was anything to race for, or any one to race with, follows as matter of *course*. I hope all were satisfied; though I confess such a belief would be beyond the romance of credulity. With this meeting we will bring our narration of the turf in '48 to an end; and, with the reader's leave and indulgent licence, proceed to theorize anent its details, meditating as we scribble our desultory page upon what was done—and who.

Among the many problematical effects of steam may be reckoned the contributions to the turf for which England is its creditor as regards certain Irish speculations. The first names that I find on the debtor side of the account for the current year are those of Ballinacfad and Peep-o'-day Boy—

Wherein were two things equally amusing;
The one was winning, and the other losing.

At least so it turned out in the sequel—a lucky "chance," as the word is rendered in the swells' vocabulary. Spring work commenced early, and with great earnestness. From Northampton to Chester pencils had no pause: the Trades Cup and the Derby were the cynosures of the million; but not so as to monopolize speculation. The premium offered by the licensed victuallers at the Epsom Spring Meeting commanded ample custom. The tryst, indeed, was not very *distingué*, as Mrs. Slipslop would say; neither had the publicans and sinners all to themselves. Lord Eglinton won the Great Metropolitan Handicap, "with a bonus of £500 added, &c., &c."—a slice of good luck which some persons have been credulous enough to attribute to the eulogy of sweeps and lotteries pronounced a short time before by that nobleman in the House of Peers. The threatening aspect of the political atmosphere kept many at their post in London, who otherwise would have been at the post on Newmarket Heath, to open the campaign with the Craven. However, the chartist rebellion having turned out "a weak invention," they were soon released from the metropolis to wrestle with "the enemy" elsewhere. It was, however, an affair of

the "small beer" class, without a particle of flavour. The First Spring was a little better. Fluteatcher being permitted to win the Two Thousand by grace of the Goodwood stable, was instituted a leader by the ring; and Canezou's victory for the One Thousand left the policy of the Oaks where the capture of Paris did the destinies of France. Peep-o'-day Boy won the rich Chester Handicap, that he couldn't win—pish! and Fluteatcher having beaten Slylock for the Dee Stakes, the latter became the representative of Mr Gre n's lot for the Derby, at the cost, it was said, of £3,000. If so, Lord Caledon had the best of the deal. But there is no limit to what people will say about turf transactions. I read in a morning journal that Lord George Bentinck had won *eighty thousand pounds* on the last St. Leger! About this period diabolical *on dits* began to abuse the public ear concerning the Derby. If the devil himself had been first commissioner at Tattersall's they could not have been worse. I'd rather not hint at them. The reader, good honest man! will come at conclusions for himself. Horses were to be made safe; jockeys were to be bought, and masters sold. Is he familiar with the poetical works of the late Mr Hook? If so, perhaps he remembers the wail for William Weare; it begins—

"They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they punched in——"

We say nothing. The victim was subsequently placed "in a sack well stitched!" Horrible!!.....

"With *his* legs stuck up in the air."

Ah! those "legs!" how naturally the author places them!...

Don't suppose I want to frighten you from visiting Epsom. On the contrary, it's the paradise of places assigned to horse courses. Mr Dorling has transformed the Grand Stand into a palace proper—a heavenly receptacle, compounded of Solomon's Temple and the *Café de Paris*. Indeed, I doubt whether Solomon or his son together furnished their house, in *one* particular, half as dazzlingly as the lessee of the stand aforesaid—but, *verbum sapienti*. The Second Spring having produced nothing of account, Surplice—the best two-year-old that had been bred and brought out for many a season—was at "evens" for the Derby when that mighty issue was to be decided. The son of Touchstone and Crueifix stood in the "lists" like the offspring of Jupiter and—the lady to whom Phillip the Second, of Maecdon, was married. He won, with the closest of shaves for it; and some said Springy Jack "*ought to*," as no doubt they felt. But this race was undoubtedly to the swift, whatever many of its predecessors have been—"and will be again," says Paddy. I solemnly protest I mean no scandal about the Cesarewitch. The Oaks came upon the market with a sort of surprise; for a filly, with the aristocratic title "Do it-again," was pronounced a Danebury nonsuch. Cymba, however, was the winner. Let no man henceforth keep a breeding establishment unless he desires to have "a donkey of his own." The crowds at Epsom this year beat all the assemblages on record before or since Darius

gave Alexander the Great the meeting. In some particulars it is probable that the Surrey tryst had the pull, for the Persian monarch is said to have had only a couple of hundred cooks and a thousand waiters, whereas Mr Henry Dorling had five times that number at least. . . . I don't know a prettier plaything of a course than that at Newton. Furthermore, the racing is very good—but what then? it's only sport. Base is the slave of the ring who plays unless it pays.

Ascot Heath is a *rendezvous*, whereof the motto is

"Spectatum veniunt : veniunt spectantur ut ipsæ ;"

and whoever the "*ipsæ*" may be, their chaprons are not ashamed. If the Court be there, so much the better for the miscellaneous gapers ; if the Court be absent, so much the better for the *subject* to be gaped at. This year, in consequence of the recent demise of her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia, her Majesty did not honour the customary two days with her presence. The weather was a sample of the skiey influences which were to follow ; cold, damp, with "occasional sunshine." The races were very indifferently attended, and the business was not up to the ordinary average at the royal course. Vampyre carried off the Ascot Stakes and the Great Western Plate, putting over £2,000 into the Duke of Richmond's purse, and so shut up his account for the season. The Queen's Vase Gardenia won, and that was the extent of her earnings for this year of grace ; and Sprungy Jack challenged his Derby form by doing similarly with the Welcome Stakes. Without balancing books any further, it may be lawful to wind up with the victory of the Hero for the Emperor's Vase, the last achievement worthy his fame, to which the Calendar for '48 will bear witness. Ascot was *not* itself. Hereabouts—that is to say, as to date—all over England the turf was in full operation. No doubt the so-called jeopardy of the world had a sinister influence upon the social junketting of this "tight little island" (*heir* tight in the matter of its loyalty), but things were much better than might have been expected. We will not touch upon the provincial "business," save to notice the "stars," such as the Northumberland Plate for instance, won easily by Chanticleer, after a very promising *début* at Manchester. The summer meeting at Newmarket brought out The Flying Dutchman, the best performer of his year, "all to sticks," as Tom Hood has his comparisons. He won twice, the July being one of his victories. He continued his career at the Liverpool July races, and, with Elthron, made the fielders shake in their boots before the omnipotence of the Eglinton stud. At these latter olympics Flatcatcher continued to support his dignity. He is the only one of a numerous race that is not ashamed of the family name. The Aintree arrangements are such as befit the metropolis of the provinces ; quite as much cannot be said of the moral position of the "bold peasantry" by whom it is frequented. Goodwood, whose popularity will long live in the annals of the English turf a grateful and a melancholy memorial, came in "heavily with clouds"—meet herald of the anniversary. I have met "winter and rough weather" full often on the Sussex downs, but never such an

"out-and-out" day throughout as the 25th of last July. I have no recollection of a worse, except its successor, the 26th. Everybody you met had a word of horror for its effect upon "the ground," but not a syllable for its probabilities upon the potatoes. And yet it's no child's play, your Irish rebellion without *murphies*. The sport, as of courtesy we will call it, was monstrous. Foremost amongst its features, were the ignominious defeats of Surplice. As Lord Clifden's horses went shortly afterwards into the hands of a Newmarket trainer, I may be allowed to say the form of the winner of the Derby, after the Gratwicke, was indeed very unlike the cynosure of all observance that watched the ring on Epsom downs. Not that this is intended to convey the shadow of a shade of reflection upon Kent, who brought him out peerlessly in Surrey, and would have done so in Sussex, nature permitting. The running of Van Tromp was of rare excellence. I do not mean to say that the result of the Cæsus race for the 300 sovs. sweepstakes, worth £3,600, let out the mystery of the Derby '47, but the fashion in which the Cup was contested proved him to be an animal that the turf only sees when the one in ten thousand stands the probationary course of a "crack" in the middle of the nineteenth century. For this latter event there was a French Eclipse, light Fitz-Engilius, that they said would win. He went the first three quarters of a mile as if the distance were the T.Y.C. Chanticleer, the winner of the Good-wood Stakes, could not live the speed for the first hundred yards. This his friends attributed to his labours on the previous day, but his conqueror had no holiday on Tuesday. A good deal of the running was, no doubt, "false," for the condition of the course was such as only extraordinary constitutional powers have a chance with. The four days, it must be said, were far below the general average of their *éclat*.

At Brighton racing is an excuse for an appetite at dinner, and at Wolverhampton the handicap stands in the same relation to the business. York was of account, forasmuch as it brought forward the first favourite for the St. Leger—that was to be—for Springy Jack being polished off, we had Justice to Ireland to reign in his stead for a time. But Lord Stanley having declared he was undecided whether she should go, or be kept for the Park Hill, had no doubt a good deal to do with the *status* of Canezou in the market. September was rife with racing excitements. At the head of these was the St. Leger. The field was a short one, but big with fortune. Justice to Ireland turned out another mistaken attempt of that ilk. Surplice and Canezou made a match of the great "Champion" trial, and the colt won. The settlement was beyond precedent bad; and the next week brought far more heavy news. The event was spoken of at the time: it will be long before it is forgotten. No patron of our national sports ever won golden opinions by more honourable service than Lord George Bentinck. The turf may truly assign to him for a motto, "*sat est vixisse*."

"Once more upon the heath." The First October week at Newmarket was not of remarkable brilliancy. We had Surplice again a

winner, and—*voilà tout*—or thereabouts. The Second October Meeting frightened the town from its propriety. Tag-rag and bobtail rushed to it, as already set forth, cheaper than they could have staid at home; and the doings consequent thereon beggar description, as they also did several of the company. The notice of it in our last number leaves little to be said of detail; and what remains to be told would be more honoured in the omission. The Cesarewitch was the monster incident, and it turned out

“Horrendum, informe—*cui lumen ademptum*.”

Lanesborough was “scratched”—“*lumen ademptum*”—that is to say, and nobody is the wiser—as to the movers of the catastrophe. Mr Murphy, his owner, has written a letter to the newspapers, wherein he admits that he did what he ought not to have done; but urges that he was induced to do it by those who subsequently put him “in the hole.” They cajoled him to dig privily for the feet of others. But he has omitted a very material point of his evidence. He has forgotten to say *who they were*. Murphy, perhaps, is no logician: let some one interpret for his learning the axiom, “*De non apparentibus et non existentibus, eadem est ratio*” The Houghton was *all* racing, as set forth at the commencement of this article. It went to show the enormous *matériel* of our turf; and, from such premises, the need there is of “wary walking.”

And here, reader kind, I would that I might set my *finis* on this sheet, merely bidding thee, as most honestly I wish for thee and thine such fortune, a merry Christmas and happy new year. But there is an episode that must be told, haply to “point a moral,” albeit not to “adorn my tale” If during the current season you were familiar with the principal courses of the kingdom, you could not choose but mark a creature “so dull, so spiritless, so woe-begone,” that he seemed more like one

“Whose bones, long cased in earth,

Had burst their cements,”

than the associate of a merry-making. That mockery of a man was all that the ring had left of “Old Mack,” as “Shamrock” (himself long since gone “down among the dead men”) designated one of the best of his Irish gentlemen-jocks, by name William MacDonough. Peradventure you may have read how, in the past month, his *dies iræ* fell upon him; when, entering a chamber where people are wont to assemble to speculate on the chances of a bullet, he despatched one upon a mission that was sure. Thus fell, full of agony and despair, the latest known victim to the dreadful trade of betting. He had qualities that might have won for him a far different fate. His heart was dauntless, yielding only when for a long season “sorrow had been there with its iron plough;” and his intents were honourable, failing only when “his poverty and not his will” consented. Some short time ago, I had occasion to speak with him about his position and prospects—or rather, I should say, he introduced the subject him-

self. He talked as one in whom hope was dead. "I'm afraid I'm quite beat," he said; "but it is all my own fault. No one has been very hard upon me, except"—and he clenched his thin hand as he continued—"except one of my own countrymen. I owned him forty pounds; and, on the first day of ——— races, I paid him thirty, and entreated he would give me till the end of the meeting for the other ten, as I had a sure thing coming off, if he wouldn't spoil my credit; and what was his reply, do you think? It was—'If you dare go near the ring, I'll drag you out of it by the neck!'".... The miserable man ground out these words with an oath. May we not hope that, on the crime which so soon followed then, "the Recording Angel dropp'd a tear and blotted it out for ever?"

Thus works a system which, from the folly of the few, has become the madness of the many. And shall not Britons do what they like with their own? Has the date of Magna Charta expired?..... *Fiat ruina, ruat Cælum!*

Sporting Magazine for December.

BIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM SCOTT.

BY GOLDFINCH.

● Poor William Scott has run his last race—the race of life! and we trust the Judge's fiat is recorded in his favour. William will no more hear the music of the saddling bell, nor vault into the pigskin "eager for the fray." The whilom star of the northern jockeys, and the pride of the Pigburn Stable has "pal'd its ineffectual fire." Death on the pale horse has beaten poor William in his last race! and in the prime of manhood he has passed from among us! What a crowd of recollections does the demise of this once-celebrated jockey bring forth! what visions of past Derbies, Oaks, and St. Legers, in which he shone victoriously! and what reminiscences of the noble animals he bestrode, and whom he piloted to conquest! We could fill a volume were we to trace his career step by step, with liberty to turn aside, ever and anon, into the highways and byeways, and trace the petty streamlets which formed the current of his existence—and detail all his "strange, eventful history;" for many were the *ups* and *downs* poor William experienced, both literally and metaphorically. But ours will only be a brief notice of his life—fruitful though the subject is. William Scott, whose name was once talismanic at Doncaster, and who so long ruled the destinies of the Pigburn Stable, departed this life at Highfield House, near Malton, in Yorkshire, on Tuesday, September 26th, 1848, in the fifty-first year of his age.

He will long be remembered by all who take an interest in the turf; and in his own locality he will not be soon forgotten, for his hand was ever ready to help the helpless, and his purse open to the needy. Wild, eccentric creature that he was, his heart was still in the right place; and the charity which covers a multitude of sins will plead his cause effectually in all right-feeling bosoms.

William Scott had his faults, and grave ones too; but who amongst us is faultless? His foibles and eccentricities were ever more injurious to himself than his fellow men, and few of his own grade have descended to the grave more generally and sincerely lamented than William Scott. He was a man of effervescent spirits, a creature of impulse, "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," and his flashes of merriment were indeed "wont to set the table in a roar." There was a fulness in his mirth, and a quaintness in his jests (rough though they were at times) that always made him the prominent feature in every company, high or low, that he mixed in, and which acquired for him the appellation of "**GLORIOUS BILL.**" He has left behind him a legacy of queer sayings and pithy anecdotes; but most of them are redolent of midnight revelry and the bottle. He alone could retail them with unvaried gusto; and as they died, so they must be buried with him.

The constitution of Will. Scott must have been adamantine to have withstood for such a lengthened period the repeated attacks and indulgencies by which it was assailed. But these, as they ever will do, hurried him to a premature grave. Had he only have taken moderate care of himself, and lived within reasonable bounds, there is every probability he would have enjoyed a green old age: but William never could withstand good company; and his being the life and soul of it, in his case, as it has been in many others, shortened his earthly career.

Let us drop the veil upon his faults, and record only his virtues; and would that all who have cried out against "our William" had as many to weigh in the balance against their percadilloes.

It has been stated, and all but universally believed, that William Scott was a Yorkshireman; and the Northerners have, time out of mind, claimed him as such. Not so, however: William drew his first breath at Chippenham, in 1793. His father had previously acquired considerable repute, both as trainer and jockey, and had ultimately settled down at Brighton, where some dozen years ago he terminated his mortal existence at the very advanced age of ninety-six. When scarcely out of his swaddling clothes, Master Billy had a strong *penchant* for the saddle, and as soon as they had clapped him upon Dobbin's back, seemed to care but little whether there was a saddle or not. This predilection, as regards the youngster, was not lost sight of by the father, who when William was a mere chicken, sent him as a pigmy stable-boy to Newmarket, under the *surveillance* of, we believe, the late James Edwards; to which locality his brother John had also been previously sent. He was, however, subsequently transferred to the tutelage of James Croft, at Hambleton; and afterwards

he was, for some time, settled under the same instructor, at Middleham, both in Yorkshire. From this epoch Bill became, as it were, identified with the county, and was looked upon as a native to the manner born. There is some difficulty at getting at his public maiden mount; but it is believed to have been in the vicinity of Oxford, where his father then resided.

We find him as early as 1814 bestriding Belville, who ran second to the clipper Cannon Ball. He also rode the celebrated horse, Doctor Syntax, the first time the Doctor ever ran. But in 1813 we find him on the back of Cerelia riding five stone one pound, over York Race-course.

His last ride was upon his own horse, Christopher, for the Derby, 1847. Thus we have him as a recorded jockey for nearly thirty-five years.

His first regular master we believe to have been Mr Thomas Houldsworth, for whom William Scott's brother John had become private trainer. He also frequently rode for Mr Watt, of Bishop Burton, owner of Altesidora, Manella, Memnon, &c. At this period, in several encounters, he had fairly out-ridden all the old jockeys of the north. This daring on horseback, either across country, or after the hounds—in which he was in the habit of joining in both capacities—his then unshaken nerve and resolute boldness were manifest to all observers. At this time, although rising much in public favour, it was not until he won the St. Leger, on Mr Powlett's Jack Spiggot, that he was dubbed the Northern Star. There was now scarcely a race, from one end of the country to the other, in which he had not a mount. Besides Jack Spiggot, he steered to victory for various St. Legers, Memnon, Rowton, The Colonel, Don John, Charles the Twelfth, the Satirist, Lancelot, and his own nag Sir Tatton Sykes. Thus riding double the number (save one), for that race, of any other jockey living or dead.

His Derby triumphs were on St. Giles, Mundig, Attila, and Cotherstone; and for the Oaks, on Cyprian, Industry, and Ghuznee. He also rode nine winners for the Champagne Stakes, and Six for the Great Two-year olds at Doncaster. It is somewhat singular that he was the only jockey who ever figured in two dead heats for the Derby and Leger. For the Southern event, on The Colonel, against James Robinson, on Cadland, when our James in the deciding heat, just as they got round Tattenham Corner, slipped his horse; and Bill could never fairly conquer this advantage, obtained by his opponent's artifice. The second dead heat was on Charles the Twelfth, for the Great St. Leger, against Connolly, on Euclid. After the dead heat, I never saw a man more exhausted; observing which, I brought him with my own hand two-shillings' worth of brandy-and-water, and lifting it to his mouth, he drained it off, exclaiming, "Thank you, my buck; all's right again now." The potation steadied his nerves for the deciding heat, and in that heat I never saw him display greater coolness or better judgment in all his mounts.

The scene, after the deciding heat, was exhilarating in the ex-

treme. Thousands upon thousands swinging round their hats, amidst uproarious acclamation, and shouts of "Bravo, Bill!" exceeded anything I ever beheld upon a Leger winner, either before or since. Similar demonstrations of joy were shown as he rode Sir Tatton to the *weighing out*. His seat on horseback combined firmness with symmetry.

During his racing career he met with several severe accidents. On riding Epirus for the St. Leger, in 1837, he was tumbled into the Ditch, horse and all, in consequence of which he dislocated his collar bone, and therefore rode no more that year. In 1838 he had a severe fall whilst hunting, an accident which prevented his riding again for some time. He subsequently had another fall, on the occasion of his riding Sir Tatton for the Northumberland Plate; but although his horse rolled over him, he was not materially injured.

On the Monday prior to Cotherstone's running for the Derby, Prince Albert rode over from Esher to Leatherhead, in order to look at this rare specimen of a race-horse; and William has been frequently heard jocosely to say, that had the Prince known what he (William) and Cotherstone were going to do on the following Wednesday, he would have made them both Barons!

It is said of him in this race, when Sam Day was put upon Tom Tulloch, in order to make running for Iago, Sam made the pace terrific for the first mile; then finding his horse nearly out, he looked over his shoulder anxiously for a sight of the Pigburn horses, when Bill exclaimed—"Go along, you old Buffer, it's Sir Tatton coming: none of the Pigburn division here yet."

In the year he rode Satirist for the Leger, John Day had been heard to say, after his preparatory gallop on Coronation, that his horse was full of running, he pulled so. Nat made the running on Van Amburgh, making the pace as severe as possible, to cut down Coronation, when Bill, thinking the pace not good enough, bawled out, "Faster, Nat, faster;" but perceiving that Van had done his do, he bettered the pace himself; and coming up to Coronation's girths, he quaintly said, "I say, John, does he pull you now?" then running with him for a few strides he quitted him with a rough shake, and won the race in gallant style. I do not think any jockey of his day could make more of a sluggard than William Scott, when once he set fairly to; his *shake* and *rowel* were tremendous.

He was frequently in the habit of telling his stories in racing phraseology. I remember his once describing a scene in this way at High-field House, to which he had invited a party of *bon vivans*, with whom the wine having circulated freely, and brought forth the mellowness of conversation, he observed that Wyndham Smith had said some capital things. "These were followed up by Captain Leeson, who made strong running throughout, I came determined to make the pace an *out and out* one—which we all did up to the gravel road—when gallows Bob Calton came with his tremendous rush, and *floored us all*."

William was once a wealthy man, and might have remained so, had he not kept race-horses; but with a string of that com-

modity, one year of ill-luck is enough to drain even the best-filled coffers.

William, sometime about the year 1825, married the only daughter of Mr Richardson, a wealthy draper of Beverley, in Yorkshire, who dying somewhere about twelve years after their union, left him with a young family, two of whom survive him; a son and a daughter, who thanks to the united settlement of both father and grandfather, are left comfortably provided for.

Highfield House, where he drew his last breath, stands in a beautiful rural situation, abutting the Langton Wolds, about half a mile from Whitewall House, the domicile of his brother John, and his resting place at Meaux, in the family vault.

In closing these brief remarks, let us pay a just, not a flattering, tribute to the memory of the dead. If William Scott had his faults, he had also his merits." "The strand of our life is of a mingled yarn, the good and ill are mixed together; our virtues would be proud if they were not whipped by our vices."

It will be well if those who were his contemporaries, and those who come after him, learn to avoid following the example of his indulgencies, and to imitate his really good qualities. If so, his life will not have been spent in vain. But poor William is gone; the grave has closed over his remains, and peace to his shade!

Sporting Magazine for December.

EXTRAORDINARY MATCH AGAINST TIME.—TWENTY MILES AN HOUR TROTTED WITH EASE.

In our last we gave a short account of this unparalleled performance. We are now enabled to give more ample particulars from the columns of our excellent cotemporary *The New York Spirit of the Times* of the 28th October:—

On Friday week, the 20th inst., came off over the Union Course, Long Island, the most remarkable trotting performance on record. Mr Bridges, of Brooklyn, laid 500 dollars against 1,000, that his ch. g. Trustee, could trot twenty miles within an hour in harness. Trustee was got by Imported Trustee, the sire of Fashion, Revenue, &c., out of the well-known trotting mare Fanny Pullen, and his performances on this occasion demonstrate the fact most forcibly that "*Blood will tell.*" The same, too, may be said of Lady Suffolk, Ajax, Black Hawk, Mount Holly, and other cracks on the Trotting Turf. Four days' notice having been given, the match was set down for Friday, at half past two o'clock. The Court was in good order, but there was little or no sun, and the wind was frequently high. The attendance of spectators was unusually large. Time was the favourite at 100 to 40, and very large amounts were laid out at these odds.

Trustee was brought to the post in admirable condition by his trainer, Cornelius S Bartine, who drove him in an ordinary trotting sulkey, the weight of which was 150lb. Bartine's weight was over 145lb. He "warmed" his horse up by trotting him fully two miles before coming to the stand for the word. At length he came to the score, and the word "go!" was given, but in so loud a tone as to the cause the horse to break; he caught, however, in a moment, and never made another break during the whole performance. It was some time before Bartine could keep him back, he felt in such fine spirits. Bartine drove him in a masterly style, and the horse trotted with the steadiness of a machine. In trotting the 9th and 10th miles the horse fell off a few seconds, and many thought he was beginning to tire, but as he passed us in the Judges' Stand we remarked that he was going with perfect ease with his ears playing. On the 15th mile the odds had declined a little on Time. On the 17th mile John Spicer mounted a horse and galloped at Trustee's side. On the 18th, the betting was about even, but on the 19th mile 50 to 40 was offered on the horse. On commencing the 20th mile, Bartine made better play; on the last half mile he let his horse out, and he came in like a trump, apparently as fresh as when he started, trotting this 20th mile in 2:51½—the fastest mile during the match! The whole time of twenty miles was *fifty-nine minutes thirty-five and a half seconds*, consequently the horse won by twenty-four and a half seconds.

You had better believe the cheering was "some!" Bartine was taken bodily out of the sulkey and carried in the arms of the enthusiastic spectators into the Jockey Club Stand, where was never heard before, such a popping of champagne corks. The bars were thrown open to the public, and when the winner was toasted the losers shouted as lustily as the winners. We add the time of each mile as carefully kept in the Judges' Stand by three watches:

			Time of 1st mile.		Total time.
1st	3:01	..	3:01
2d	2:56	..	5:57
3d	2:56	..	8:53
4th	2:57	..	11:50
5th	2:54	..	14:44
6th	2:56	..	17:40
7th	2:57	..	20:37
8th	2:58	..	23:35
9th	3:00	..	26:35
10th	3:01	..	29:36
			Time of 11th mile.		Total time.
11th	3:03	..	32:39
12th	2:54	..	35:33
13th	2:59	..	38:32
14th	3:03	..	41:35
15th	3:04	..	44:39
16th	3:05	..	47:44
17th	2:59	..	50:43
18th	3:01	..	53:44
19th	2:59	..	56:43
20th	2:51½	..	59:35½

An hour after the match we visited Trustee in his stables; he exhibited no distress, and on the following day was "as fine as silk." We have seen him half a dozen times since, and he never looked or trotted better. He is a prodigy, but "blood will tell!"

Bell's Life in London.

WALKS IN A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

Much as I have seen of grand and imposing scenery—mountains, rocks, waterfalls, and the great ocean itself—nothing has ever so effectually impressed me with feelings of the sublime and wonderful as the vast forests of Brazil. It is indeed allowed that the whole kingdom of nature presents no spectacle more grand, and at the same time pleasing and curious, than the Brazilian Forest. The woods of North America are doubtless as extensive and pathless, but they are comparatively monotonous and tame in their aspect; the climate under which they flourish not being calculated to impart picturesque, varied, and permanent beauty.

Equipped for the expedition, and accompanied by a guide, the traveller plunges into the forests of Brazil as into a sea of trees, flowers, and animal existences—all new, strange, and overwhelming in their abundance and illimitable variety. He sees what nature, under a burning sun, and with a rich soil, can do when left to herself. How puny man's efforts in comparison! After a day or two's wearisome rambling, he finds he has penetrated to the home of the beast of prey, the paradise of the insect and bird, and the court-royal of vegetable kingdom. There, lost in wonder, moved by feelings wholly new to his mind, he is never weary of beholding. To use the bright colours of Dr Von Martius—in these 'vast woods, whose summits, bound together by wreathes of wonderful flowers, appear to fathom the blue sky, while the plains at their feet are clothed with the most lovely and odoriferous plants; and while beyond the eye catches a glimpse of the vast territory of the royal race of the palms, the traveller may easily conceive himself to have been suddenly transplanted into the fabled gardens of Hesperides.' These forests are of vast antiquity: the surface of the soil appears to indicate that while in other countries rough places have been made plain, valleys exalted and mountains dethroned, here centuries have rolled past leaving scarcely a feature of the forest scenery seriously affected. The enormous dimensions of the trees, with the sure register of their age, preserved by themselves in their concentric rings, are evidences of this remarkable fact. The Brazilians call them 'Virgin Forests.' One of the circumstances which at first impresses most is the delicious coolness of the air. On the borders of these forest-realms a tropical heat beats

upon the traveller's head; but on plunging into these wooded recesses, this is exchanged for an almost temperate climate. In less dense portions the mass of the solar rays is broken up into myriad-penciled streaks, which come piercing down through the verdant roof, divested of more than half their energy. There is a subdued and indefinite murmur pervading these majestic groves, like the hum of human life heard afar off: the tiny horn of the insects, the strange voices of birds, and the distant cries of the monkeys, make the solemn scene vocal with nature's hymn. But disregarding these, the traveller turns to the contemplation of the stupendous vegetation crowding around him, which coats the soil, creeps up the trees, flings its airy garlands aloft; which forms the foreground, the background, and the very sky of this sylvan picture.

The scene abounds in contrasts. The towering palm shooting up into the cloudless sky, seeking the nearest proximity to the sun, carries its graceful head high above all. Conceive the effect of a beautiful crown of dark-green grace foliage borne on the summit of a slender shaft, probably a hundred and eighty feet high. Then when the wind comes along the forest tops below, these gracious monarchs will be seen to bend in acknowledgment of fealty, and rising again, to fling out the splendid feathers in their tufts, as though, when the momentary act of condescension was performed, they hastened to resume the bearing of their rank. The situations in which the palms often make their appearance in these forests give them an additional beauty. Sometimes on the summit of a granite rock, fed by the humus of centuries, its root watered by the forest stream, the Linnæan 'prince of vegetation' takes its stand, rising into the air like a giant. Sometimes, likewise—for the palms are by no means uniform in size—they fix themselves in a desolate, solitary spot, the trunk swollen in the middle, and tapering above and below, thus wearing the appearance of vast nine-pins set up for the amusement of the ancient sons of Anak; and sometimes the children of the race will take the shelter of a sturdy green veteran, and, with a kind of vegetable vanity, display their exquisite forms and hereditary coronets against his rugged ungainly trunk and distorted branches.

While a comparatively dull similarity marks the forests of temperate regions, those of Brazil are conspicuous for the wonderful variety and endless contrasts. Here 'the silk-cotton-tree,' writes Dr. Spix, 'partly armed with strong thorns, begins at a considerable height from the ground to spread out its thick arms and digitated leaves, which are grouped in light and airy masses,' while beyond, luxuriant trees of lower growth, and 'the Brazilian and a shooting out at a less height many branches profusely covered with leaves,' unite to form a verdant arcade. The next curious object is the hard outline of the 'trumpet-tree' (*Cecropia peltata*). The stem, which is smooth, polished, and of an ash-gray colour, springs up to a considerable height, and then suddenly flings out a whorl of branches like a ruff, which have white leaves at their extremities, reminding us, to compare great things with small, of the anomalous specimens of forest-trees which get imported

into this country in children's toy-boxes. In the deeper recesses of the forest are trees of colossal proportions. Dr. Von Martius gives the particulars of a locust-tree which fifteen Indians with outstretched arms could only just embrace. Several others were upwards of eighty feet in circumference at the bottom, and sixty feet where the boles became cylindrical. By counting the concentric rings of such parts as were accessible, he arrived at the conclusion that they were of *the age of Homer!* and 332 years old in the days of Pythagoras: one estimate, indeed, *reduced* their antiquity to 2052 years, while another carried it up to 4104! The effect produced upon the imagination by the sight of these vegetable patriarchs can scarcely be described. Many of the trees are adorned with beautiful flowers of every conceivable hue, and of odour equally varied, now attracting, and now repelling the explorer. Some of them painted in their gaudiest colours, glitter against the deep foliage, others concealed under its shelter, while others again expand, and glitter, and fade at a height at which neither the hand of man nor the invasion of animals can reach them.

Though the aspect of these mighty trees conveys something of the impression of an eternal existence, they are not less mortal than their humbler companions. Many agencies are in operation, the ultimate effect of which is to pull them down, lay them level with the ground, and reduce them to their original dust. If by ill-fortune one has long been surrounded by a crowd of trees of another kind, like the great ones of our own race, its situation is eminently perilous. The insidious neighbours conspire to sap its strength, purloin its juices, and contend for the ground with its struggling roots. The result is easy to be conceived: the noble tree begins to wither; branch after branch drops mortified from the trunk; it becomes seared, leafless, and rotten from head to foot; and in a few months the struggle is suddenly terminated by a mighty wind. The wood-boring insects and ants had long singled out their victim, and in millions had eaten up its strength. The splendid trunk bends under the wind; a fresh gust in greater violence catches it; and down it comes, overwhelming in its ruin not a few of the enemies which had combined against it, and startling the whole forest with the thundering crash betokening its destruction. A further work is, however, to be accomplished. Curious fungi steal over it, and revel on its dead carcass, on which they display their splendid apparel and grotesque forms. In a short time the chemical influence of the air also aiding in the deed, they, too, have fulfilled their office; and now the place where stood the pride of the forest 'knows it no more,' save as a shapeless mass of vegetable earth.

Penetrating more deeply into these forests, it is no figure to say that there is the kingdom of eternal night. The darkness is never broken by the intrusion of the solar beam, and the feebler moonlight is never known there. The period when the earth is rejoicing in the blaze of a mid-day sun, is that in which the darkness of these recesses only becomes a little modified for a dim obscurity. At this time the straight and lofty trunks of the trees alone are discernible; above them hangs a dense impenetrable roof of branches and leaves; and

the impression of being in a great vault, upheld by a thousand rugged pillars, is that which most deeply affects the traveller. A dreadful stillness, and an over-mastering feeling of gloom, oppress the faculties, and he gladly retraces his steps to brighter scenes out of this valley of the shadow of death. The most remarkable feature of these ancient forests remains to be mentioned, and it is that which clothes them in the most elegant and fantastic garb: it is the innumerable, the incredible multitude of parasitic plants and creepers. As though the surface of the earth were insufficient for the purpose of unfolding all the glorious productions of the teeming soil, every hoary trunk is a flower-garden, every branch a flower-stand, on which a countless variety of plants, of the most exquisite foliage and flower, put forth their beauties, adorning the great mass on which they thrive with a garment of divers colours and odours not its own. Curiares, arums, the splendid flowers of the pothos, the bromelias, the sweet-scented favourites of the South American gardens, and singular tillandrias, hang down in the most astonishing luxuriance and remarkable forms from every aged tree. The trunks are also the dwelling-place of a profusion of variously-tinted lichens—some of a beautiful rose colour, others of a dazzling yellow, some blood-red, which paint the rough bark, and contribute a richness and a warmth of colouring to the *ensemble* which can scarcely be conceived. Up other giant stems creep passion-flowers, in rich exuberance, expanding in a variety of rich colours their singular form, once so awe-exciting, so deeply mysterious to the early discoverers of this continent. But the appearance of the luanths, visci, and orchids, which scramble over these trees, the pen fails to describe. Here seated on a scaly palm, there reposing on an immense bough, or dangling from the farthest branch, they shed their odours, inexpressibly sweet and grateful, and exult in their fantastic beauties, giving their resting-place a splendour of appearance not to be equalled by the most magnificent collection brought together by the hands of man. Yet more wonderful even than these are the creeping and twining plants in these regions. An exquisite wood-engraving, from a drawing, by Martius, of a scene in the Organ Mountains, will be found in Dr Lindley's new work, 'The Vegetable Kingdom,' which will convey a definite idea at least of the elegant decoration thus contributed to the forest. Here will be seen Flora in her playfullest mood, flinging garlands from tree to tree, and binding in hymeneal cords, sometimes of considerable strength, trees of the most opposite character and aspect. These plants creep in immense coils to the topmost boughs, fling themselves to the nearest neighbour, wind around the captive, and come down, twisting and curling in an inextricable manner, among the boughs. Occasionally they twist together like great cables and are seen strapping down some great tree to the earth, something after the similitude of the mast of a ship. Mr Darwin says, 'During the second day's journey, we found the road so shut up, that it was necessary that a man should go abroad with a sword to cut away the creepers. The woody creepers themselves, covered by others, were of

great thickness; some which I measured were *two feet* in circumference.' Many of these creepers suffocate the trees around which they clasp. In every direction their writhing lengths appear giving the scene the character of an enormous nest of serpents. The surface of the ground is literally strewed with floral germs, in purple and gold, in scarlet and blue, and in every tinge into which the rays of light can be arranged; while the exquisite delicacy of the foliage of the ferns and mimosæ adds its peculiar grace to the whole. Flowers which would be the pride and glory of our conservatories, here fall beneath the foot of the traveller at every step. Should he escape from the dense groves in which he has been so long immersed, and gain the elevation of some lofty hill, what a scene presents itself! Grotesque cacti are all around, the curious trees called the 'lily-trees,' or *vello-sius*, having thick naked stems, and dividing like a fork, with a few branches tipped with tufts of leaves, the most singular forms of the vegetable world thrive on the plain at his feet, over which the emus, or American ostriches, gallop in flocks, and his eyes roam in never-tiring admiration over a sea of forest, of waving foliage, of changing tints, and of inexpressible majesty, spreading out its broad arms into the distant horizon. 'So thick and uninterrupted,' writes Humboldt, 'are the forests which cover the plains of South America between the Orinoco and the Amazon that were it not for intervening rivers, the monkeys, almost the only inhabitants of these regions, might pass along the tops of the trees for several hundred miles together without touching the earth.'

These primeval forests are only silent during the midday glare of the tropical sun. The dawn of morning is greeted by legions of monkeys, tree-frogs, and toads, and when the sun arises the scene is full of life. 'Squirrels, troops of gregarious monkeys, issue inquisitively from the interior of the woods to the plantations, and leap whirling and chattering from tree to tree. Birds of the most singular forms, and of the most superb plumage, flutter singly or in companies through the fragrant bushes. The green, blue, and red parrots assemble on the tops of the trees, or fly toward the plantations and islands, filling the air with their screams. The busy orioles creep out of their long, pendent, bag-shaped nests, to visit the orange-trees; and their sentinels announce, with a loud screaming cry, the approach of man. Above all these strange voices, the metallic tones of the uraponga sound from the tops of the highest trees, resembling the strokes of the hammer on the anvil, filling the wanderer with astonishment. Delicate humming-birds, rivalling in beauty and lustre diamonds, emeralds and sapphires, hover round the brightest flowers.' Thus, and in a regular succession, do these happy creatures spend their brief existence. The sun declines, the beasts of the forest do creep forth in search of prey, 'till at last the howling of the monkeys, the sloth with the cry as of one in distress, the croaking frogs, and the chirping grasshoppers with their monotonous note, conclude the day, and the bass tones of the bull-frog announce the approach of night. Myriads of luminous beetles now fly about like ignes-fatui, and blood-

sucking bats hover like phantoms in the profound darkness of the night.*

But it must not be supposed that these forests are a paradise to man. Swarms of mosquitoes, multitudes of piercing, stinging penetrating, poisonous flies torment every portion of the surface uncovered for an instant. Monkeys and birds plunder his plantations : ants and cockroaches devour his food, and pull down his house about his ears. Abroad, the fierce cayman awaits him if he ventures near the pools, and the ounce, poisonous serpents, scorpions, centipedes, spiders, and acari, assault him in the woods. Yet with all these disadvantages, the same pen declares Brazil to be ' the fairest and most glorious country on the surface of the globe.' We may take for an appropriate conclusion the earnest language of our most recent traveller, Darwin :—' It is easy to specify the individual objects of admiration in these grand scenes ; but it is not possible to give an adequate idea of the higher feelings of wonder, astonishment, and devotion which fill and elevate the mind. Among the scenes which are deeply impressed upon my mind, none exceed in sublimity the primeval forests undefaced by the hand of man ; whether those of Brazil, where the powers of life are predominant, or those of Terra del Fuego, where death and decay prevail. Both are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of nature. No one can stand in these solitudes unmoved and without feeling that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body.'

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

FOWLING IN FAROE AND SHETLAND.

These two groups of islands, situated in the northern Atlantic, and separated by only about one hundred and eighty miles, are not more contrasted in their political position and internal economy than in their geological structure, and consequent dissimilarity of scenery ; though, from having been originally peopled by the same Scandinavian race, and long under one government, there are still to be discovered numerous traces of similar language, manners, and even personal appearance.

While Shetland is an integral portion of the home British empire, participating in her enlightened laws and policy, her freedom and progress in improvement, together with the good, and also, alas ! evil, more or less attendant on our peculiar institutions, Faroe, as respects manners and state of society, is in much the same condition as it has

* Spix and Martius. *Travels in Brazil.*

been for a century past at least, or as Shetland was at that distance of time.

Faroe belongs to the Danish crown, is governed by its absolute though mild and paternal rule, and is subject to a royal monopoly of all commerce and other resources. From analogy and observation, however, we are disposed to the opinion that, for a half-instructed, isolated and, pastoral people, the Faroese appear to be at present in precisely the circumstances most conducive to their morality, independence, and happiness.

The geological formation of the Faroe Isles is of volcanic origin ;* hence their splendid basaltic columns and conical hills, deep valleys and mural precipices, narrow fiords and rushing tides. The shores are so steep, that in many of the islands there is no convenient landing-place. Boats are drawn up precipitous banks by ropes and pulleys ; and a ship of large burden may lie close to a wall of rock from one to two thousand feet in height on their side, where the strait, between is so narrow, that she can only be towed or warped onwards or outwards, as alongside a wharf. In some situations the cliffs present stupendous basaltic pillars, to which those of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway are pigmies. More commonly the precipices are broken into narrow terraces, overhanging crags, and gloomy recesses, tenanted by myriads of sea-fowl of every name, whose incessant motions and shrill echoing cries give variety and animation to scenes otherwise desolate in their sublimity.

Among these dizzy and almost confounding scenes the fowler pursues his hazardous but familiar avocation ; for the eggs and flesh of the sea-fowl are an important part of the food of the Faroese, and the feathers a profitable article of exportation. Little thinks many a discontented town-bred workman, or surly field labourer, and still less many a fashionable *ennuyée*, with what cheeriness and courage numbers of their fello w-creatures encounter not merely fatiguing toil, but frightful danger, while in quest of their daily bread !

The manner of performing the perilous task of taking the birds from the precipices is thus described :†—‘ The fowler (fugleman) is let down from the top of the cliff by a rope about three inches thick, which is fastened to the waist and thighs by a broad woollen band, on which he sits. The adventurer soon loses sight of his companions, and can only communicate with them by a small line attached to his body. When he reaches the terraces, often not more than a foot broad, he frees himself from the rope, attaches it to a stone, and commences his pursuit of the feathery natives. Where the nests are in a hollow of the rock, the bird-catcher gives himself a swinging motion by means of his pole, till the vibration carries him so close, that he can get footing on the rock. He can communicate to himself a swing of thirty to forty feet ; but when the shelf lies deeper back, another rope is let down to his associates in a boat, who can thus give him a

* They are composed almost entirely of trap-rock.

† It is similarly pursued in Foula, St. Kilda, and others of the Scottish islands.

swing of one hundred or one hundred and twenty feet.' The Faroese talk with rapture of their sensations while thus suspended between sea and sky, swinging to and fro by what would seem a frail link when the value of a human life is concerned. Nay, so fascinating is this uncouth occupation, that there are often individuals who, provided with a small supply of food, cause themselves to be lowered to some recess, where the overhanging cliff gives shelter from above, and a platform of a few square feet scarce affords sufficient resting-place; and here, sometimes for a fortnight, and even three weeks together, will the adventurer remain alone, scrambling from crag to crag, collecting birds from the nests, or catching them as they fly past him with his fowling-pole and net, till he has filled his bags with their slaughtered bodies or their feathers. We cannot imagine a more wildly-sublime locality for the restless energy of man to choose as a temporary sojourning place. The ceaseless discordant scream of the birds, no doubt amazed at the dauntless intruder on their haunts, the roar of the surf, and the wailing of the wind among the rocks and crevices, might combine well-nigh to deafen any unaccustomed ears. Moreover, there is the danger, the awe-inspiring scenery, the solitude; yet several persons have averred to our informant that in such a unique position they have spent absolutely their happiest days!

In Faroe the story is related, which is also said to have occurred at St Kilda, Foula, and Skye,* of a father and son having been lowered at once, the one above the other, on a fowling expedition, by the usual rope; that on beginning to ascend, they perceived two of the three cords of which it was composed had been cut by the abrasion of the rocks, and could not sustain the weight of more than one of them; and how, after a short but anguished contention, the father prevailed on the son to cut him off, and thus sacrifice his parent's life as the only chance of saving his own.

A far more instructive and thrilling anecdote, which, so far as we know, has not appeared in print, was told our informant in Faroe by a member of the young man's family to whom it occurred.

We have said that the fowlers are lowered from above, and manage to get stationed on some shelf or ledge of rock, frequently beneath an overhanging crag, where they disengage themselves from the rope, and proceed to their employment. Now it unfortunately happened that the young man we have alluded to, having secured his footing on the flat rock by some accident lost his hold of the rope, to which was also attached his signal-line, which he had the agony to see, after a few pendulous swings, settle perpendicularly utterly *beyond his reach*, when the first moments of surprise and nearly mortal anguish had elapsed, he sat down to consider, as calmly as might be, what he should do, what effort make to save himself from the appalling fate of perishing by inches on that miserable spot. His friends above, he knew, after waiting the usual time, would draw up the rope, and find-

* To which of these several places, therefore, belongs the honour of the incident is doubtful.

ing him not there, would conclude he had perished; or should they by the same method descend to seek him, how among the thousand nooks of that bewildering depth of rock upon rock find the secret recess he had chosen, where he had so often congratulated himself on his favourable position, but which seemed now destined for his grave?

More than once the almost invincible temptation rushed on his mind of ending his distraction and suspense by leaping into the abyss. One short moment, and his fears and sufferings, with his 'life's fitful fever,' would be over. But the temporary panic passed away; he raised his thoughts to the guardian care of Omnipotence; and calmed and re-assured, he trusted some mode of deliverance would present itself. To this end he more particularly scanned his limited resting-place. It was a rocky shelf, about eight feet wide, and gradually narrowing till it met the extended precipice where not the foot of a gull could rest: at the other extremity it terminated in an abrupt descent of hundreds of feet: at the back was a mural rock, smooth and slippery as ice: and above was a beetling crag, overarchng the place where he stood, outside of which depended his only safety—his unfortunate rope. Every way he moved, carefully examining and attempting each possible mode of egress from his singular prison-house. He found none. There remained, so far as his own efforts were concerned, one desperate chance to endeavour to reach the rope. By means of his long pole he attempted to bring it to his hand. Long he tried; but he tried in vain: he could hardly touch it with the end of the stick and other appliances; but no ingenuity could serve to hook it fast. Should he, then, leap from the rock, and endeavour to catch it as he sprung? Was there any hope he could succeed, or catching, could he sustain his hold till drawn to the top? This indeed seemed his only forlorn-hope. One fervent prayer, therefore, for agility, courage, and strength, and with a bold heart, a steady eye, and outstretched hand, he made the fearful spring! We dare not, and could not say exactly the distance—it was many feet—but he caught the rope, first with one hand, and in the next moment with the other. It slipped through, peeling the skin from his palms; but the knot towards the loops at the end stopped his impetus, and he felt he could hold fast for a time. He made the usual signal urgently, and was drawn upwards as rapidly as possible. Yet the swinging motion, the imminent danger, and his own precarious strength considered, we may well believe the shortest interval would seem long, and that no ordinary courage and energy were still necessary for his safety. He reached the top, and instantly prostrated himself on the turf, returning aloud to the Almighty his fervent thanksgivings, a few words of which had hardly escaped his lips when he sunk into utter insensibility.

Great was the amazement of his associates to find him hanging on by his hands—greater far their astonishment at his singular adventure: but once having told his tale, which every circumstance clearly corroborated, his pole and net being found on the rock as described,

he never would again be prevailed on to recur to the subject ; nor did he ever approach in the direction of the cliff from which he had descended, without turning shudderingly away from a spot associated with a trial so severe.

Quite contrasted to all these scenes, as we observed at the outset, are the aspect of nature and the manner of taking the sea-fowl and their eggs in Shetland. The hills here are low, none of the seaward precipices are about six or seven hundred feet high ; and so far from fowling being pursued as a regular branch of employment, under proper regulations, as in Faroe, the Shetland landlords and other superiors by all means discourage their dependents from spending their time and energies in what is at best to them a desultory and most dangerous occupation, which, moreover, robs the rocks, otherwise so bare and rugged, of those feathered denizens, their appropriate ornament. Still, so fascinating and exciting is this method of idling away time, that might be much more profitably or improvingly employed, at least in these islands, that many of the fishermen frequent the cliffs and peril their lives in the forbidden pursuit. Serious accidents occasionally occur. Some time ago a poor man met a very dreadful fate. He had been creeping into a crevice where were several nests with eggs ; having inserted half of his body, he had dislodged a stone, which held him fast. His decaying corpse was found some time afterwards ; the head, shoulders, and outstretched hands jammed in the crevice, and the feet and legs hanging out.

More lately, a man noted for his fowling depredations went out one fine morning to gather shell-fish bait for the next day's fishing. It happened to be the day after the communion Sabbath, when there is sermon at noon. The fisherman's Sunday clothes were laid ready, his family went to church and returned, but he appeared not : night came, and he was yet absent. Still his family were under no particular anxiety, imagining he had gone to a friend's at some little distance. In the morning, however, when he did not join his boat's crew to go to the usual fishing, the alarm was raised, and inquiry and search immediately made. It was without success for a considerable time ; but finally, near the brink of a precipice, where an opening rent in the rocks made an accessible way for a short distance downwards, the poor man's shoes and basket of bait were found. Following up this indication, his fishing associates proceeded in their boat to the base of the cliff, from whence they thought they saw something like a human being. With renewed hope they climbed up, and found their unfortunate comrade caught between two rocks, where he reclined as if asleep ; but he had fallen from a great height, and was quite dead : and by this act, as of a truant schoolboy, for a few wild-fowl eggs, was a wife and large family left destitute and mourning !

There is in the island of Unst, the most northerly of the Shetlands, one man who, by his bravery, expertness, and, we may perhaps add, his incorrigible perseverance, has gained a sort of tacit immunity from the general restriction, or at least his poaching misdemeanours are winked at. His father was a noted fowler before him ; and since

his own earliest boyhood, he has been accustomed to make it his pastime to scramble among the steepest crags and cliffs, making many a hairbreadth escape, many an unheard-of prize. He has robbed the most inaccessible nooks of their inhabitants, and even surprised the sea eagle in her nest. He climbs barefooted, and his toes clasp the slippery rock as talons would. Fear or dizziness he knows not of; and for a few shillings, or for an afternoon's recreation, he will scale many a ladder of rock, and penetrate many a time-worn crevice, where human foot but his own will probably never tread. Every cranny, every stepping-place of the precipitous headlands of his native island are intimately known to him; and at how much expense of unconquerable perseverance, zig-zag explorings and undaunted courage this has been accomplished, we may not stop too particularly to relate.

On one occasion, led on by his indomitable love of exploring, he had passed to a point of a cliff to which even he had never dared to venture before. His object, was to discover the spot where he believed a pair of eagles had long built unmolested. Overjoyed, he reached the place; triumphantly he possessed himself of the eggs (for which, by the by, a commercial collector afterwards paid him five shillings;) and then he for the first time became aware of his whereabouts. How he got there he could not even imagine. He paused a few moments; it was not fear, but unfeigned surprise and awe that entranced him; and then the consideration naturally forced itself on his attention—'How shall I return?' It ought to be mentioned, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that it is much more difficult to *get down* than to *ascend*. The whole tortuosities and difficulties of the path are more clearly in view, and the head is apt not to be so steady. In the present case, moreover, the excitement was past—the object was attained; and it is wonderful how the blood cools, and courage becomes calculating, in these latter circumstances. Well, besides the plundered eyrie our gallant adventurer sat cogitating. 'I'll never return, that's certain, to begin with,' he said to himself. 'After all my escapes and exploits, my time is come at last. Well, if it is, *it is*; let me meet it like a man! If it is not come, I shall get down in safety, as I have done ere now, though never from such an awful place before.' So he precipitately began the descent—plunging on without an idea except his early-imbibed belief in predestination, and an occasional aspiration to the Almighty for protection. He never knew, he says, how or by what paths he reached a place of comparative safety; but he would not attempt to go again to that spot for twenty guineas.

It is not, however, only in those localities with which from childhood he has been familiar that our courageous fowler is dexterous and adventurous in his undertakings. Tempted by an offer of adequate remuneration from an amateur, he engaged to procure an eagle's egg from a distant quarter, where they were known to have a nest. The gentleman, in the interval of his absence, sorely repented that he had proffered the bribe, though he by no means urged the step. But in due time the brave cragsman returned successful, having twice scaled

the precipice to the eyrie. The first time when he reached the place, from whence he scared the parent birds, he found the nest so situated, that though he saw the eggs, he could not by any possibility reach them. Nothing daunted, he returned and made his preparations. To the end of a long fishing-rod he attached a bladder, the mouth of which he kept distended by a wire. Reaching this simple but ingenious apparatus to the nest, from the perching-place where he leaned, he gradually worked the eggs into the bladder-bag with the point of the rod, and bore them off in triumph. It was the most lucrative, though the most dangerous adventure he had ever accomplished; for the locality was strange, the weather was gloomy, and the birds were fierce, and at one time in startling proximity to the spoiler.

This man, who in every respect is the *beau idéal* of a successful fowler, is now in the prime of life, about medium height, active and agile of course, and slender and lithe as an eel. During the late trying season of destitution from the failure of crops and fishing, he has mainly supported his family by the produce of such exploits as we have been detailing. And he has a little son, the tiny counterpart of himself, who, almost ever since he could walk, he has taught to climb the rocks along with him, and who therefore bids fair, should he escape casualties, to be as bold and expert in fowling as is his parent.

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND,

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

Reminiscences of York.—Knavesmere Race-course.—The Manor-house at Heslington.—The Druggist's Shop in Mickle Gate.—Charley Robinson.—“Old Smelt.”—Robert Ridsdale.—Merton Racing Establishment.—Gully.—Captain Frank Tailor.—Scott, the Jockey.—Frank Maw, the Dealer.

There is no town in England more thoroughly imbued with the genuine spirit of racing than the grand old city of York; and in none have there been greater exertions or more princely liberality displayed of late years for the encouragement of the noble pastime by all ranks, shades, sects, and sexes, than in venerable Ebor.

The ground at Knavesmere is admirably adapted by nature, and will bear comparison with the most eligible-situated arena for the pur-

pose in Great Britain ; and now, since the improvements in draining and rounding the elbows of the old line have been effected, may justly be pronounced as perfect a race-course as turf and ingenuity, and, above all, unremitting attention on the part of the race-committee, can make it.

Within a lounge of the city, with a distinct and pleasant route for foot passengers across the fields, the scene of action is gained without fatigue or expense ; whilst the pride of ecclesiastical architecture towers over a series of waving foliage, hallowed ruin, fat pastures, and the winding, silver waters of the Ouse, completing a scene singularly rich in rural beauty, antiquity, and historical association.

York is the metropolis of hospitality. The inns—called, in modern parlance, hotels—are unequalled for sterling comfort, civility, plenty, and moderation in charges. Such glorious examples of the ancient English inn do not exist in the same number in any city or town as here ; whilst the old-fashioned shops, filled with the best and every variety of merchandize, luxury, and ornament, display to the lounge a continued bazaar in his promenade, and offer no slight temptation to his powers of self-denial. The cathedral is a theme too lofty to be even touched upon in a roadside sketch, like the present ; though the gorgeous pile, completing, as it does, the “pomp of the view” to the beholder of York, looms too grandly on our memory to suffer us to omit all mention of it.

Within a few miles of York, embowered in the rural, primitive village of Heslington, is situated a glorious old dwelling, inhabited by Major Yarburgh, a steady and staunch patron of the turf, and not unfrequently a successful competitor on it. The manor-house is said to have been a hunting-lodge of the Virgin Queen, and is as quaint, national, and baronial a mansion as the most fastidious antiquary could desire, and is, worthy the high by-gone honour imputed to it.

Embattled, moated, and ivy-grown, the old house, built of red brick and stone, and now become grey and dappled by the mellowing hand of time, is embosomed within high, yet carefully clipped groves of yew and holly, and is as befitting an abiding-place for a true English squire of lineage, and eke a turfite of the patrician school, as can be well imagined. The interior is pannelled with dark oak, and famous for its mighty ale ; whilst the snug paddocks, sheltered and fenced from the rich pastures of ancient swarth, are celebrated as the “dropping” places of many a once high-mettled racer.

Here, with an ample fortune, and hardy frame, and innate love of sport, it were meet and in character to see the stalwart proprietor of the domain, peradventure leaning over the hand-gate on a summer's evening, complacently regard the graceful creature, half buried by her flowing, untrimmed mane, lounging towards him, with the frolicsome foal at her foot,—musing, probably, in dreamy speculation upon his Derby horse at three short years hence. But, if you will step with me into yon druggist's shop in the city, on our return to the patriarchal, home-like hostel—the Old White Horse, in the Pavement—and converse for a quarter of an hour with the feeble, nay, deformed little

gentleman (though the plainness of language is intended in anything but a spirit of offence,) who is perched upon yon high stool, and regulating his nose from the huge, coffin-like box of black rappee—possibly making out an invoice for Scammony or Epsom salts—you would not suppose him to be actuated by the same spirit and yearning for sport that moved the stout squire of Heslington. Yet neither in the breast of the latter, nor in the heart of a Mellish or Nimrod himself, was ever the genuine love for a race, or pluck in contributing towards it in money or exertion, more fully developed than in the big heart of that little tradesman of York, seated on the high stool in the murky, drug-scented den in Mickle Gate!

Poor Charley Robinson!—for who is there, having any acquaintance with the turf, to whom thy name is unknown? Who does not mind thy puny frame and more than manful exertion in the cause of sport? And who does not regret thy premature departure?

From the feudal, turreted old manor-house at Heslington to a smoke-dried, dwarfish druggist's shop in Mickle Gate, though a wholesale one, is a wide step; but, in the thorough mental attributes of a sportsman; in liberality, in time, and money for the good of his native city; in conviviality, drollery, tenacity in backing and sticking to his horse, the little man had ten to one the best of the major.

Emanating from the young, the unemployed, and the wealthy, the love of sporting is tame and of too easy a conquest to bear a comparison with the unwavering affection displayed by the unfortunately-formed individual, occupied in business, whose portrait we are drawing. With him it was a sacrifice, though a willing one, throughout; yet the love of sport was in him, and urged him to do a manful devoir for old Ebor ere he was run to earth, of which the whole country is well cognizant.

"Little Charley Robinson" was known to every one, from Mr George Lane Fox to old Tommy Life, and had the *entrée* of the Hall and Saddle-room alike. At a race time, when any of Scott's horses were the favourite, as they *occasionally* were, the little fellow was the gamest supporter in the ring, and would give the quietus to many a burly *leg* by snapping him for a round sum in backing his fancy, when they thought he had "done." Not five feet high, he would face Gully or the devil with equal indifference, and over a bottle of old port could scarcely be beaten fairly. "Walls of flesh," thews and sinews, bone and muscle, were denied him; but the *heart* compensated for the loss of these, and more.

But it was in rousing the city to repair the course of Knavesmere, and to "come out" like inhabitants worthy the second city in Britain; in collecting subscriptions for large stakes, and in subscribing most handsomely himself, in addition to devoting his time to the furtherance of these views, that Charley finished his racing career, and left a name honoured by every one to whom the turf and prosperity of York are of the slightest interest. As an amateur antiquarian, friend to theatricals, music, agriculturc, and good citizenship, equally with being an honourable English tradesman, he was alike celebrated for his love for

the turf; and when he died, it is safe to say no man was more missed or regretted by all classes in old Ebor than the worthy little fellows of whom I have thus inadequately etched my slight memoir.—*Requiescat in pace!*

Besides the little wholesale druggists, there were, in my day, many retail shops in York, wherein you might purchase half an ounce of cayenne and “get pepper” to a “pony” on any great race pending, from the sedate, tranquil old gentleman who served you,—if known *masonically*, that is. There was a sporting, smellfungi old character, habited in drab integuments and a flaxen wig, who dealt in chemicals, and seemed a very “deacon of the craft;” so methodical and combed into respectability did he appear, as you made known your solicitation in his line. But give him a three-quarter look,—a glance “across the flat,”—and insinuate, “I say, doctor, what can you lay against “Syringe” for the “Nursery?” then wouldn’t the old gentleman’s eye flash with an *arch*-deacon like gleam? Or say, “Doctor, I want to back a horse in the Ebor Handicap for a ‘tenner,’”—probably one at Malton, a stable lad from the *lot* not impossibly being, at the very moment, in the doctor’s little back parlour, discussing a plate of corned beef and horn of Oetober; after having told the worthy old citizen that your fancy was indisposed, and that he might “lay”—wouldn’t he *then* make a rush at you over the counter, and book you before you could say “done!” They were all more or less inoculated with the true vaccine of the John Bullish propensity to trade and sport simultaneously. Even the old Quaker tea-dealer in the square would take a point more than the betting on John Seott’s Ledger horse; yea, even on the good steed “Solomon” for a “fiver,” would he venture—and *stake!* whilst many a bootmaker would give you a pair of boots, and any tailor a coat to “return fifty” on their fancied outsider in Seott’s lot for the Derby.

But old Smelt, the “Clapham-town-end” bred, unetuous publican of the Shambles, did the city “business;” he making a “thoo-sand poond” book, and having a five pound lottery to boot; and it was at his house of an evening that the sporting Yorkites met to read his Tattersall’s list, and, if betting was dull—to play a bit of “three card loo,” at which the tub bellied old Boniface was a “dab hand,” and an “artful eard” on occasion. Yet sometimes he had the worst of it: when lord! how he would steam and mop his bald, irreverent head! He, once, had only two horses in the Derby who were his losers—though heavy ones—the remaining eight and twenty runners, or so, ran to win for him, and the old sweltering publican mounted a wagon to see the result, after laying the odds to 10*l.* over and above his book to *oblige* a neighbour.

Both horses remained at 40 or 50 to 1, and the “knowing-ones” accepted the price as a sure sign of safety. However, at the straight run in, the two despised outsiders singled themselves from the “ruek,” and made a race of it; and it was at the instant of old Smelt getting fully persuaded of the fact, that his face became a study for a disciple of Lavater, as invaluable as it was original. With an exclamation

that they were "*both winning!*" and an uncalled for anathema on his unfortunate eyes, the yokel-turfite dropped from the wagon like a rook from its nest with a ball through his head, and did not recover the shock till after Doncaster, during which time he had the Yorkshire commission from old John Day to console him. Three horses averaging $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 in the betting, and eagerly inquired after for four months, and "*all scratched*" on or before the day, helped the rotund little worthy out of a portion of his losses on the great occasion.

But, Ridsdale was *the* man of York once on a time; a time I mind right well, and must refer to, for a moral, though a sad one, and no little interest to the narrator and his contemporaries hang over the memoir of the once triumphant, gallant-hearted owner of Merton. In juvenile contrast to the ancient manor-house at Heslington, in an equal ratio as the rank, or rather origin of the proprietors varied from high to low, Merton was a new, farming, racing, comfortable establishment, replete with handsome red-brick out-houses, white gates, enclosed fold-yards, double fences—kept as clean as camellias in a conservatory, and was, to my thinking, the *beau idéal* of a tasty, sporting yeoman's abode. The cottage was small, yet exquisitely furnished; whilst the table of poor Bobby was not surpassed by those of either the high sheriff or archbishop.

A more liberal, jolly, manly-hearted fellow did not breathe; nor could a bolder or more naturally skilful a horseman follow the hounds than he. When in the zenith of his good-fortune, after *netting* 47,000*l.* on "*Giles!*" Ridsdale appeared to be more intent on farming, hunting, and feeding fine cattle, than on racing; and being splendidly mounted, of bull-dog courage, and of light weight, he was always in the first flight in the field, and equally celebrated for his fat stock at fair time. As I have before hinted, he was of humble origin, having been, I believe, once in service as a groom at Lambton Castle; but, he was of an off-hand, gallant, Dick Turpin and Squire Western like deportment, which, added to an unpretending air, excellent taste in costume, and consummate cleanliness, made him always acceptable, if not admired in the rougher paths of the sporting-world; and I confess to having relished his heartiness as a narrator of stirring events on the turf, more than that of any man I ever met on or off it.

At Merton, if you dined there and spent the night, you were always treated as if nothing could be too good for you. Claret from Griffith's, with a bouquet like a bed of violets you might swim in, if you choose,—or, *drown* if you preferred it. Your comfortable "*loose boy*" with a tidy lad in dress stable-suit to attend you, were at your service when you wished it, and not an instant before. The Magazines and daily papers were strewn about the sofas and easy chairs, whilst the chaste and massive plate, picked up with exquisite taste, regardless of cost, together with the paintings of racing scenes by Herring, on the walls, made the cottage at Merton elegant and comfortable in the *extreme*.

Ridsdale had, on one occasion that I visited him a *hundred head* of blood-stock on his premises, besides hunters and farm-horses, eating

hay and corn, and paying taxes; and it would have needed a "St. Giles" and an equal net sum of 47,000*l.* every three or four years to have kept his expenses under. And though he did on several occasions win enormous stakes, the regular out-goings at the rate of 10,000*l.* a year, at least, effectually "wound him up" in the sequel; and when he failed to liquidate at Doncaster in the "Queen of Trumps" year, mainly, I believe, through the failure again of other parties on whom he had claims, though nearly every member of the turf would gladly have aided him to continue on it, he could not put up with a position on sufferance; and after selling all up at Merton, and paying a very handsome dividend to his creditors, plunged sullenly and recklessly into the dense obscure of the suburbs of London; barely answering when hailed by his oldest acquaintance, if he could possibly avoid him.

This stern determination to abstain from soliciting or accepting proffered favours, argued a breeding in the beaten man beyond the flunkey or his caste; and sufficiently accounts for the taste in Claret, cleanliness, and off-hand manners, developed, as we have seen, in the hey-day of his career.

An unfortunate quarrel with Gully precipitated poor Ridsdale's ruin; and when they became at "daggers drawn," in the lieu of confederates, from an unmanly assault in the hunting-field on the part of the huge ex-prizefighter, on the slight, non-combatant owner of "Giles," his evil fortune in the ring seemed to overtake him with redoubled severity. A jury of honest Yorkshiremen gave a verdict against the perpetrator of the outrage, his fighting-fame standing in ugly relief in court; and so anxious were the spectators for the result, and gratified on 500*l.* damages being awarded, that a general view-halloo was given by them, in which the learned brethren of the bar and erminent judge were maliciously reported at the time to have cordially joined.

A singular instance of the flirting jade's vagaries with our Merton friend, when her capricious favours seemed to have left his door for ever, is the fact, that after all was sold off, from "Coriolanus" to the coffee-pot, a wretched, ill-conditioned colt-foal—howbeit with the blood of old "Tramp" in his veins, remained without so much as a bid being obtainable, with a speedy prospect of "the dogs" in reversion. This animal, however, was eventually taken to Newmarket by William Ridsdale, a well-behaved, pleasant, unassuming fellow as ever trod the heath, and as "Bloomsbury" won the Derby, and for a very fleeting period, put poor Bobby into scant and ruffled plumage.

When in "feather" he was as extravagant as an Irish peer, and as Derbies did not come in succession, nor luck abide with him after his *coup* with "Bloomsbury," our friend "threw out" and "passed the boy," together with nearly every acquaintance for the future.

I must relate one instance of Ridsdale's hardihood in the field, to which I heard him allude over his own mahogany very modestly the day after performing the exploit.

He had had the "Ainsty" to himself, on a late severe run, for a considerable time, from being the only man in a large field who dared, or liked to take a "yauner" to get at them. He was riding his celebrated grey horse "Sedan," since the property of that genuine gentleman Mr Alexander Bosville, of Thorp, when the only outlet from a strongly-barricaded paddock lay over a wide ditch and high staken-bound fence, *into* a deep, weed-covered watering-pool on the off-side. Ridsdale did not hesitate an instant, but crammed "Sedan" at it, and *amphibiated* to his work at the tail of the hounds as unconcernedly as if taking a canter over a grass field.

Another worthy of York appertaining to the turf about this period was Captain Frank Tailor, formerly of the 12th Light Dragoons, and latterly famed for whisker, gout, and being the owner of "Ainderby." The captain lodged at Pardoe's, the chief constable's, in St. Ellen's Square, and might usually have been seen sauntering, attired in a drab sack of a pee-jacket, and a cloth shoe, either towards old "Billy Strick's" shop, or Charley Robinson's drug depôt. He was a pleasant, gentlemanly fellow, and perfectly docile before dinner, notwithstanding he made his toilet by the aid of brandy, and swoe as they did of yore in Flanders, much to the horror of poor little Charley, when the captain made an inroad upon him in trading-hours, and frightened many a staid old bagman doing business with him out of all shadow of propriety.

The captain generally kept a couple of tidy nags of the cob order for his own riding, and had stables and a saddle-room on the premises of old Lady Foulis, as neat as it was possible to maintain them. His horse "Ainderby," a very second or third-rate animal, once bowled over the mighty "Queen of Trumps" at Doncaster, in a good stake, by reason of the mare's being crossed or heeled by a ferocious mastiff, who ran at her in the race, and caused her to swerve, or change a leg, and consequently to lose it.

They betted twenty to one on the winner of the Oaks and Leger—as well they might, barring accident!—and it was no little surprise and satisfaction to the hairy centurion of the 13th Light, when he was told in the bar of the Grand Stand that he was the winner of a couple of thousands. He very gratefully gave five pounds for his canine friend, and for ever after kept him on the daintiest fare, and eventually I believe, left him an annuity. The captain was a terrible martyr to the gout, and absorbed lagoons of brandy per year in the insane attempt at stifling it; but the fell disease stifled *him* in the long-run, and left him a skin full of chalk-stone, colchicum, and cognac, with nothing but his grizzled whiskers remaining intact, by which he could have been recognised.

He once gave us at little Charley's classic den,—his private one, bachelor quarters, in every way worthy his good taste and liberality,—a glowing account of an affair he had with Jack Mytton at Chester, in his sounder days, when he and the high-sheriff of two counties were incarcerated for licking a mob of ruffians in a cellar at midnight.

On the special evening referred to at Charley Robinson's we had the company, amongst others, of Bill Scott, the jockey, who then resided in an excellent house most appropriately flanking the entrance to Knavesmire. Bill was then in his palmy days; a winner of more "St. Legers" than any preceding Jock,—of several "Derbies," "Oaks," and other great races innumerable; was wealthy, sound in head, and as hospitable, kind-hearted a fellow as ever trotted through the streets of York.

To an innate knowledge of the race-horse, and a comprehensive judgment in making use of him when he had "quality" to steer, added to great nerve up to this period, and a correct personal test of his animal in "trial," may be traced the success of Scott's powerful lot under Bill's most accomplished jockeyship. For, at this period, if the state of things shewed they were in earnest, and a friend was told to back a horse "on the day," it seldom happened they were wrong; and I know no stable so universally near the mark as John Scott's, when poor Bill was pilot.

No man kept a better house, or was more liberal in dispensing the good things in it than he; and, at a race-time, lords, legs, eits, country friends, and brother Jocks, were alike to be seen at his well-spread board, and were equally welcome and attended to by the amusing, bustling host; who, whether condescending or not to ride, was accoutred in strict professional twig, and had a jovial word and sly joke for every one passing his door to the course; ay! and a guinea, too, for many a poor quondam friend out at elbows.

When in his best form, no man ever excelled Bill Scott as a horseman over the flat, and as rarely equalled him in his knowledge of a horse's powers. When he won the St. Leger on "Satirist," and defeated "Coronation," the winner of the Derby, a horse his superior, on the day by a stone, a more brilliant display of judgment and fine riding was never witnessed. Patience, hands, and finally the act of "coming" at the precise *instant*, served to land him a gallant winner by a short half-length in advance of his formidable opponent, steered by old John Day. A more splendid race was never seen; and I remember hearing John Scott say on the morning that, if he could not train a two-stone inferior animal to beat any thing prepared by a Cockney *butler* in a paddock, as "Coronation" at the last was supposed to be, he would retire from the profession,—a boast which he verified manfully in the time of struggle.

Bill's vocabulary over the table or a "clay" was filled with inexpressible words, as long as a two-year-old course, and I mind especially how solemnly polite he was in the earlier part of the evening to the patron of the stable with whom he was in familiar conversation; whilst the Captain, though he many a time and oft cut into Bill's mutton at Knavesmire Gate, and had him equally often at his own quarters, addressed him in a bland, half-patronising, kind-masterly strain as "William." But, as the oyster-shells were removed, the pipes replenished, and the strong waters arrived at "flood," the little round-shouldered Jock in the corner, with his feet on the hob, and the gouty *réchauffered* old dragoon, packed in the huge easy chair, became

fiercely familiar, the "William" having become "Bill," and the "Captain" curtailed into "Frank." Indeed, the former, after running through a coil of serpentine phrases, such as, "through the pre-eminence of the feeling of human nature, and *vice versa*, on the footing of it," offered to run the latter d—d impostor "Ainderby" with a grey hunter he had in York (as thorough-bred as "Eclipse!") for a thousand. Shouting at him, with a half-savage leer peculiar to him, "I say, Frank, you hairy old devil, do you hear? I'll lay you fifteen hundred to ten, and put the money into Charley's hands."

At this sally from the chimney corner, the Captain, ever self-possessed and perfectly well-bred, retired on the "William" again, softening Bill into a sly triumphant chuckle by saying he should always ride for him, not against him, and getting him to charge his pipe and replenish his beaker.

It was a rich scene! Our host, when seated, could barely get his nose over the table ledge, and, like a sporting gnome, hounded on the dark-visaged jockey to make the match, with mischievous drollery; whilst Simmy Templeman,—worthy, civil little fellow! sat choking with laughter, and egging on the captain to do the same. The owner of the "Cure" (not by gallons, the "cold-water" one!) set to his work like a galliot under the big crane at Cognac, seeming so intent upon getting a load, and eventually kennell'd under the side-board with a coal-skuttle for a pillow.

The many traits of charity, generosity, and good-feeling which might with truth be placed to Bill Scott's credit, leave a considerable balance due to him in the account-current of character; and effectually serve to neutralize his many eccentricities and occasional breaches of *boni mores*, after being exposed to the rays of conviviality.

In concluding my sketch of the *dramatis personæ* from the stable scenes of Eboracum, I cannot resist a passing tribute to the memory of another, 'Frank'; viz. Maw the "Dealer"; for, assuredly, a more respectable and respected a person could not breathe than himself; nor could any citizen have earned a reputation for unspotted probity in the great mart of horseflesh more complete than he left behind him.

It was a luxury to see Maw in his elegant, comfortable home and well-filled establishment in the heart of the city, and something most gratifying to a man of reflection to behold a calling, usually not the most fastidious or refined, so elevated and unimpeachable as it was rendered by this well-mannered most honourable horse-dealer.

He was company for the highest in the county, for he had intelligence, good-breeding, and modesty withal; and I can safely affirm that, as a type of a yeoman-trader in his portly, tidy, sportsman-like demeanour and "cut" in general, Frank Maw was not excelled by any brother of the cloth in Great Britain or out of it.

He died suddenly and in the prime of life, being universally regretted by all who knew him, having left a post open to the emulation of any man of enlarged views and fair principles of dealing with a county full of good people, in which the demand for high-class horses is uniform with the sporting taste inherent in it throughout.

Bentley's Miscellany, for Dec.

A RIDE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The following sketch, fresh from the pen of a resident in South Africa, is especially interesting as concerning a country where peace and security to colonists appear to be established for the first time on a firm basis.

After some months' hard work on the frontier, we left King Williamstown, the capital of British Caffraria. Riding all day, we arrived the same evening at Fort Hare, where we encamped for the night. There is nothing worth of note in the place. Next morning at daybreak we were again in the saddle *en route* to Shiloh, distant two days' march from Fort Hare. Our road lay through a country undoubtedly very beautiful, but dreadfully wild and desolate. We did not meet one human being the whole time. The first night we had to stand for four hours under a torrent of rain, without the least shelter, whilst waiting for our wagons with the tents to come up; and to add to our discomfort, it suddenly grew as bitterly cold as it had been intensely hot during the daytime. Next night, after a forced march of sixteen hours, we found ourselves in Shiloh, where we were forced to rest for some days. Shiloh is an extensive settlement of Moravian missionaries, or *Herrnhüter*, as they are called in Germany. Being the only one of the party who spoke German, I acted as interpreter; and they, not a little pleased to hear their mother-tongue from the lips of a stranger in such a remote part of the world, entertained us most hospitably, and in true German style. Later on my journey I had an opportunity of visiting their largest establishment in South Africa at Genadendaal, and shall therefore defer a description of their habits and customs until my arrival at this remarkable place.

From Shiloh to Colesberg is four days' journey, uninteresting and monotonous in the extreme. To describe one day is to describe all. The country is barren, not a tree to be seen the whole way, very little water, and not above three farm-houses on the road; how even they come to be inhabited is a marvel. We rode all day long under the burning sun, and at night slept, sometimes in tents, and sometimes under a bush, in our cloaks. The end of the fourth day saw us in Colesberg. But what a town! I really think, if its founders had searched the whole country, they could not have pitched on a worse spot. Perched like an eagle's nest among the hills and rocks, it seems calculated to attract every possible ray of heat. Not a tree for miles round, and only one fountain in the town! Here we were obliged to halt for several days, to recruit our forces, and during our stay, were fortunate enough to witness the arrival of Sir Harry Smith, the new governor of the colony, with his staff, on his return from his very successful tour into Caffriland. This place was considerably out of his road, but he had subjected himself to much hardship and incon-

venience in order to visit the Dutch farmers, for the following reasons :—

The Orange River lies at a distance of fifteen miles from Colesberg, and forms the boundary of the colony in that part of the country. Beyond this is an immense tract of territory, which extends to the port of Natal on the sea-coast, and is called the ' Natal District.' This land, though not a portion of the colony, is to a certain extent under British surveillance and protection, and is inhabited chiefly by large Dutch farmers. These people, during the late war suffered the greatest annoyance from the neighbouring Caffres—frequently losing all their cattle and everything they possessed ; and the English government, notwithstanding continual promises, afforded them little or no protection. After enduring months of this hardship, they were at length so harassed, that great disaffection, almost amounting to open insurrection, was the consequence. They then unanimously came to the determination of moving up into the interior, where they might live in peace, free and secure from all depredations. It was to prevent this great loss to the government, and to restore confidence to all parties, that Sir Harry Smith resolved to make the overland journey through the Natal District—an undertaking unprecedented for a governor. His efforts, however, have been crowned with success ; here as everywhere else, his noble and generous character has inspired trust and given value to his words ; and the result is, that no previous governor has been able to effect so much real good in the colony within so short a space of time. During our stay at Colesberg, the Dutch farmers flocked in from far and wide to see him, and we were assured that the same enthusiasm prevailed throughout his whole progress. In a few days his excellency and party started for the Orange River, whilst ours prepared for departure in the opposite direction. The prospect before us was far from agreeable. A journey of six hundred miles on horseback, through a desert country, with only four towns, or rather villages, on the way seemed to us almost fearful ; and the result proved our anticipations to be correct.

We commenced our journey at daybreak. Altogether we formed a large cavalcade, with a bullock-wagon in the rear containing our tents, baggage, and provisions. This ought to have been up with us early every evening at our halting-place ; but to our great disappointment it always arrived so late, that we were able to put up our tents only four times during our long journey. Nearly every night we had to sleep in the bushes. Our daily march was much as follows :—Up at day-break (four o'clock in the morning), we breakfasted, rode on for about six hours, until the heat grew too intense, then ' off-saddled,' as it is called here, rested for a couple of hours, and rode again for four more. In the evening we sometimes came to a farm-house, where we generally procured forage for the horses : the host always offered us beds, such as they were ; and one night we felt so tired, that we resolved to try them ; but we paid dearly for the experiment, and vowed never to accept of one again. These Dutch Boors have all the appearance of hospitality ; but as they possess not the concomi-

tant virtues, I have come to the conclusion that they suffer you in their houses, some only through fear, and others only because they expect a solid return. Religion they have none, though nominally Dutch Lutherans, and they generally have a Bible on their table. To me, after the Germans, they appear almost savages, degraded to a pitiful degree, and without one idea beyond the circle of their own farms, few of them ever having been farther. So stupid or brutal are they, that frequently they could not tell us the way to the next farm, though they had been living in that spot all their lives. People in England have no conception of country life here in Africa. I remember, years ago, reading one of Miss Martineau's tales of colonisation here. She can know nothing of this country. The farmers never live as she has represented them, in villages, as it were, with all goods to a certain extent in common. Their farms are always isolated, many miles from each other, and lonely and desolate to the last degree. This sort of life necessarily causes much selfishness in their character. They do not speak a word of English, though their barbarous dialect seems to be a mixture of our language and 'platt Deutsch,' or low German.

The country through which we passed is, with one single exception, perfectly frightful for about fifty miles beyond Prince Albert. Excepting at the farm-houses a tree is nowhere to be met with; and the whole way from Colesberg to Swellendam, a distance of five hundred miles, we never saw one blade of grass—nothing but dirty weeds, gravel, and sand! Very different from Caffreland, where the pasture is so good.

We were about four days in getting to Richmond, which is a new village. We were again seven or eight days in riding to Beaufort, travelling as I have already described, sometimes burnt by the scorching sun, at others wet to the skin for hours together with rain such as is not to be conceived in England. And then, to add to our misery, we could only look forward—not to a good fire, as the Dutch have no fires, but to standing shivering in our wet clothes until our wagon came up. Our sole remedy in such cases was brandy and water, and blankets: but very poor comfort they proved. Game was very plenty on the road in the shape of gnous, zebras, springboks, and ostriches; and on one occasion we saw a tiger, which they said had carried off a goat from the farm every night for the past week.

Thus we journeyed on through Beaufort and Prince Albert, neither of which villages is worthy of remark. On leaving the latter place we came once more into a world of troubles. About four hours beyond Prince Albert (we count distance here by hours) is a broad river, which as is usual in this country, may one hour be only ankle deep, and the next impassable even to horse. We crossed it ankle-deep in the morning and rode on for six hours farther. At night there was no appearance of the wagon, nor yet at ten o'clock next morning. At length I determined to ride back in search of it, when, on my arrival at the shallow stream of yesterday, to my great astonishment I found the wagon had been unable to cross, from the swollen state of the river, which had risen in less than half an hour after our passage. We had no re-

source but to swim our horses across. My servant got over safe enough ; but my horse became so frightened with the noise and the rapid current, that alighting by chance on a rock in the middle of the river, he reared up in a most terrific manner. Fortunately I had sufficient presence of mind to let the reins loose, and give him his own way. He then gave a vigorous plunge up against the stream, but in doing so, I very nearly lost my life. Both my stirrups were carried away. At length he leaped on shore, yet not until he had indulged his humour by rearing again several times ; then, having sent off provisions to the rest of my party, I relished my own dinner, after a fast of thirty hours. I was forced to remain for two days with the wagon before we could effect a passage. On the third we succeeded. The rest of my party were then several days in advance, and I could not overtake them for ten days longer, when we arrived at Swellendam. Six days of that time we passed in the bush without seeing a farmhouse, and three days without water. During the whole journey, the water was often so brackish, it was impossible to drink it, and we were frequently rejoiced to meet with some as muddy as in the dirty ditches by the roadside. At Swellendam we stopped for several days to rest ourselves and horses. Without exception it is the prettiest town in this part of the world ; that, however, is not saying much. We had still five days of the march to make, differing however in no particular from all preceding them, except that gradually we perceived ourselves returning to civilised life. Good grass and pasture was more plentiful, the farms more numerous, and closer together, and a little English was now and then spoken.

When within a couple of days' march of the Cape, I heard by chance that about four hours' ride from our halting-place was the large Moravian establishment of Genadendal. This I determined to see ; so leaving my companions, I took a Hottentot guide, rode over, spent the evening and half the next day there, and overtook my friends the following morning at Caledon after accomplishing a ride at full gallop of eighty miles out of my way. Here, as before, my knowledge of German stood me in good need. The Moravians are always civil to strangers ; but on my addressing them in their native language, their kindness and attentions were redoubled. The establishment consists of a very large village of Hottentots (about two thousand inhabitants), who are certainly the most civilised of their race I have seen, twelve missionaries, all of whom are married, and one unmarried, who is the bishop. The most prominent object is a very large church or meeting-house with a school attached. This occupies one side of a large square ; on the corresponding side are the houses of the missionaries ; whilst the other two are filled up by the workhouses and the shops belonging to them. Here every imaginable trade is carried on. The artisans are all Hottentots, taught by the missionaries, each of whom is a mechanic, and has been brought up to some trade. A missionary superintends every branch ; and whenever one dies, his place is forthwith supplied on application to their great depôt Herrnhut in Saxony. Good-will and regularity certainly

appear to be there *the* order of the day. There are certain rules which must be kept in the village, certain hours in which the men must work, the children go to school, the women stop at home; and all attend church every evening. If these regulations are not complied with, the offending party is expelled from the place. The Society are followers of John Hüss, but they do not reject any other denomination of Protestantism, although all must conform to their rules of discipline. All their establishments in Germany, New South Wales, America, and Africa, are subject in *everything* to a committee of management in Herrnhut, and which is elected every five years. Nothing can be done without its consent. All the surplus revenues of the different settlements are sent home to the common stock, and the most exact accounts are kept for the revision of the committee. Every large institution has a bishop. Whatever spiritual influence may be comprehended by that term, the bishops seemed to me little more than overseers. The one I saw was walking about in a baize jacket and nankeen trousers. The most extraordinary regulations of the Society is that relating to marriage: they never see their wives until they come out here. When a man wants a wife, he writes home to Herrnhut; there all the girls draw lots, and she who gets the prize is married at home by proxy, forthwith starts on her voyage, and is remarried in person on her arrival here. I thought it a cruel plan; and the results doubtless prove very painful, if one may judge from the melancholy countenances of the majority of the women in Genadendal. I left the place pleased in many things, and must certainly give these missionaries credit for their evident good-will and unwearyed exertions in the civilisation of the poor natives.

The day after, we came in sight of Cape Town, from what is called Sir Lowry Cole's Pass, at the top of a mountain overlooking Simon's Bay, and the whole valley between it and Table Bay. If this were cultivated like Richmond plain, and not a desert waste as it is the view would be surpassingly fine. You see the two bays at either end, and this immense valley of full fifty miles in extent, with Cape Town and Simon's Bay in the distance. Nothing can be more magnificent. The view of Cape Town was to us travellers *almost* like the sight of the shores of England again. Next day we found ourselves comfortably resting from all our fatigues and dangers, while the town was in the bustle of preparation for the reception of Sir Harry Smith, whose arrival was daily expected. Triumphant arches and happy faces met one everywhere. Never was man more popular, and never did governor better deserve it.

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

SKETCHES FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS."

LIFE IN THE BUSH

No part of the world appears better adapted than the wilds of Southern Africa, to the erratic and adventurous life of the keen and daring sportsman, or of the real lover of Nature in her most pristine and unadorned garb. The mildness and salubrity of the climate in this part of the world—which renders the wanderer over its boundless "karoos," vast ocean-like, undulating prairies, high and extensive table-lands, or amidst the recesses of its dense jungles—perfectly independent of house or home; where the shelter of his waggon, of a small patrol-tent carried on a sumpter-horse; of his boat cloak, or even that of the "bush;" answering every purpose of the kind—generally contribute to render a roving, gipsy sort of life, amidst these wild and primitive regions, one of never-failing zest and enjoyment.

On the first occupation of the southernmost part of Africa by the Dutch, in the middle of the seventeenth century, probably no region of the globe, either before or since, ever presented such a promising field for the votaries of the chase. The animal creation—birds, fishes and beasts—still unfettered and unawed by the dominion of man, not only in vast numbers over-ran its virgin soil, but in some instances—as with the elephant and lion—by their numbers or fierceness, caused the savage inhabitants of the land to fly in terror before them, and remained thus in undisputed possession of their favourite haunts.

The western coast, from Saldanha Bay to the "Cape of Storms," was, at certain seasons of the year, so much resorted to by countless tribes of aquatic birds, that the atmosphere was sometimes literally darkened by their locust flights;* whilst every creek and inlet swarmed with innumerable quantities of the finny tribes. Huge whales then gambolled in the waters of Table Bay; ravenous sharks were in days of yore, as at the present time, not its unfrequent visitors; the sea-lion sometimes sported his ungainly form on the sands; and Robben Island was thus named by the Dutch, in consequence of the number of seals which might constantly, in those good old times, be seen basking on its bleak and barren shores; whilst Van Riebeck, the founder of the settlement, and first Governor of the Cape, quaintly informs us in his journal, of the number of times he cast the "seine," and of the immense quantities of fish he thereby procured

* The reader is referred to Le Vaillant's work for an account of the immense numbers of sea-birds which were in his time (1787) found at Saldanha Bay; and his statement is fully confirmed by the quantity of guano, of late years shipped off from thence, and which was found in layers of from thirty to forty feet deep.

for the refreshment of the disabled, weary, and wave-worn followers of his enterprising expedition.

Kolben states that, even in his day (about 1705.), "ostriches were so numerous in the Cape Countries, that a man can hardly walk a quarter of an hour any way in those countries without seeing one or more of these birds;" and the same author bears witness to the abundance of large game in the immediate vicinity of the settlement.

The eland, the koudou, and many other species of antelope, are said in those days to have frequented the foot of Table Mountain; and although no mention is made of the giraffe; zebras and quaggas (called by the old Dutch colonists "wild horses") were occasionally brought in by their Hottentot allies. The wild buffalo revelled, almost in sight of the "capital," amidst those marshes which still exist between Constantia and Muisenberg; the unwieldy rhinoceros wallowed there, to his heart's content in the mire; troops of elephants roamed unmolested amidst the tall forests (long since levelled to the ground) and sedgy swamps of Hout Bay; whilst lions, wolves, and tigers* are described to have been in such numbers as to become a subject of serious annoyance to Van Riebeck, who complains that they not only carried off cattle under the very eyes of the sentinels, but that on some occasions they seemed inclined to "take the fort by storm."† This happened shortly after the arrival of the first Dutch settlers at the Cape; but Kolben relates that in his time—more than half a century after the above occurrence—"a sentinel, standing at his post before his officers' tent, was knocked down by a lion, and carried clean off."

The above author, after adverting to the great dexterity displayed by the Hottentots of that period in the use of the "hassagaye" and "rackamstick,"‡ gives the following account, which may not prove uninteresting, of their mode of hunting:—

"When all the men of a *kraal* are out upon the chase, and discover a wild beast of any considerable size, strength, and fierceness, they divide themselves into several parties, and endeavour to surround the beast, which, through their nimbleness of foot, they generally do very quickly; though upon the sight of such danger, the beast, of whatsoever kind, always betakes himself to all his shifts and to all his heels.

"When a lion, tiger, or leopard is thus encompassed, they attack him with *hassagayes* and arrows. With flaming eyes and the wildest rage, the creature flies upon the Hottentots who threw them. He is

* The hyæna is in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, generally known as the "wolf." In like manner, the leopard is miscalled a "tiger," though the latter has never been known to exist in that country.

† See Van Riebeck's "Journal" for Jan. 23rd, 1652, in the "Cape Records."

‡ Answering to the assagai and knob-kerie used by the Kaffirs of the present day.

nimble; they are nimbler, and avoid him with astonishing dexterity, till they are relieved by others of the ring, who, plying him with fresh arrows and *hassagayes*, bring him in all his fury upon themselves. He leaps towards one, so quick, and, as you would think, with so sure a paw, that you shudder for the fellow, expecting to see him in an instant torn all to pieces. But you see no such thing. The fellow in danger leaps out of it in the twinkling of an eye, and the beast spends all his rage upon the ground. He turns, and leaps towards another, and another, and another; but still in vain. The nimble fellows avoid him with the quickness of thought, and still he fights only with the air. All this time the arrows and *hassagayes* are showering upon him in the rear.

He grows mad with pain; and, leaping from one party to another of his enemies, and tumbling from time to time on the ground, to break the arrows and *hassagayes* that are fastened in him, he foams, yells, and roars all the time very terribly. There is certainly nothing so admirable of the kind, in any other part of the world, as the activity and address of the Hottentots on these occasions. On one side they escape the paws of the beast with incredible dexterity, and on the other relieve one another with incredible speed and resolution. The Hottentots engaging with a lion, tiger, or leopard, &c., in this manner, is a spectacle that cannot be seen without the highest admiration but by such as are more stupid than some have represented the Hottentots. If the beast is not quickly slain, he is quickly convinced there is no dealing with so nimble an enemy; and then he makes off with all his heels, and having by this time a multitude perhaps of poisoned arrows and *hassagayes* upon his back, the Hottentots let him go very freely, and follow him at a little distance. The poison quickly seizes him, and he runs not far before he falls."

With all their dexterity in the pursuits of the chase, such was the natural indolence of the savage inhabitants of the Cape, that it was only when roused to exertion by the depredations of wild beasts on their folds, or driven thereto by the imperious calls of hunger, that they could be brought to follow up, the—to them—toilsome occupation of hunting; for, as Kolben remarks, "although very fond of venison, the Hottentots are still more fond of their ease;" thus accounting for the abundance of game of every description found in this part of the world on the first arrival of the Dutch, whose fire-arms had however the effect of thinning its numbers, much more effectually than either the poisoned arrows, rackam-sticks, or assegais of the natives. As the white man advanced into the interior of the country, building, clearing, and cultivating in his onward progress, its former sylvan denizens either fell beneath the mighty "roars"* of the invader, or fled beyond his reach across the far desert "karoos;" till, in the course of time, the western provinces of the Cape became completely denuded of the larger animals of the chase; and at the present day, the sportsman ambitious of bearing off "Nemean" spoils is

* A heavy gun of great calibre, in common use amongst the Dutch boers at the Cape.

tain to cross the Great Orange River to the north, or explore the forests of Natal towards the east, ere he stand a chance of encountering the lordly lion, the elephant, rhinoceros, or hippopotamos.

The Kaffirs of more recent times, fully as dexterous in the chase as the Hottentots of old, and as indefatigable in that pursuit as the latter were supine, have to the eastward, effected what the boers long since accomplished towards the north, in the extirpation of nearly every description of game. To indulge, therefore, in the once vaunted field sports of Southern Africa, their votary is now forced to tread in the far footsteps of Harris and Methuen; to follow, in their more recent and even more remote peregrinations, those of Christie and Arkwright; or of that daring "lion-slayer"—the Hercules and Theseus of Southern Africa—the far-famed and adventurous Cumming.*

A shooting expedition into the interior, at the present time, owing to the great distance to be gone over, together with the slow and cumbrous mode of waggon-conveyance, has become, not an enterprise of days and weeks, but an undertaking of months; and one moreover attended with great trouble and expense.

The waggon, destined so long to form the home of the aspiring sportsman, has, like a vessel bound for a distant part of the world, to be supplied with every requisite for a twelve months' voyage; bedding, stores, liquors, lead, powder, and shot are to be laid in: spare horses and oxen in great numbers must be provided, to replace losses by accidents, death, and other contingencies;† and what is more difficult to procure than all: a certain number of native attendants are absolutely requisite—men who have been accustomed to a life in the "bush," and whose fidelity may be, moreover, depended on.

Thus prepared for his expedition, the sporting or exploring traveller, whose starting-place is usually from Graham's Town, on the eastern frontier, turns his back on civilization, and plunges into the wilderness; there to enter on a life of excitement and adventure, though, it must not be concealed, one usually attended with great privations and discomfort.

Such is the usual mode of undertaking a journey into the interior of Southern Africa; and though the "trek" waggon may possess many advantages where celerity is no object, it strikes me that one of these distant expeditions could be undertaken, with a great saving of time, and consequently much more chance of success, were the traveller, unincumbered by the great and constant drawback of wheeled car-

* See Harris's "Field Sports in Southern Africa," and Methuen's "Life in the Wilderness." The three latter gentlemen have, it is said, penetrated farther into the interior than any former European travellers; and it is only to be regretted that they should not have favoured the public, with accounts of their exploratory and sporting adventures.

† A certain species of fly is frequently met in the interior, whose sting is fatal to horses and cattle, and often causes great losses of both.

riages, to depend entirely on horses for the transport of himself, his attendants, and such requisites as he absolutely required.*

During the last Kaffir war, the nature of my duties frequently obliged me rapidly to travel considerable distances for many consecutive days; and these long journeys were always easily accomplished with the hardy little horses of the country, than which no animal is more enduring, requires less care, and can stand without detriment greater privations and fatigue. On these occasions, my usual retinue consisted of a mounted Cape-corps Orderly, to serve as guide; and a Hottentot lad, to lead a sumpter-horse, carrying a small waterproof patrol-tent (weighing about twenty-five pounds) and a change of linen, together with a few provisions. Thus equipped and attended, I used to get over the ground, when requisite, at the rate of forty and fifty—nay, even on a push, sixty—miles a-day; and this (unless water were scarce) without much distress either to man or beast.

The constant excitement attending such a mode of life—particularly when in an enemy's country, and that enemy a most wily savage, to guard against surprise from whom, one must be ever on the *qui vive*—is of a nature so stirring, as not to be easily pictured by the quiet, fire-side reader at home. At one time cantering gaily forward in the dewy coolness of the young morn, on a fresh, untired horse, over the undulating and verdant prairies of Kaffirland, here and there park-like, dotted with bright flowering shrubs of the thorny mimosa; now anxiously scanning the smoke ascending from an enemy's "kraal,"† ensconced in the deep recesses of a wooded kloof; then marking a kaffir's "spoor" on the soft, moist, and stoncleas path; noting the stealthy footsteps of the jackal or *lyxna*, returning at break of day from his midnight feast, or the recent track of a herd of (probably stolen) cattle, whose progress may have disturbed the dew-be-spangled grass, and so betrayed the direction of their course.

Thus did we oft accomplish the earlier part of our "trek;"‡ but the sun now rides high in the bright, unclouded heavens; the Hottentots look anxiously around for the well known "vlei;"§ but alas! on reaching the long-expected spot, instead of the wished-for water, rippling under the breeze, nought presents itself to our aching sight save a brown, cracked surface of dry and hardened mud! The panting steeds have already gone over some twenty or thirty miles of ground: heaving flanks and drooping heads now bear witness to their toil. Mr Jacob (for our faithful esquire rejoices in that patriarchal name) looks

* This plan was successfully pursued by Mr Thompson, the author of "Travels in Southern Africa," during his expedition to Namaqualand; and it is only to be regretted that the camel is not introduced into this part of the world, which would greatly promote the means of exploring the interior.

† A word derived from the South American term "corral," meaning an assemblage of native huts, and also applied to the thorny inclosure in which they secure their cattle for the night.

‡ A colonial term. To "trek" (pronounced *track*) means to travel.

§ A pool of water; generally speaking, formed by the rain.

anxiously about, scratches his woolly head, and appears fairly at his wit's end. "Farley," the Cape-corps Orderly (likewise of "Totty" breed) proposes to off saddle, and try on our nags the effect of half-an-hour's graze. Although they refuse to feed, they instantly roll on the grass, and appear thence to imbibe renewed spirit and vigour. "Saddle up!" is the word. We are again on horseback; but ere we can raise a canter, the spur is sadly in request. Mr Jacob's horse now begins to show increasing and unequivocal symptoms of distress: he is, in fact, dead beat, and, stumbling at every step, at last falls upon his nose. Jacob shoots over his head, but is on his legs again in a second.

"Is the rifle smashed?"

"No, sar; but horse never can carry me more far; and pack-horse getting 'shut up,' too."

"You must, then, just walk, and drive them on before you. Farley, how far are we still from any water?"

The facility with which the Hottentot can track his way over the wildest wastes, through the intricacies of the deepest bush, by the light of day, or during the darkness of night, is quite proverbial, and amounts to a sort of natural instinct, which they appear to possess in common with some of the brute creation.

Possessed of the acutest powers of vision, the smallest land-mark serves him as an unerring guide. With like facility he will for miles and miles track the "spoor" or footsteps of either man or beast: place him once on the "trail," and no bloodhound can follow it up more accurately by scent, than the Totty will do by sight. A single blade of grass removed from its original direction—the slightest appearance of moisture left by the displacement of the smallest pebble—a ruffled leaf on the bush—are all sufficient evidences to direct him in discovering the spoor; by the appearance of which, he will not only be able to tell whether the object of his pursuit has passed within three minutes or three days, but likewise whether his flight has been precipitate or slow—whether he has moved with the confidence of strength, or that dread of detection inseparable from fear, weakness, or guilt.*

It is this wonderful and peculiar faculty which renders the services of the Cape Mounted Rifles, composed nearly exclusively of Hottentots, so invaluable on the frontier, in tracing Kaffirs and stolen cattle across the border; and to Captain ———, of that corps, I was indebted for a permanent Orderly, endowed to an extraordinary degree with this inherent qualification of his race, and possessing, moreover, the useful accomplishment of speaking very tolerable English.†

* Long practice has made some of the white border-colonists adept at following up a spoor: but they can seldom or never in this respect approach to Hottentot perfection, which, as before remarked, is with them a perfect instinct.

† The Hottentots have entirely forgotten the language of their forefathers, and Dutch is now their vernacular idiom.

Farley—the man in question—appeared familiar with every inch of ground we traversed together, from Graham's Town to the Buffalo, from the Fish River mouth to the Winterberg Mountains. He knew every path through the bush, every "drift"* across the rivers, every "vlei," or pool of water; could distinguish the spoor of a Kaffir from that of a Pingo; could point out the haunts of the former, how to discover or avoid them; in short, was always, during my erratic career in Kaffirland, my right-hand man, the very guiding-staff of my footsteps; until drunkenness—the besetting sin of the Hottentot—dashed that staff to the ground.

"Farley, how far are we still from water?" asked I, whilst Mr Jacob was wiping the dust off his horse's knees.

"Perhaps, sar, we find in two hours, or two hours and a-half, if horses don't 'shut up;' but vleis all dry: must go to river, through the bush."

Through the Great Fish River bush, along an apparently little-frequented track, with which Farley, however, seemed quite familiar, we accordingly wend our weary way; but the dense jungle which on each side borders the path, whilst depriving us of the refreshing breeze, affords no protection against the fierce rays of the African summer sun, now pouring all its vertical heat on our devoted heads.

There is something unearthly in the total absence of animal life; in the hushed, dreamy, and death-like silence which generally pervades the verdant wilderness of the South African "bush," where even the whispering breeze finds no responsive echo amidst the unbending rigidity of its thorny and lichen-covered shrubs, thickly intermingled as they are with turgid, succulent, and fantastic foliage; the stunted aloe and skeleton euphorbia contending for dominion with the favourite food of the elephant: the pink-blossomed "speck-boom," oft covered with ivy geranium, and, like shining wax-work, brightly glistening, immovable and undrooping, under the the fiery influence of the noon-day sun. The plaintive note of a dove, sometimes—but rarely—breaks on the stillness around, serving but to add to the melancholy of this unbroken and silent solitude.

Oft, painfully and slowly, did we thus toil along amidst such scenes, time apparently keeping pace with our jaded animals; and in this defenceless state, incapable of either resistance or flight, would we ever and anon glance apprehensively around, when the slightest rustling in the bush, led us next second to expect the war-cry of the savage, or the whizzing of an assegai.

The sun's slanting rays, and a less fiery heat, now betoken the decline of day. We gradually enter a deep defile, whose abrupt and rugged sides, thickly clothed with euphorbias, red-blossomed aloes—with prickly cactus—and milky, snake-like creeping plants of various kinds—throw a grateful shadow around us. Our wearied horses suddenly and instinctively prick their ears, and simultaneously quicken their pace.

* The colonial term for "ford."

"The river," says Farley, in a whisper, "runs under you 'kraantz';* but Kaffirs may be near, so must keep quiet."

We silently, but with redoubled speed, again push forward on our course, and at last reach, as we hope, the banks of the stream. Alas! it has ceased to flow; and, dried up from long want of rain, its bed presents nought save a barren and rocky ravine. Sickened at this disheartening sight, I turn to my guide in the silence of despair. His brow, however, is unruffled. With an encouraging sign, he follows the former course of the river; and oh, joyful sight! in its rugged depths, a few dark, deep, shaded pools are shortly discovered, slumbering as it were, through this season of universal drought. Gladdened by the welcome sight, we rush on in eager haste towards the spot, and disturbed by our approach numbers of fresh-water turtle, which instantly creep for shelter beneath the dark, deep, still, and sullen waters; whilst a large guano glides off yon overhanging withered branch, from which he appeared to be contemplating his reflected image in the liquid mirror below. With difficulty we restrain our horses from rushing into the gulf; but their heads are at once impatiently immersed nearly to the eyes, in the refreshing element. Long and deeply do they drink—breathe for a second, and again repeat the draught. Having "off saddled" on the grassy margin of the pool, they instantly roll, are next "knee-haltered," and soon contentedly browsing the green herbage around—fortunately plentiful near this favoured spot, thickly shadowed by drooping willows and feathery acacias, from whose pendent branches the little "bayah" bird hangs its aerial nest, which waves aloft, o'er the gorgeous crown lily, and beds of miniature, palm-like reeds.

The horses being thus provided for, we have now leisure to attend to our own immediate wants. Cooking is out of the question; for the light of a fire might betray us to any straggling party of Kaffirs. However, our wallets contain abundance of biscuits and cold meat; these seasoned with a little salt and a keen appetite, form a most luxurious repast, which is washed down with the contents of the brandy-flask, properly diluted with water from the pool.

Fat aldermen and luxurious cits! such a repast in the "bush," earned by a long day of toil and travel, is, to the weary wanderer, worth all your costly banquets and civic feasts.

But hark! what strange, unearthly yells suddenly burst forth from yon covert of fantastic plants, crowning the tall grey "kraantz" now casting its darkening shadows o'er the scene! Under the impression of being beset either by a legion of fiends or a host of Kaffirs, the ready rifle is instantly grasped; yet the "Totties" show no symptom of alarm, and to an inquiring look, Jacob answers, with a smile—

"Only baviens: them play on de kraantz. Look, sar! there go de bass, de vrouw, and all piceaninni" (man, wife, and children), adds he, pointing to some enormous baboons, gambolling, satyr-like, along a bare precipitous ledge of overhanging rock.

* Wooded craig or cliff.

The barrel is raised—a finger itches to press the trigger; but prudence, and a sign of disapprobation from Farley, avert the tempting shot. The brief twilight of this southern clime has already waxed into complete darkness. The horses are secured for the night; and now, rolled up in our sheep skins or boat cloaks, the unerring rifles placed in readiness by our side, with our saddles for a pillow, and protected by the friendly shelter of a thick bush, we gladly consign ourselves to rest.*

Slumher, after a hard day's toil seldom requires either courtship or cushions of down. Hours have perchance fled unheeded in uninterrupted repose, when a snort and a shuffling noise amongst the horses startle us from our rest, and proclaim some invisible, but, though unseen, yet evident cause of alarm. In breathless suspense we listen for a while, when suddenly the cry of the hyæna bursts, as it were in mockery, on the solemn silence of the surrounding wastes. Now approaching, now receding, it is at last lost in those hushed, nameless, and indescribable sounds which oft float on the stillness of night, amidst the otherwise unbroken quietude of the wilderness—sounds not to be described, and only understood by such as may have experienced their sad, mournful, yet soothing melody.

The period of sleep has now passed away; for as we watch the stars gliding through the blue firmament of heaven, one by one they gradually melt into the grey mists of early dawn. We spring up from our grassy couch, shake the dew-drops from off our cloaks, give the horses a scanty feed of corn, then "saddle up," and start again in quest of new scenes and fresh adventures.

The above is a specimen of "life in the bush;" nor is it matter of surprise, if amidst the comforts—though rather monotonous state of civilization—we ever recall its recollections with pleasure, not unmingled with regret that such a stirring existence may perchance never again fall to our lot.

Alas! when was man ever philosopher enough to enjoy with gratitude the blessings of the present, and not wish for a change? when will he be satisfied with his actual fate, nor sigh for what is not within his grasp?

THE BIVOUC.

"Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,
To speed the lingering night away?
We slumber by the fire."

*Marmion.**

The reader need scarcely be informed that the seasons in Southern Africa are in direct contradistinction to those of our northern hemi-

* The "patrole tent" above alluded to, was seldom pitched, except during heavy rain, and even then—owing to the noise attending the driving in of the pegs—sometimes dispensed with; but a night passed "al fresco" in this fine climate, is a common occurrence, and considered no hardship.

sphere ; but, although our winter be the period of summer with the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, its widely extended territory is subject, even at that genial season of the year, to great variations in climate and temperature—variations more affected by local position than by a difference of latitude, which latter circumstance has often an undue weight in hasty conclusions as to the state of the thermometer in different parts of the globe.

Thus the climate of Southern Africa, from its peninsular situation, is greatly influenced by the periodical winds which, sweeping across the great southern ocean, blow regularly at stated seasons, but from opposite directions, over a varied, broken, and mountainous surface, producing the most contrary effects on its western and eastern coasts ; for, whilst the north-west monsoon, prevailing during winter, carries with it rain and storm to the former, the borders of Kaffirland are always in the summer months subjected to the same effects by a constant south-easter, which, by the time it reaches Cape Town, having expended every particle of moisture, acts there as a dry and parching wind.

Owing to the above causes, the British troops engaged in our late protracted struggle with the Kaffirs were, during a portion of the summer of 1846, alternately exposed to the greatest and most sudden changes of climate, the more severely felt as they were then, for reasons alone known to the higher powers, allowed for a lengthened period to remain in a complete state of inactivity. Our large force (inclusive of irregulars) consisting of nearly ten thousand efficient men, were thus for weeks together stationary, and in a state of anything but *dolce far niente*—one day smothered in dust, and broiling in little gipsy tents, with the thermometer at 120 or 130 degrees ; whilst the next, one of those terrific storms, so common during the summer season in this part of Africa, and followed by a deluge of rain, would sweep their frail canvas habitations to the ground, and leave the drenched and now-shivering inmates exposed to a most sudden transition of piercing cold.

Such were the pleasing varieties of comfortable existence enjoyed by the inhabitants of the permanent camps—established, no doubt, for some wise purpose—on the eastern frontier during the *active* operations of concluding truces, for the purpose of treating with a set of treacherous and cruel savages, of whom it has been truly said—

“ As for the rest,

’Tis powder and ball suits these savages best, ”

You may cant about mission and civilization—

My plan is to shoot or enslave the whole nation.”

* * * * *

This state of things continued until the latter end of November, when, it being probably discovered that the negotiations of our wily enemy were only so many subterfuges for the purposes of gaining time, it was resolved that Colonel Somerset (the working-man of the force) should give them a stirring up ; with which intention a reinforce-

ment, consisting of a few hundred of the native levies, and of a small party of the regular force, was sent to him from the 1st Division of the army, still encamped at Block Drift, a few miles from Fort Beaufort.

Heartily sick of heat and dust, of truces and "palavers," of meddling priests and intriguing missionaries, and rejoiced at the prospect of any change, I gladly accompanied the above expedition, which *rendezvous'd* at an advanced post, situated between the first and second division, the latter having for some time past been encamped at the "Beka," a former missionary station, a few miles from Fort Peddie, and which had been burnt down by the Kaffirs during the earlier part of the war.

The post or small encampment above alluded to, where we were to assemble, offered a good specimen of the delights attendant on a subaltern's detached command during the late Kaffir war. The small bell-tents (affording but little protection from either sun or rain) were dotted on the bare slope of hill, without the shelter of a single tree or bush, and exposed to every vicissitude of heat, wind, and dust. Broiling in one of these patent furnaces by day—often thoroughly drenched, and shivering with cold at night—alone, and without society or associates of any kind, probably even without the resource of books—generally debarred by the vicinity of a savage and wily foe from the possibility of moving a hundred yards from his post—is it to be wondered at if more than one unfortunate youth, thus as it were abandoned, like Ishmael in the wilderness, cut off from the civilized world, and left for weeks and months solitarily to brood on the discomforts of his forlorn situation, should have sought consolation from the bottle, and drowned in its contents all recollection of so unenviable a lot?

Many a young officer, it is true, as in the present instance, bravely went through, and came out unscathed from, so trying an ordeal; but whilst others succumbed, they certainly deserved pity as well as censure or condemnation.

* * * * *

Right gladly was our party welcomed, on its arrival, by the young Lieutenant commanding the "Laager," or camp here alluded to; and, thanks to his hospitable reception, merrily did we spend the day in his small tent; from his *commissariat* we obtained rations for the men with a feed of corn for our horses; and the whole party intended for the expedition, being now assembled and well refreshed, "fell in" towards sunset to move off to its destination.

The reader, uninitiated into the mysteries of South African warfare, must not for a moment imagine that a force paraded for a distant expedition into the "bush" bears the least resemblance to a guard mounting at St. James's, or a well-ordered field day in the Phoenix Park.

The "Rode-Bashces" of the party, as the Kaffirs denominated our gallant red-jackets, to distinguish them from the "Amabula" (the Boers) and the "Umlaou," or Hottentots of the force, had long since

as much as possible divested themselves of those old-fashioned "pipe-clay" trammels, only calculated when on service to impede the movements and check the brilliant gallantry of the British soldier; tight tape-laced coats (scarlet in leprosy) had been cast aside, and shell jackets well patched with leather become, generally speaking, the order of the day; blue dungaree trousers were substituted for white prolongations; the heavy knapsack had been left at head-quarters, and was replaced by a small canvas bag, slung across the right shoulder; few stiff leather dog-collars, most appropriately called "stocks," now answered the roll; and the crown of that very essence of discomfort and uselessness, yelet the "chako," had long since been kicked out, and made way for the rather more sensible head-dress of the "forage cap;" whilst, horrible to relate! many a sun-burnt, weather-beaten English phiz, long a stranger to razor or soap-suds, and in spite of "whisker" regulations, wildly peered through a bushy jungle of untrimmed beard and luxuriant moustache, which, though rather, it must be admitted, brigand-like appendages, were undoubtedly found more comfortable by the respective wearers than an equal proportion of sores or blisters, with which the "pale-faces" were sure to be covered, if deprived in this fiery clime of that protection so kindly afforded by Nature.

The above is, generally speaking, a correct representation of the British soldier when on actual service, and only shows how completely unfitted are his every-day dress and appointments (though perhaps well enough adapted to the household troops) for the roughing of a campaign, particularly such campaigns as he is most likely to be engaged in against uncivilized barbarians, under a burning sun, and amidst the abrading effects of dense and thorny jungles.

No; if the pipe-clay martinets, the gold and tape-lacing tailors of the army, cannot bring themselves to study utility and comfort a little more in the every-day dress of the *working* part of the army, let them at least, when our brave fellows are called upon for such roughing as that required in the last Kaffir campaign—let them, I say, safely deposit all these gingerbread trappings in store, rig out our soldiers in a fashion that will afford *some* protection against climate—not impede the free use of their limbs—and give them a chance of marching under a broiling sun without a *coup de soleil*, or of coming out of a thorny jungle with *some* small remnants of clothing on their backs.

With his every-day dress and accoutrements, what was often the result to the British soldier of a Kaffir skirmish in the bush? Seeing his Hottentot *compagnons d'armes* dash into the dense thorny covert, and not wishing to be outdone by these little "black fellows," he sets its abrading properties at defiance, and boldly rushes in on their wake. His progress is, however, soon arrested: an opposing branch knocks off the tall conical machine curiously balanced, like a milkmaid's pail, on the top of his head; he stoops down to recover the lost treasure: in so doing his "pouch box" goes over his head, his "cross belt," become entangled. Hearing a brisk firing all around, and wishing to have a part in the fun, he makes an effort to get on to the front, but

finds himself most unaccountably held in the tenacious grasp of an unexpected native foe. The thick-spreading and verdant bush, under which the "chako" had rolled, is the "wacht-een-beetje,"* and to his cost he feels in his woollen garments the tenacious hold of its hooked claws; for the more he struggles to get free, the more he becomes entangled in the thorny web. Meanwhile the "retire" shrilly echoes through the adjoining rocks: his friends the "Totties," as they briskly run past in their retreat, warn him that the enemy (who knows right well our hagle calls) is at their heels. Exhausted by his protracted struggle, breathless, torn and bleeding from hands and face, the poor fellow makes a desperate effort at escape; in so doing, the ill-omened "chako" is left to its fate; the "wacht-een-beetje" retains in triumph part of his dress; as he "breaks covert" the Kaffirs, with insulting yells, blaze away at him from the bush, and, scudding across the plain towards his company, with the ill-adjusted "pouch" banging against his hinder parts, the poor devil, in addition to the balls whistling around him, is also exposed to the jeers and laughter of his more fortunate comrades!

Far be it from me to attempt here to detract from the efficiency and merits of our gallant soldiers, whose services, spite of every obstacle raised in their way, have been so conspicuous in every region of the globe; I merely wish to point out how much that efficiency might be increased by a little attention to the dictates of reason and common sense.

* * * * *

Though some of the native levies—such as the Fingoes and "friendly" Kaffirs, enrolled as part of the force—were composed of a sad, half-naked, disorderly rabble, Captain Hogg's corps, which formed the greater part of the present expedition, was a marked exception to this rule. This last consisted entirely of Hottentots, who under the auspices of their indefatigable partizan leader, had attained a degree of efficiency that could scarcely have been believed, and would have done credit to any light infantry corps.

Whenever any rough work had to be done, Hogg's corps was sure to be in request; and the hardy little fellows of which it was composed were admirably adapted to the cattle-lifting, bush-fighting warfare, in which they played so conspicuous a part. Unlike the regular portion of the force, they were wholly unencumbered by superfluous baggage or useless equipments. A low, broad-bimmed "Jim Crow" hat protected their woolly heads from the sun, a loose fustian shooting-jacket, leather "crackers,"† and easy "feldt-schoen," with a cartridge-belt fastened round the waist—whilst leaving the free use of their limbs—enabled them, with no other arms save an old musket, to follow up the foe, and successfully engage him in his very strongholds;

* A Dutch appellation, literally meaning "wait a little," which is always the case when its crooked thorns happen to lay hold of the skirt of one's garment.

† Trousers made of dressed sheep-skin. The "feldt-schoen" is a shoe made of soft, untanned leather.

for, amidst the densest part of the most thorny bush, thus armed and accoutred, the little "Totty," whether belonging to the Cape corps or to the burgher levies, proved ever more than a match for the gigantic and ferocious Kaffirs.

* * * * *

As usual on these expeditions, light marching trim was now the order of the day—that is to say, every man carried a blanket and a small supply of biscuit, whilst a few head of cattle were driven along for slaughter. Unencumbered, therefore, with commissariat or camp equipage, we got rapidly over the ground, the Europeans of the party with difficulty keeping pace with the active little Totties, who, following the example of their untiring leader, footed it along at the rate of four miles an hour.

Our course lay along the high open ridge running midway between the Keiskamma and Great Fish River, overlooking in many places the dense bush, enshrouding a deep valley, now darkly immersed in shadow, through which tortuously meanders the latter stream. This "Fish River Bush" is an immense tract of thorny jungle, extending from the Winterberg mountains to the sea coast. It is still the constant resort of the predatory Kaffir, as it was some years past that of all the nobler animal of the chase. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, and hippopotamus, with innumerable other sylvan denizens, were, some fifty or sixty years back, the sole and undisputed occupants of this vast verdant wilderness: they were the original pioneers who frayed the paths amidst its otherwise impenetrable recesses, through which intricate tracks the hunter first followed them up to their lairs.

This was in the good old times of the occupation of the Zuureveldt by the Dutch Boers, and ere Kaffir intrusion had disturbed both man and beast, amidst its undulating grassy plains and dense boundless thickets. Since those patriarchal times, mighty changes have flitted o'er the scene, and the brand of the savage having scared alike the thrifty occupants of the prairie and the wild population of the jungle, the Zuureveldt was next tenanted by the encroaching Kaffir, and continued for years the favourite hunting ground of the ferocious tribes of Congo and T'Slamhie.

After a long period of unauthorized and forcible occupation, the gallant Graham drove these barbarians from their usurped possessions, and shortly afterwards this part of the country became peopled by a new race; for in 1820 several thousands of English settlers, sent out by government, landed at Algoa Bay, and soon wrought great changes in the land of their adoption. A few fortunes were rapidly realized by some; but many, and by far the greater part of the emigrants, were entirely ruined by the successive failures of their crops. However, British energy was not to be daunted: numbers embarked in a channel of fresh enterprise, and became now deeply engaged in all the venturous vicissitudes and dangers of a contraband trade with the Kaffirs, then, under the severest penalties, prohibited by law; whilst others, converting their ploughshares into rifles, turned "mighty hun-

ters" amidst the dense jungles of the Kowie and Fish River Bush, still at that period thickly tenanted by every species of the larger game but chiefly by elephants, the sale of whose ivory amply repaid the dangers incurred by the many adventurous Nimrods who then sprang up on the eastern frontier.

Whilst looking down, during our onward progress, on those densely-wooded kloofs, assuming every moment a darker and more sombre hue as night enveloped them in her gloomy mantle, many a tale passed round, referring to bold deeds of woodcraft performed in their mazy depths—of hair-breadth 'scares from the ponderous rhinoceros, the headstrong buffalo, or lordly elephant; for amongst our party were two or three old sportsmen, who had oft trodden the mazes below us, ere they were, as at present, nearly denuded of their savage denizens, who since then had followed up their track beyond the far Orange River, even to the verge of the southern tropic; for to this remote limit is the daring votary of the chase now fain to proceed in quest of what, a few short years back, was so plentiful in those deep masses of jungle, which—save, may be, by lurking Kaffirs—then lay so silent and tetantless at our feet.

The tedium of our now darksome march was thus whiled pleasantly away. One of the party—a man from infancy devoted to the chase, whose youth and manhood were passed in its pursuit, who had marked down the last elephants in those their once-favourite haunts—entered most enthusiastically on the theme. Striking on an elephant "spoor," he soon eloquently led away his audience through deep and rocky valleys, dense thorny jungles; threaded the narrow elephant path amidst all the intricacies of wooded kloofs; tracked the noble animals to where they fed; pointed out their gigantic forms, looming like dark ocean rocks above a glittering sea of bright green "speck-boom,"* aloes, euphorbias, and other strange and fantastic shrubs. Next would he tell of the stealthy, snake-like approach, the moment of breathless suspense, the sharp crack of the rifle, the fall of the huge patriarch of the flock, the wild crashing charge of the survivors, arrested in mid career by the ignited bush blazing up into a secure rampart of smoke and flame. The lifeless prostrate victim is now approached; then would follow the process of "marking" the tusks, to be carried away at some future time; the tail docked in token of triumph, the amputation of the trunk, of a foot, or extraction of the heart, part of which, wrapped in flap cut from one of the fallen monster's ears, would form at the bivouac the evening repast of the tired and famished hunters.

Next would he speak of the huge rhinoceros, tearing up with its nasal horn, during wild paroxysms of fury, the very ground it trod on; of the mad, headlong charge of the buffalo, blinded in its rage; of the prancing "gnoo" and stately "gemsbock" (the fabled unicorn of old). Many a hair-breadth 'scape did he relate, mingled occasionally

* The favourite foot of the elephant. Its small fleshy leaves, when boiled down and seasoned, form a very palatable dish.

with a tale of woe; for accidents sometimes inevitably occurred amongst the followers of so adventurous a mode of life.

This old hunter had associated with, and well remembered, the famed and intrepid Thwaekray,* who, after slaying I forget how many hundred elephants, was, as our friend related, at last trampled to death by one whom he had, unfortunately, wounded without disabling. Amongst other casualties which had occurred in this sylvan warfare, he mentioned Colonel F——'s melancholy death: pursued by a wounded buffalo, he had taken refuge amidst the branches of a low, stunted tree; the infuriated animal, though unable to reach him with its horns, effectually used its tongue as a weapon of offence, with whose rough, prickly surface, by licking the legs and thighs of the unfortunate sufferer it so completely denuded them of flesh, that, although at last rescued from so dreadful a position by the Hottentot attendants, who shot his tormentor, the poor fellow only lingered on for a few days, when death put an end to his most excruciating agonies.

Our friend's inexhaustible supply of sporting anecdote still continued, for miles and miles, to flow rapidly on, till at last the bright flickering blaze which illumined the darkness in front of the column of march announced our arrival at the halting ground for the remaining portion of the night.

The surrounding obscurity precluded, however, all possibility of ascertaining the nature of the spot of our proposed bivouac; for all that could be discerned were the dark forms of the Hottentots as they intercepted the bright reflection of the blazing camp-fires, around which they appeared to move with the restlessness of condemned spirits at some pandemoniac feast; whilst an occasional lurid glare was thrown on dark masses of tall underwood, which here and there were scattered over the high level table land around.

Meanwhile, the group who had been spinning such tough sporting yarns during the march were soon snugly ensconced to leeward of and beneath one of the dense clumps of foliage above alluded to. A fire was kindled: our Hottentot attendants, in ten minutes, had *ad fresco*, prepared coffee, and a "carbonadje,"† and we all huddled up together to spend the night as we best could, under the sheltering boughs which intervened between ourselves and the canopy of heaven; across which, murky clouds, driven by the night-wind, mournfully sighing through our leafy bower, appeared in the surrounding pitchy darkness

* The daring sporting exploits of this young man, one of the settlers of 1820, are still the theme of conversation of the frontier. The elephant hunter was generally accompanied by three or four Hottentots, with whose assistance some have been known to kill between 300 and 400 elephants during the year. No wonder, therefore, that these animals should now have entirely disappeared from this part of the country.

† Small pieces of meat spitted on a branch or wooden skewer, and thus hastily roasted before a camp fire.

to be chasing each other in rapid succession, and threatened to bedew our slumbers with their watery burthen.

But sleep, gentle sleep, scared by the "figures and the fantasies" of so many a stirring tale of sylvan war, had, affrighted, fled this group of determined sportsmen; for in that wild and appropriate resting place to such staunch votaries of the chase were now assembled those who, in every portion of the globe, had long and sedulously plied the "merrie woodland craft."

(To be continued.)

REMARKABLE HYBRID.

This remarkable filly (seven months old) was found a short time since in the New Forest, and is evidently of a mixed breed, between the horse and the deer. Her mother (a pony mare) was observed to associate with some red deer stags in the New Forest for some months and, at last, this foal was seen by her side. The nose shows a proximity both to the stag and horse; her forehead is round, like that of the deer; legs slender and distinctly double; hoofs pointed, and partly double; colour brown, lighter under the belly; and tail like a deer.

This extraordinary animal is the property of T. G. Attwater, Esq., of Attwater, at the village of Bodenham, three miles from Salisbury. Dr. Fowler, of that city, has inspected the Hybrid, and is quite satisfied of the correctness of the preceding statement; and Colonel Buckley (a keeper of the New Forest) has likewise seen the animal, and is of a similar opinion.

Illustrated London News.



J Bondin lith

REMARKABLE HYBRID

AQUATIC.

CALCUTTA REGATTA.

The Regatta on New Year's Day came off according to the advertisement, and the Decks of the P. and O. Steamers, both the *Precursor* and the *Haddington*, swarmed with visitors, among whom we noticed many of all grades, who upon this occasion came together to witness the revival of a good old English sport in this country; the first race was described as follows:—

1st Class Sailing Boats above 5 Tons, Prize Silver Cup.

Course.—From Boat moored abreast Steam Ship *Precursor*, Garden Reach, round a boat moored off Rajgunge and back to starting Boat—time of starting 1-30 P. M.

<i>Boat's names.</i>	<i>Rig.</i>	<i>Tonnage.</i>	<i>Entered by.</i>	<i>Distg. Flag.</i>
Coquette,	Cutter,	15	Major Anderson,	Red with Yellow Cross.
Helen,	Schooner,	10	A. E. Fraser, Esq.	Blue and white stripe.
Kate,	Cutter,	10	G. M. Munro, Esq.	White with Red Cross.
Zoe,	Schooner,	8	Norman Frith, Esq.	Maltese cross with blue border.
Rattlesnake,	ditto,	6	J. F. Hutton, Esq.	Rattlesnake with white field and blue border.

The boats were in apparently first rate trim—all that we regretted at the time was that there was not more wind to “wing them on their way,” and what little wind there was died away altogether shortly after they left their stations; it was in fact a case, or all but a case, of which should drift fastest with the tide. Half an hour after these started—the second class sailing boats started, also 5 in number, as follows:—

2d Class Sailing Boats, under 5 Tons, Prize Silver Cup.

Course.—Same as the first class Boats. Time of starting, 2 P. M.

<i>Boat's name.</i>	<i>Rig.</i>	<i>Entered by.</i>	<i>Distg. Flag.</i>
Witch,	Schooner,	W. Izod, Esq.	Blue Pennant with white cross.
Eliza,	Lugger,	J. Druig, Esq.	White field, blue letter E, swallow tailed
Petrel,	Dandy,	Le Petoucl, Esq.	White with red crosses.
Emily,	Latteen,	Capt. Nisbett	Green's House Flag. •
Wave,	Lugger,	J. R. Stead, Esq.	Red and white.

These also shewed to great advantage and had evidently been taken great pains with for the occasion, but in consequence of there being no wind it seemed, and all seemed to feel it, a disappointment, but at the same time one which could not be helped.

True to time, again the gun boom'd forth and off shot the pulling boats 3 in number, one however fouling the black boat moored at the starting post, but they got quickly away about 4 boats length astern: each boat took its own course and by the time they were half way to the boat to be rounded, it was evident that the coxswain of the

Jenny Lind had the race safe enough: they went on capitally, pulling steadily and well, rounded the boat about half a minute before the other boats and came in among cheers and roarings about the same distance ahead. After a short interval—bang again went the gun, oh! shrieked the ladies, and the boats of the second pulling race bounded forward; viz:—

2d Race—Prize Purse of Rs. 32. Time of starting 3 p. m.

D. I. O.,	6 oared	Gig	T. Emmett, Esq.
Lucy Long,	6	„ „	J. R. Stead, Esq. Union Jack.

This race was won by *Lucy Long*, and won more by the coxswain than by the rowers; he took exactly the same direct course as the *Jenny Lind* took in the last race, and it ended in much the same manner, won by several boats lengths, and by about half a minute—both races easy. The third race, viz:—

3d Race—Prize Purse of Rs. 32. Time of starting 3-30. p. m.

Fanny,	4 oared	Gig, Capt. Nisbett,	Green's Flag.
Lucy Neal,	4	„ „	Taylor Blue Ensign.
Kathleen,	4	„ „	W. Izod, Esq. Maltese cross.

Was won in nearly the same manner by the *Kathleen*, by far the neatest and fastest looking boat of the three—in this the lead was taken and kept by the winning boat all the way;—and she won by nearly a minute—but the greatest *fun* was kept till the last, we mean the dinghy race, the 1th and last: there were 15 dingies in all started—including two regularly employed by the P. and O. Company, and it was rich to see the manner in which they came up to the starting point; when the gun fired off they *tried* to go, tide against them, and it was some time before they could get any way on them, when they did however they each took a line of his own and quite *studded** the river: they were a long time in coming back, but at last they came in shouting and cheering—and of course abusing each other, &c., &c., and it was won by one of the P. and O.'s dingies which came in a good five lengths ahead and of course in imitation of the Jacks, they pulled off their sculleaps and *endeavoured* three cheers. People now began to look out for the sailing boats, but as the wind had entirely failed most folks got tired of waiting and went home: the Judges were on the point of doing so also 'tis said, however at last the boats came drifting up in this wise—the *Zoe* first—the *Rattlesnake* ten seconds later—and the *Kate* 50 seconds after her. The boats of the second sailing match didn't, as far as we know, come in at all, at any rate no judges stayed to judge, and they had nobody to cheer: it was given up, and we are informed it will doubtless come off again—thus has ended the regatta, and the gaieties of New Year's Day. The river looked gay and beautiful. What with the green bauleahs, and paddle boats gliding along like fairy steamers, hundreds of boats, thousands of bright eyes and gay dresses, we were completely and supremely happy for the time; and sorry when it was “all over.” The only thing wanting to make

* Our devil remarks, they ought to know it well then by this time.

it perfect was a good strong monsoon breeze, and that would have gladdened the hearts of the Jolly Tars as well as of the beholders. Every arrangement that could be made for the comfort of the visitors was made, and although not mentioned in the Bill of Fare a good and substantial cold collation was prepared in the cuddy or saloon of the *Precursor* for all those who liked it, which we need scarcely say were not a few. It can scarcely pay however to give us *Dingy Races* in Calcutta—the dingywallias here will never move upon the chance of securing a prize; they always do, and in this instance we are informed did, demand and receive a whole day's hire, before they gave their consent to row for a prize! thus causing a distribution of coin considerably greater than the parties who so generously catered for the amusement of the public anticipated.

Calcutta Star, Jan. 3.

The sight-loving folk of Calcutta had a pleasant opportunity afforded them in the Regatta on Monday, on which occasion the splendid accommodations of the steam ship *Precursor* were most obligingly placed at the convenience of those desirous of witnessing the sports, to whom numerous invitations had been issued. Having been favored with a ticket of admission, we stepped on board just as the signal gun was fired for the start of the 1st class sailing boats for a prize silver cup, for which the following boats started:—

Coquette,	Cutter	Major Anderson.
Helen,	Schooner	A. G. Fraser, Esq.
Kate,	Cutter	G. M. Munro, Esq.
Cautious Clara,	"	Capt. Bunsby.
Flying Fish,	"	Capt. Cuttle.

The wind which was scanty enough at the commencement, gradually died away until the boats scarcely did more than drift with the tide, meanwhile the enlivening music of a very good band, and the numerous and rapidly arriving accession to the company, kept people from otherwise getting dull, till the tremendous report of the signal gun put every one on the *qui vive* for the second race of second class sailing boats for a prize silver cup between

Zoe,	Dandy,	Norman Frith, Esq.
Rattlesnake,	Schooner,	G. F. G. Hutton, Esq.
Petrel,	Dandy,	Le Patourel, Esq.
Black's Joke,	Schooner,	T. Black, Esq.

Having seen these tiny craft on their way, and the ladies having in some measure recovered from the shock of artillery, and odoriferous puff of smoke, a general move was made towards the tillin in the saloon below, to reach which, on this splendid ship was a journey in itself. On the way, we passed a table on which the prizes, a glorious silver tankard, flanked by two silver cups, (suggestive to thirsty imaginations of foaming drinks) and sundry well lined gay coloured purses, lay displayed under the watchful guard of a being bound in red and white,

who stood sword in hand, a wonderful anomaly. After wreathing a perilous way down a corkscrew staircase to the saloon below, it truly was a sight most pleasant to look complacently upon the goodly array of creature comforts, which, with a keen fore-knowledge of the great charm lent to sight-seeing, in English estimation, by the agreeable concomitants of edibles and drinkables, had been provided by the promoters of the entertainment. The table being spread throughout the length of the spacious saloon, afforded ample opportunity for doing justice to the numerous and varied delicacies and substantialities of the repast. Much time, however, was not lost in contemplation, for all parties fell to with an alacrity and determination truly surprising, and for a while little else was heard save a skirmishing of knives and forks, clattering of plates and clinging of glasses, relieved by occasional popping of corks, as would fully lead one to suppose that the tiffin after all was the primary attraction; certain we are, that it was the most decided hit. Taking an abstracted view of tiffins in general, it is most pleasant to observe how genial is their influence—the ladies, bless them! they as well as the fellows do manage to eat! and delightful is the consequent effect, they smile so sweet, laugh so merrily, nob-nob so charmingly, small talk so delightfully, and look so winningly, that we really think the originator of tiffins deserves to be placed on the highest pinnacle of fame, as the discoverer of one of the greatest promoters of that flow of soul, which so effectually sends all care to the "right about." Nor was the tiffin on board the *Precursor* any exception to the general rule, since all who had shared in its agreeables came up on deck again with every desire to enjoy the next race, which was between pulling boats, for a prize silver cup, when those which started were—

Jenny Lind,	6	oared	Gig,	Captain Kellock
Jenny Jones,	6	"	"	" Powell.
Water Witch,	4	"	"	Thos. Reeves, Esq.
Nipper,	4	"	"	P. Toots, Esq.
Imp, (Native)	8	"	"	C. G. Alsop, Esq.

This was a well contested race between the two first mentioned boats: the fact of a native boat's entering the list was a novelty, but from the first it was evident that she had no chance of winning, *Jenny Lind* took the lead, and, maintaining it came in as she always has done, both here and everywhere, "premiere."

The 2nd race for a purse of 32 Rs. was between—

Flying Fish..	6	oared	Gig.	Capt. McClure,
Union..	6	"	"	G. M. Munro, Esq.
Maid of Kent..	6	"	"	J. Weaver, Esq.

Won by the Flying Fish.

The 3rd Race for Prize purse of 32 Rs. between—

Midge..	4	oared	Gig,	A. C. Griffin, Esq.
Kathleen..	4	"	"	W. Izod, Esq.
Buffaloe Gal..	4	"	"	J. Curling, Esq.

was won by the *Kathleen*. Inst at the close of this race an accident took place which might have been attended with fatal consequences;

the *Buffaloe Gal*, just after rounding the starting boat, came foul of a rope and immediately capsized and sank, her crew of course being precipitated into the water, three were immediately picked up, but we are for some time in a disagreeable state of suspense as to the fate of the other two, who were carried a long way up, but eventually rescued. About this time the sailing boats of both classes came up, scarcely doing more than drifting with the tide, as with the exception of an occasional cat's paw, there was no breeze. The *Helen* was declared the winner of the 1st class prize Cup, the *Black Joke* the winner of the 2d class Cup.

The 4th Race between Paddle boats for prize of 50 Rs. between—

Outrigger,	S. Guppy, Esq.
Skate,	J. Dolphin, Esq.
Bessie,	J. Porteous, Esq.

was very amusing, and after a struggle won by the *Outrigger*.

There was a 5th Race between the winners and second boats of the three first pulling races for a prize of 50 Rs. which, we believe, was won by the *Jenny Lind*, but cannot state positively, inasmuch as we happened to have dived down below into the penetralia of the saloon in quest of "summut short" just when the boats were coming in. The Sports concluded with a Duck Hunt. The idea of a "duck of a man" being well carried out by an individual in a small boat with an appendage fixed on to his occiput bearing a capital resemblance to that indispensable article to the duck tribe, a beak. We understand that the duck did not display that wildness which was expected of him, and when brought on board was consequently well roasted, but as we had left before that event took place, we can give no definite information on the subject.

Englishman, Jan. 31.

CRICKET MATCHES.

CRICKET.

On New Year's Day a Match at Cricket was played on the Calcutta ground, between the Members of the Calcutta Club and the Artillery at Dum-Dum. The former winning the match in one innings with 73 runs to spare. On the side of the Calcutta Club and in the batting line Messrs. Elliot, Cooper, R. S. Palmer and Currie, more particularly distinguished themselves, and on the Dum-Dum side Lient. Wilson proved by his batting in the second innings that an education at Lord's will always tell, even when there has been but little practice to keep up its lessons. The fielding on the part of the Calcutta Club was excellent throughout, but more especially in the second innings of Dum-Dum as the score will show. As much cannot be said for the Dum-Dum Eleven, many runs having been lost by direct missing, clumsiness and overthrows in the field. Underneath is the score :—

DUM-DUM ELEVEN.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2d Innings.</i>	
Lt. Russell bd. Cooper	.. 5	ct. Elliot bd. C. Palmer	.. 2
Chamberlain ct. Elliot bd. Cooper	.. 3	ct. C. Palmer bd. do.	.. 1
Lt. Wilson ct. Currie bd. Cooper	.. 9	—bd. do.	.. 3
Crosbie bd. Smelt	.. 9	ct. Cooper bd. do.	.. 0
Yates bd. Cooper	.. 9	—bd.	.. 6
Lt. Gillespie bd. Cooper	.. 0	—bd. Currie	.. 3
Dukie bd. Cooper	.. 0	ct. Longden bd. do.	.. 0
Scott ct. Elliot bd. Smelt	.. 8	ct. do. bd. C. Palmer	.. 0
Potter bd. Cooper	.. 10	not out	.. 0
Clifford bd. Currie	.. 6	ct. Cooper bd. C. Palmer	.. 1
Twitchett not out	.. 0	ct. Elliot bd. Currie	.. 0
	..		—
	59		44
Byes	.. 5		1
Wide balls	.. 22		1
	—		—
Total..	86		46
		<i>1st Innings..</i>	86
		<i>Grand total..</i>	133

CALCUTTA ELEVEN.

C. Hobhouse Esq. bd. Lt. Russell..	12
A. Elliot, Esq. bd. do..	57
C. Palmer, Esq. bd. do..	0
F. H. Cooper, Esq., ct. Twitchett bd. Lt. Russell..	32
S. Longden, Esq. bd. do..	11
R. S. Palmer, Esq. bd. do..	30
H. Balfour, Esq. bd. do..	4
C. S. Belli, Esq. bd. do..	13
W. C. Currie, Esq. not out..	26

E. Braddon, Esq. bd. Lt. Russell	7
E. Smelt, Esq. bd. do.,	0
					195
Byes	10
Wide balls..	0

Total 205

Calcutta Star, January 4.

MATCH BETWEEN THE CALCUTTA CLUB AND OFFICERS AT BARRACKPORE AND DUM-DUM.

On Monday, the 29th January, a match was played on the Calcutta Cricket Ground between the Members of the Calcutta Club and the Officers at Barrackpore and Dum-Dum. The former proved victorious in one innings with 27 runs to spare.

The following is the score :

BARRACKPORE AND DUM-DUM.

1st Innings.				2d Innings.			
W. Heberden, Esq., bd. Cooper ..	0	Absent, ..	0	ct. Hobhouse, bd. Alexander ..	0		
T. Fewell, Esq., bd. Smelt ..	0	et Currie, bd. ditto ..	15	—, bd. ditto ..	10		
W. Wilson, Esq., bd. Cooper ..	1	et. Potter, bd. ditto ..	20	—, bd. ditto ..	5		
W. Russell, Esq., bd. do. ..	9	—, bd. ditto ..	1	—, bd. ditto ..	7		
G. Crommelin, Esq., run out ..	3	ct. Curtis, bd. Palmer ..	0	not out ..	1		
W. Lumsdaine, Esq., bd. Smelt ..	6	bd. Currie, ..	12				
H. Chalmers, Esq., ct. Longden, bd. Smelt, ..	0						
— Duone, Esq., run out ..	0						
— Gillespie, Esq., run out, ..	14						
T. Hamilton, Esq., bd. Smelt ..	0						
H. Maxwell, Esq., not out ..	6						
	39						
Byes, ..	10						
Wide Balls, ..	12						
No Balls, ..	0						
Total, ..	61	Total ..	87				
		First innings ..	61				
		Grand Total ..	148				

Calcutta Club.

C. Hobhouse, Esq., bd. Crommelin	5
F. Cooper, Esq., ct. Heberden, bd. Lumsdaine	44
A. Elliot, Esq., bd. ditto	53
W. C. Currie, Esq., not out	45
S. Longden, Esq., ct. Lumsdaine, bd. Crommelin	5
C. Palmer, Esq., bd. Lumsdaine	0
J. Potter, Esq., ct. Russell, bd. Crommelin	0
C. S. Belli, Esq., bd. Lumsdaine	0
H. Alexander, ct. Chalmers, bd. Lumsdaine	0

T. Curtis, bd. Crommelin	4
E. Smelt, Esq., run out	0
						155
Byes..	5
Wide Balls	14
No Balls	0
Total						175

Calcutta Star, Feb. 3.

CALCUTTA CLUB vs. THE CIVIL SERVICE.

On Tuesday, the 30th January, a match was played by the Members of the Calcutta Cricket Club vs. the Civil Service. The betting was if any thing rather in favor of the latter, but in consequence principally of the very wild bowling on their side the match terminated in favor of the Club with 31 runs to spare. Underneath is the score.

CALCUTTA CLUB.

H. Chapman, Esq., ct. Alexander, jun. bd. Alexander, jun.	6
F. Curtis, Esq., bd. ditto	18
E. Braddon, Esq., bd. Ward..	3
W. Currie, Esq., ct. Elliot, ditto ditto...	28
S. Jonglen, Esq. ditto Ward, ditto ditto..	5
J. Potter, Esq. run out..	25
Shum, Esq. ct. Balfour, bd. Ward..	7
Forbes, Esq. ditto Cooper..	4
T. Tarton, Esq. ditto ditto..	2
W. Judge, Esq. run out..	8
E. Snelt, Esq. not out..	0
						106
Byes..	7
Wide Balls	23
No Balls..	0
Total..						136

CIVIL SERVICE.

C. Hobhouse, Esq. bd. Shum..	8
A. Elliot, Esq. bd. Forbes..	22
F. Cooper, Esq. bd. Forbes..	30
Battye, Esq. bd. Shum..	3
F. Ward, Esq. bd. Shum..	3
C. Belli, Esq. bd. Forbes..	3
H. A. Alexander, Esq. bd. Forbes..	1
H. Balfour, Esq. bd. Shum..	0
R. Edwards, Esq. bd. Shum..	4
H. Alexander, Esq. bd. Shum..	1
H. Snell, Esq. not out..	8
						83
Byes	12
Wide Balls	10
No Balls..	0
Total..						105

Ibid.

MATCH BETWEEN THE CALCUTTA CLUB AND THE LEFT WING H. M. 25TH REGT.

On Tuesday, the 13th February, a match was played on the Calcutta Cricket ground between the Members of the Calcutta Club and U. Men from the left wing of H. M. 25th Regiment now in the Fort. The former proved victorious in one innings with 46 runs to spare. Underneath is the score :—

LEFT WING OF H. M.'s 25TH REGT.

1st Innings.				2nd Innings.			
W. Field, bd. Cooper	..	5	run out	..	10		
Tarrant, ditto ditto	..	2	run out	..	4		
S. Field, ditto ditto	..	4	st Elliott, bd Shum	..	0		
Dawkins, ditto ditto	..	0	ct Shum ditto ditto	..	8		
Boxall, ditto Shum	..	1			1		
Bowman hit wicket bd Cooper	..	3	not out	..	8		
Nicholson, run out	..	2	st Elliott, bd Shum	..	0		
Lindsay, bd Shum	..	6	ditto ditto	..	0		
Ganmon, ditto ditto	..	0	ditto Cooper	..	13		
Brown, do Cooper	..	5	run out	..	2		
Carroll, not out	..	0	bd Shum	..	1		
		28			47		
Byes	..	9			7		
Wide Balls	..	2			13		
No Balls	..	0			0		
Total	..	39			67		
			1st Innings	..	39		
			Grand Total	..	106		

CALCUTTA CLUB.

F. H. Cooper, Fsq.	..	bd Tarrant	..	19		
A. Shum	..	bd ditto	..	14		
A. Elliott	..	bd S. Field	..	51		
Sir C. Oakley	..	run out	..	8		
P. Curtis	..	run out	..	37		
H. Alexander	..	bd Tarrant	..	0		
R. Alexander, ct W. Field	..	bd ditto	..	9		
A. Snell, ct. Boxall	..	bd S. Field	..	3		
E. Braddon	..	bd ditto	..	0		
G. Criketts	..	bd Tarrant	..	2		
E. Smelt	..	not out	..	2		
				145		
Byes	7		
Wide Balls	0		
No Balls	0		
			Total....	152		

THE RETURN MATCH.

On Wednesday, the 21st of February, the return match between the Calcutta Club and the Left Wing of H. M. 25th Regiment, was played on the Calcutta Cricket ground. The Calcutta Club were again the victors in one innings with 7 runs to spare. Underneath is the score.

LEFT WING OF H. M. 25TH REGT.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
S. Field, bd. Cooper	.. 5	run out	.. 3
W. Field, bd. Shum	.. 15	— bd. Shum	.. 6
Tarrant, bd. ditto	.. 0	hit wicket bd. do	.. 18
Dawkins, bd. Cooper	.. 5	— bd. Wood	.. 7
Kerrison, ct. Elliot, bd. Cooper	.. 0	absent	.. 0
Boxall, bd ditto	.. 5	— bd. Wood	.. 0
Nicholson, bd. Shum	.. 0	not out	.. 6
Harper, run out	.. 1	— bd. Shum	.. 0
Bowman ct. Shum, bd. Cooper	.. 5	— bd. do	.. 17
Lindsay, bd. Shum	.. 5	ct. Elliot, bd. do	.. 1
Browne, not out	.. 5	run out	.. 7
	46		65
Byes	.. 4 1
W. Balls	.. 3 5
No Balls	.. 0 1
Total	.. 53	Total	.. 72
	1st Innings		.. 53
		Grand Total	.. 125

CALCUTTA CLUB.

F. H. Cooper, Esq., ct., Lindsay, bd. Tarrant..	.. 0
A. Shum, Esq., b. Harper..	.. 9
W. Currie, Esq., c. Dawkins, b. do..	.. 36
A. Elliot, Esq., c. Nicholson, b. do .	.. 43
F. Curtis, Esq., b. Tarrant..	.. 25
C. Wood, Esq., b. do..	.. 0
C. Hobbouse, Esq., b. do..	.. 3
Sir C. Oakley, Esq., b. do..	.. 12
H. Alexander, Esq., not out..	.. 3
H. Snell, Esq., bd. Tarrant..	.. 0
E. Braddon, bd. Harper..	.. 0
	131
Byes..	.. 1
Wide Balls..	.. 0
No Balls..	.. 0
Total...	132

Calcutta Star, February 27.

PROSPECTUSES OF RACES TO COME.

SONEPORE RACES.

First Day.

1st Race.—The Sonepore Derby Stakes for Maiden Arabs. R. C. Sonepore weight for age. Horses that have never started before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of June 1849. Ten G. M. each for horses named between that date and the 15th September, when the Race will close. Forty G. M. from the Fund, and an entrance of ten G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

2nd Race.—The Sonepore Colonial Stakes for Maiden Cape, Australian and Country-bred horses. R. C. Sonepore weight for age. Horses that have never started in India before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of June 1849. Ten G. M. each for horses named between that date and the 1st of September, when the Race will close. Forty G. M. from the Fund and an entrance of ten G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

3rd Race.—A Cup valued Co.'s Rs. —, presented by Maharajah Roodur Sing, Bahadoor, Rajah of Durbungah, added to a Sweepstakes of fifteen G. M. each. H. F. For all horses. Sonepore weight for age. R. C. To close and name on the 15th September 1849.

4th Race.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. For all Arabs. One mile. Sonepore weight for age. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close on the 15th September.

Second Day.

1st Race.—The Champarun Cup valued Co.'s Rs. —, presented by Maharajah Nowil Kishore Sing, Bahadoor, of Bettiah, for all horses. Craven weights and distance. Maidens allowed 7lbs. The winner of the Durbungah Cup to carry 5lbs. extra. Entrance 15 G. M. each. 10 F. To close and name on the 15th Sept. 1849.

2nd Race.—The Doomraon Cup valued at Co's. Rs. —, presented by Maharajah Moheshur Bux Sing, of Doomraon, for all Maiden horses. R. C. Sonepore weight for age. The winner of either the Sonepore Derby or Colonial Stakes 7lbs. extra. Entrance 15 G. M. each. 10 F. To close and name on the 15th September 1849.

3rd. Race.—The terms of this Race will be published hereafter.

4th Race.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. For all horses, Maidens on the day of the Race. Sonopore weight for age. R. C. To close on the 15th September 1849.

Third Day.

1st Race.—The Civilians' Cup for all horses. Sonopore weight for age. One mile and three quarters. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the Race one stone. The winner of the Durbungah, Champarun or Doomraon Cup 5lbs., of two or more of the said Cups 7lbs extra.

Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st June 1849. Ten G. M. each for all horses named between that date and the 15th of September, when the race will close. An entrance of ten G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

2nd Race.—The Sonopore Welter for all horses. 11st. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. R. C. Gentlemen riders. Twenty G. M. from the Fund and an entrance of ten G. M. each. To close on the 15th September 1849.

3rd Race.—A Purse of 200 Rupees for all horses. 11st. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Gentlemen riders. One mile. Entrance two G. M. The winner to be sold for Rs. 500.

4th Race.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. For all horses. Sonopore weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. R. C. To close on the 15th of September 1849.

Fourth Day.

1st Race.—The Sonopore Cup value Fifty G. M. for all horses. Two miles. Sonopore weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the race one stone. Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st June 1849. Ten G. M. each for horses named between that date and the 15th September, when the race will close. Entrance ten G. M. for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

2nd Race.—A Purse of Twenty G. M. for all Maiden Country-bred horses. Sonopore weight for age. R. C. Entrance 10 G. M. each. H. F. To close on the 15th September 1849.

3rd Race.—A Purse of Rs. 100 for all horses. Heats half a mile. 11st. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 3 G. M. Gentlemen riders. The winner to be sold for Rs. 500.

4th Race.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. for all horses. R. C. 8st. 7lbs. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the race one stone. To close on the 15th September 1849.

Fifth Day.

1st Race.—The Hutwa Cup value Co's. Rs. —, presented by Maharajah Chutterdharee Subaye of Hutwa, for all Maiden horses.

Craven weights and distance. Heats. The winner of Derby, Colonial or Doomraon Cup 7lbs. extra. The winner of either Derby or Colonial and Doomraon Cup 10lbs. extra.

Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st June 1849. Ten G. M. each for horses named between that date and the 15th September, when the race will close. Entrance ten G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all horses. R. C. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Nominations to be sent to the Secretary by 2 o'clock p. m. the day before the Meeting and the weights to be declared the day before the race. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F.

3rd Race.—A Purse of 10 G. M. for all horses. One mile. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Nominations to be sent to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the Meeting and the weights to be declared the day before the race. Entrance 3 G. M. The winner to be sold for Rs. 600.

Sixth Day. .

1st Race.—A Forced Handicap for which all winners of public money above Rs. 500 in amount must enter. Optional to all other winners. R. C. Entrance 10 G. M.

2nd Race.—A Purse of Twenty G. M. from the Fund for all Horses that have started for but not won public money. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Craven distance. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F.

3rd Race.—The Consolation Cup of 20 G. M. for all Horses. To be valued by their owners, and the winner to be sold if claimed at the price fixed. To carry weight as specified at foot. One mile heats. Entrance 5 G. M.

Valued at Rs. 1,000	10st.	0lb.
" 900	9	8
" 800	9	3
" 700	8	12
" 600	8	7
" 500	8	0
" 400	7	9

1.—All entrances to be made and forfeits declared to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race, unless otherwise specified in the terms of the race.

2.—English imported Horses to carry 1st. 7lbs. extra in all races.

3.—Public money to be withheld when there are not three subscribers to the race.

By order of the Stewards,

E. HARBORD,

Secretary.

BOMBAY ENTRANCES TO THE ALLIPORE CHAMPAGNE STAKES FOR 1850.

Lt. Col. Roberts'	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>The King of Scotland.</i>
„	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Royalist.</i>
„	..	b.	a.	c.	..	<i>Sunbeam.</i>

W. W. THORNHILL,
Secy. Bombay Races.
JAMES HUME,
Secy. Calcutta Races.

PROSPECTUS FOR THE BOMBAY RACES—1850.

First Day, Tuesday, February 5, 1850.

1st Race.—The Dealers' Plate, value 100 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each. H. F., and only 5 G. M. forfeit if declared by the 1st January 1850. Two miles weight for age for all Arabs imported after the 1st September 1848, and purchased from either of the following stables—Sorabjee Dadey Santook's, Bazunjee Fuckcra's, or Aga Mahomed Banker's. The second horse to save his stake. To close and name on the 1st May 1849. Horses imported after the 1st September 1849 allowed to enter until the 1st December.

2nd Race.—The Forbes' Stakes, of Rupees 400 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each. 5 G. M. forfeit for all horses. Weight for age. Two miles. Maidens of the season allowed 5lbs. To name on the 1st October, and horses allowed to enter until the 1st December, upon double stakes and forfeits.

3rd Race.—The Give and Take, of Rupees 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all horses. Weight for inches; 14 hands carrying 8st. 7lbs.—One and a half mile heats.

Second Day, Thursday, February 7.

1st Race.—The Derby. Rupees 400 from the fund, for all Arabs, Maidens of the season. To close and name on the 1st October 1849. Weight for age. One and a half miles. Maidens that have started before the day of closing to carry 4lbs. extra. 5 G. M. subscription, with an entrance of 10 G. M. for all horses declared to start.

2nd Race.—The Welter. Rupees 400 from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. H. F. for all horses. 11st. Gentle-

men Riders. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile and a distance. To name on the 1st October, and horses allowed to enter until the 1st December upon double stakes and forfeits. Maidens of the season allowed 5lbs.; Maidens imported after the 1st September 1848 allowed 10lbs.

3rd Race.—The Drawing-room Stakes of Rupees 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all Arabs. 8st. 7lbs. one mile.

Third Day, Saturday, February 9.

1st Race.—A Cup value £100, presented by Meerza Ali Mahomed Khan, Esquire, for all Arab $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile and a distance, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. if declared the day before the Meeting, and only 2 G. M. if declared on the 1st August.

To close and name on the 1st May.—Weight as follows:—

Winners of 2 seasons.....	10st.	0lb.
Ditto of 1 do.....	9st.	4lbs.
Horses that have started, but <i>not</i> won before the day of naming.....	8st.	7lbs.
Horses that have not started before the day of naming, but which were imported <i>before</i> the 1st September 1848.....	8st.	0lb.
Ditto ditto ditto <i>after</i> the 1st September 1848.....	7st.	7lbs.

The Winner of the Dealers' Plate or Derby to carry 5lbs. extra.

Two horses from different stables to start, or the Cup to be withheld for a Handicap. The day and terms to be fixed by the Stewards at the time.

2nd Race.—A Sweepstakes of Rupees 500 each, H. F. for all Maidens and Winners of one season. Close and name on the 1st October 1849. Maidens on the day of starting allowed 7lbs.

3rd Race.—The Galloway Plate, Rupees 100 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each. Three quarters of a mile heats. Weight for age. Maidens on the day of starting allowed 5lbs.

Fourth Day, Tuesday, February 12.

1st Race.—A Sweepstake of 30 G. M. each, H. F. for all horses, Maidens of the season. Two miles. 8st. 4lbs. Maidens that have started before the day of closing to carry 4lbs. extra. • A Winner of the "Derby," "Dealers' Plate," "Cup" or either of the Sweepstakes, to carry 4lbs. extra; of any two of them 10lbs.; three or more 1st. To close on the 1st October, and name the day before the Race.

2nd Race.—The Malet Stakes, Rupees 400 from the Fund. A Handicap; Gentlemen Riders. Open to all horses that have started during the meeting. One mile and a half. 10 G. M. entrance. 2 G. M. forfeit for not standing the Handicap. Entrances to be made by 8 A. M. the day before the Race. Weights to be announced by 12 o'clock and declarations as to standing, or not, to be made with the other nominations of the day.

3rd Race.—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse, for all horses; Rupees 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. One mile heats. 8st. 7lbs. The Winner of the Drawing-room Stakes to carry 7lbs. extra.

Fifth Day, Thursday, February 14.

1st Race.—The Winners' Handicap, for all Winners during the meeting. 5 G. M. for each Race won. Optional to losers, at an entrance of 5 G. M. Two miles.

2nd Race.—The Beaten Plate, Rupees 300 from the Fund. Handicap open to the Beaten Horses of the meeting. 10 G. M. entrance. 1½ miles heats.

No horse to be allowed to start for the "Derby," "Forbes Stakes," "Welter," or either of the Sweepstakes that is not the *bond fide* property of a Gentleman on the day of closing.

Rule No. 15 is not applicable to Meerza Ali Mahomed Khan's Cup, or the "Dealers' Plate."

Telegraph and Courier.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CALCUTTA RACES—1849-50.

FIRST MEETING.

First Day, Saturday, December 29, 1849.

1st Race.—The Calcutta Derby Stakes for Maiden Arabs. Two miles. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started before the days of naming allowed 5lbs. An entrance of Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of May 1849. Fifteen G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of October, when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the fund and a Sweepstakes of Twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

If there are 20 nominations, the second horse to save his stake, if 30 nominations, the second horse to receive 50 G. M.

2d Race.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., H. F. for all horses. Two miles. 8st. 7lbs. each. English Horses to carry 7lbs. extra. To close and name the 1st of October.

3d Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. The Gilbert Mile. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry as under. To close the 1st of December, and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

3 years,	8st. 9lbs.
4 "	9st. 5lbs.
5 ,, and upwards,	9st. 11lbs.

4th Race.—The Colonial Stakes for Maiden Cape, Australian and Country-bred horses. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started before the days of naming allowed 5lbs. An entrance of Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of May 1849. Fifteen G. M. for horses named between that date and 1st of October, when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the fund and a Sweepstakes of Twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Second Day, Tuesday, January 1, 1850.

1st Race.—Fifth year of Allipore Champaigne Stakes of 50 G. M. each, 10 Ft. if declared the day before the Meeting, and H. F. if the day before the race, for all Arabs entitled to run as maidens on the 30th December, 1848. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Maidens on the 1st of October, 1849, allowed 7lbs. Closed.

2d Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. Craven weights and distance. English horses to carry 5lbs. extra, Arabs and C. B. allowed 5lbs., Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the 1st December and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

3d Race.—The Auckland Stakes of 50 G. M. each, H. F. and only 10 G. M. Ft. if declared the day before the meeting for all horses. Two miles. English horses to carry 1st. extra. To close and name the 1st December.

2 years,	a feather.
3 "	6st. 12lbs.
4 "	7st. 12lbs.
5 "	8st. 5lbs.
6 " and aged	8st. 8lbs.

4th Race.—The Omnibus Stakes for Maiden horses. R. C. and a distance. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry weight as follows :

3 years,	8st. 9lbs.
4 "	9st. 5lbs.
5 " and upwards,	9st. 11lbs.

Horses that have been beaten in the Derby or Colonial allowed 5lbs. An entrance of 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of May 1849. 15 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of October, when the race will close. 50 G. M. from the Fund, and a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made by 2 p. m. the day before the race. If there are 15 nominations the second horse to save his stake ; if 25 nominations to receive 50 G. M.

Third Day, Thursday, January 3.

1st Race.—Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., H. F. and 15 G. M. forfeit if declared the day before the Meeting, for all horses. Two miles. English horses to carry the same weight

as in the Omnibus Stakes. Maidens allowed 10lbs.; the winner of the Omnibus Stakes to carry 7lbs. extra. To close and name the 1st of October.

3 years,	7st. 4lbs.
4 „	8st. 4lbs.
5 „	8st. 12lbs.
6 „ and aged	9st. 2lbs.

2d Race.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., H. F. for all horses. St. Leger Course, 8st. 7lbs. each. English horses to carry 7lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name the 1st of October.

3d Race.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for Maiden Horses. Three quarters of a mile. 9st. each. Arabs allowed 10lbs. To close the 1st of October and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

4th Race.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., H. F. for Maiden Arabs. The Gilbert mile. 8st. 4lbs. each. To close and name the 1st of October.

Fourth Day, Saturday, January 5.

1st Race.—Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 Forfeit for Maiden Arabs. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have been beaten in the Derby allowed 7lbs. To close and name the 1st of October.

2d Race.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for all horses. Three quarters of a mile. 9st. each. Arabs allowed 7lbs., Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the day before the first meeting and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

3rd Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for Maiden C. B. horses. Weight for age, T. I. To close and name the 1st December.

4th Race.—The Calcutta Turf Club Purse, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. St. Leger Course. For all horses. To be handicapped by the Stewards the day before the race. To close and name the day before the meeting.

Fifth Day, Tuesday, January 8.

1st Race.—A Purse of 50 G. M. given by Sheik Ibrahim for all Maiden Arabs, sold by or belonging to him since the 1st of January 1849. Round the Course. Calcutta weight for age. Five G. M. for all horses entered on or before the 1st of May 1849. Ten G. M. for horses entered on or before the 15th November 1849; and 20 G. M. for horses entered between that date and the day before the meeting, when the subscription will close. A further sum of 10 G. M. for all horses not scratched by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

2nd Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all Arabs. Craven weights and distance. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the 1st of October and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

3rd Race.—The Newmarket Stakes of 15 G. M. each, with 20 G. M. added from the Fund, for all horses that have started during the meeting. The Gilbert mile. Winners once during the meeting

to carry 7lbs. extra, twice 10lbs. extra, thrice and oftener 1st. extra. To close and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

3 years	7st.	0lbs.
4 "	8st.	2lbs.
5 "	8st.	10lbs.
6 ,, and aged..	9st.	0lbs.

Sixth Day, Tuesday, January 10.

1st Race.—The Bengal Club Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 Ft. for all horses. Two miles. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry the same as in the Omnibus Stakes, the Winner of the Omnibus Stakes to carry 5lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close and name the 1st of October. If there are 15 nominations, the second horse to receive 50 G. M.

2nd Race.—Free Handicap Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 5 Ft. for all horses T.I. Horses' names to be given in by 2 P. M. on the 5th day of the meeting, and weights to be published by 9 o'clock A. M. the day before the race.

3rd Race.—A Purse of 20 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. for all horses. The Gilbert mile. Calcutta weight for age. The Winner to be sold with his engagements for Rs. 2,000, with the option of being sold for Rs. 1,800, Rs. 1,600, or Rs. 1,200. If to be sold for Rs. 1,800, to be allowed 5lbs., if for Rs. 1,600, to be allowed 10lbs., and if for Rs. 1,200, to be allowed 20lbs. To close and name, and prices to be declared by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Seventh Day, Saturday, January 12.

1st Race.—A Forced Handicap for Winning horses only; for which all winners of 100 G. M. during the meeting must enter, optional to other winners. Entrance 10 G. M. and 5 per cent. on all winnings in excess of 100 G. M. Two miles.

2nd Race.—Free Handicap Purse of 25 G. M. for horses that have started and not won 100 G. M. during the meeting. Entrance 20 G. M., 5 forfeit. 1½ mile. Horses' names to be given by 2 P. M. on the 6th day of the meeting.

Horses that have started at any meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta subsequent to the 5th of November 1849, allowed 5lbs. in all races where public money is given, Selling Stakes and Handicaps excepted.

In all races for public money the same to be withheld unless there are three subscribers to the race.

In all races for public money, the terms of which contain no special provision regarding the second horse, whenever there is a *bond fide* start of three or more horses on separate interests, the second horse to receive back his stake; and where there are 10 or more sub-

scriptions to the race and a start as above, to receive double the amount of his stake.

All forfeits are to be declared the day before the race by 2 P. M., except where otherwise specified in the terms of the race.

R. STOPFORD,	} Stewards.
WM. GREY,	
E. K. O. GILBERT,	

MEETING AT THE RACE STAND, MARCH 2^d 1849.

DR. SAWERS, *in the Chair*.

The Secretary placed on the table the accounts of the *Race Fund* for the past season, and for the years during which he had been in office; also the Bank Book which showed a balance to credit of Rs. 4197-0-8. He stated that there was a cash balance in hand of Rs. 1461-11-2 and Rs. 1472 not yet received, and 2 pieces of plate purchased last year on account of the Fund for Rs. 1,300. He then read the letter of resignation he had forwarded to the Stewards a short time previously.

The Secretary stated that the balance to credit of the Turf Club was Rs. 93-9-3 after Rs. 480 paid for the Purse of the season—Rs. 300 expended on the Course, Rs. 174 for a dinner service and other minor charges. He had intimated to the Committee his resignation of the Secretaryship of the Committee.

Dr. Sawers observed, on the part of the Committee, that they were much obliged by his services.

It having been brought to notice that circumstances had prevented the Annual Meeting of the Calcutta Turf Club on the 1st of December, it was resolved that the annual election of the Committee of the Club be proceeded with at this Meeting.

It was proposed by Dr. Sawers, seconded by W. Grey, Esq., and carried unanimously:—

“That so much of the Rules of the Club as appears to require the appointment of two separate bodies; viz., the one a Committee of the Club and the other to be Stewards for the management of the Races be rescinded, and that henceforward only one body of five be elected annually, on some early day after the close of the second Race Meeting instead of, as heretofore, on the 1st of December, and that such body be called the Committee of Stewards, that it be entrusted with the whole management of the affairs of the Club for the year, and the conduct of the Races of the season, and in the event of any vacancy occurring during the year, the remaining members of the Com-

mittee to be empowered to appoint any person or persons to complete the above mentioned number of five."

Proposed by W. H. L. Frith, Esq., seconded by W. Pybus, Esq., and carried unanimously :—

That with reference to the foregoing Resolution, the following five gentlemen be elected the Committee of Stewards.

Messrs. Patton, Hume*, Stopford, Gilbert and Grey.

* Mr Hume has withdrawn.—A. E.

RACING CALENDAR

FOR

1848-49.

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RACING CALENDAR.

AGRA SKY RACES.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, December 26, 1848.

1ST RACE.—Purse of 10 G. M. for all horses, with an entrance of 3 G. M. Arabs and C. B. 9st. 7lbs. Eng., Cape and N. S. W. 10st. 7lbs., 1 mile.

Mr Jackson's	b.	c.	h.	<i>Proteus</i> ,	..	Littlefield	1
Mr James'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Revenge</i> ,	..	Daly	2
Mr Hawksley's	b.	e.	m.	<i>Volumnia</i> ,	..	Mr Sinclair	3
Mr Price's	old nsw.		h.	<i>Black Prince</i> ,	..	Native	4
„	g.	a.	h.	<i>Sackeloth</i> ,	..	Native	5
Mr Flingo's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Miekey Free</i> ,	..	Ash	6

At the lottery the night before *Sackeloth* was the favorite; the mare next. At the word go, they all got off together, but the Cape horse, who had been little thought of, proved an ugly customer, for he soon took the lead, was never caught, and won by 2 or 3 lengths; *Revenge*, who had to run for the galloways and was not pushed, second, and the mare who ran very unkindly, third. Owing to the heavy state of the Course which was nearly all sand, the timing was not worth taking.

2ND RACE.—A Purse of 6 G. M. for all galloways, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M. 14 hands 9st. 7lbs.

Mr James'	g.	a.	g.	<i>Revenge</i> ,	..	Daly	1	1
Mr Hawksley's	r.	a.	h.	<i>Nonsense</i> ,	..	Mr Sinclair	3	2
Mr Thomas'	g.	a.	g.	<i>Ugly Buck</i> ,	..	Mr Pagot	2	3

1st Heat.—*Revenge* and *Ugly Buck* rated together, the former winning in a canter by ten lengths: *Nonsense* did not go for the heat.

2d Heat.—*Revenge* and *Nonsense* off together, neck and neck; they came all the way to the distance, when a rattling set-to took place, *Revenge* winning by a nose. Both the horses, who were well ridden, were severely punished.

3RD RACE.—A Purse of 5 G. M. for all horses, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile race, 11st. each, G. R. Entrance 2 G. M. The winner to be sold for Rs. 400.

Mr Hawksley's	g.	cb.	m.	<i>Ida</i> ,	..	Mr Sinclair	1
„	b.	a.	h.	<i>North Star</i> ,	..	Owner	2
Mr Price's	b.	cb.	m.	<i>Hyacinth</i> ,	..	Native	3
Mr Stowell's	b.	cb.	m.	<i>Sweet Lips</i> ,	..	Owner	4

North Star made rattling running from the post until the distance, where *Ida* came up and a good race ensued, the mare winning by $\frac{1}{2}$ a length.

SECOND DAY, Thursday, December 28.

1ST RACE.—Ladies' Purse of 10 G. M., 1 mile race, 14 hands to carry 9st. 7lbs. Entrance 2 G. M. Winner of 1st race, 1st day 7lbs. extra.

Mr James' g. a. h. *Revenge*, .. Daly 9st. 5lbs. 1

Mr Paget's b.c. b. h. *Scrags*, .. Littlefield 9st. 2lbs. 2

Won in a canter by *Revenge*, hard held.

2ND RACE.—A Cheeroot Stakes 6 G. M. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile race. Entrance 2 G. M. 11st. G. R. The winner to come to the scales with his cheeroot alight.

Mr Hawksley's b. e. m. *Volumnia*, .. Owner, 11st. 10lbs.

Lord W. Hay's c. a. h. *Gtntiret*, .. Mr Ryall, 11st.

Mr Hawksley's b. a. h. *North Star*, .. Mr Sinclair, 11st.

North Star again put in to make the running, which he did for a quarter of a mile when the mare came up, and won in a canter by 3 lengths.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 5 G. M. for all ponies. Entrance 1 G. M., $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats, catch weight.

Mr Edward's g. pony *Vixen*, .. Native 1 1

Mr Pender's bk. pony *Peter*, .. Mr Greensell 2 2

Mr Walter's b. pony *Irish George*, .. Conlan 3 3

Vixen won both heats, the first by a head, and the second easy.

THIRD DAY, Saturday, December 30.

1ST RACE.—Consolation Purse of 10 G. M. for all horses; weight for price. Entrance 3 G. M. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile heats, valued at.

1,000	11st.	0lb.
900	10st.	8lbs.
800	10st.	3lbs.
700	9st.	12lbs.
600	9st.	7lbs.
500	9st.	2lbs.
400	8st.	4lbs.

Mr Hawksley's b. e. m. *Volumnia*, .. 9st. 7lbs. Daly, dead heat 1 2

Mr Jackson's br. c. h. *Proteus*, .. 10st. 2lbs. Littlefield 2 1

This was the finest race of the meeting; here the mare came out to meet her antagonists in the 1st race. Betting 5 to 4 against the mare, at the Ordinary, taken.

1st Heat.—At the word go, both got off together and rated it all around to the distance where the jocks set to work, and after a sharp rally on both sides, finished with a dead heat.

2d Heat.—After the country bred race was run; they came out to contend for the 2d heat, and the mare was slightly the favorite: it not being known how the Cape would run heats. At the word off both made rattling running all round, to the distance where the Cape began to tire, and the lad Daly, who had ridden with admirable tact and patience, brought the mare to the front and won rather easily by a length.

3rd Heat.—Which was run in the dark, again changed the position of the horse, leaving the deciding heat to be run the next day. At the word off, they left the post together, and the race could not be seen until they approached the distance, when the blue and white stripe of *Proteus* was in front; he came home winning easily by 2 lengths. Daly the rider of *Volumnia* finding his mare running in difficulties, wisely pulled her up; knowing that he had another chance of the race, which was decided should be run the next day by the Stewards.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 3 G. M. for all country bred, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile race. Entrance 2 G. M. 10st 7lbs.

Mr Paget's	b. c. b. h. ..	<i>Scrags</i> ,	Littlefield	1
Mr Hawksley's	g. c. b. m. ..	<i>Ida</i> ,	Mr Sinclair	2
Mr Reay's	ch. c. b. m. ..	<i>Attraction</i> ,	Daly	3
Mr Dennison's	g. c. b. m. ..	<i>Cinderella</i> ,	Mr Ryall	4

At the word go, they went from the post at a rattling pace, *Scrags* leading, which he maintained to the end, winning easily by 2 or 3 lengths. A cross was claimed against Littlefield by the rider of *Ida*, but was disallowed by the Stewards.

3RD RACE.—A Purse of 5 G. M. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats, catch weights.

Mr Hawksley's	b. a. h.	<i>North Star</i> ,	..	Mr Sinclair	dead heat	1 1
Mr Dennison's	..	<i>Cinderella</i> ,	..	Mr Ryall,		3 3
Mr Reay's	..	<i>Attraction</i> ,	..	Owners,	3 did not start	
Mr Woodhon's	ch. a. h.	<i>Advance</i> ,	..	Native	2	2 2
Mr Lefont's	b. c. m.	<i>Sweet Lips</i> ,	..	Daly	4	4 3

All off at score, *North Star* and the mare rated it neck and neck, and finished with a dead heat. The rest no where.

2d Heat.—*North Star* again led, and made a good race of it with *Advance*, winning by $\frac{1}{2}$ a length: *Advance* carried 8st. and *North Star* 9st. 6lbs., *Cinderella* was pulled for the 3d heat.

3d Heat.—The blood of the little Arab began to tell after they had gone a short way, as the mare could not live with him, and was beaten easily, *North Star* winning by 2 lengths.

FOURTH DAY, Monday, January 1, 1849.

1ST RACE.—The deciding heat of the Consolation was run off between

Mr Jackson's	b. c. a.	<i>Proteus</i> ,	..	Littlefield	..	1
Mr Hawksley's	b. c. m.	<i>Volumnia</i> ,	..	Daly	..	2

Both off at score, thus they travelled into the straight run where the mare sulked and *Proteus* going on, won, without much to spare by about $\frac{1}{2}$ a length. In this race Littlefield when accused by the rider of *Volumnia*, acknowledged to have gone off the Course, and the Stewards went down to examine the ground, where the foot marks of *Proteus* were distinctly visible some 5 or 6 inches off the inside of the Course. The heat was decided to have been a fair one.

2ND RACE.—Tradesmen's Plate of 100 Rs. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats 10-7. Winner to be sold for Rupees 500.

Mr Ryall's	ch. a. h.	<i>Advance</i> ,	..	Owner	..	1 1
Mr Hawksley's	b. a. h.	<i>North Star</i> ,	..	Mr Sinclair	2	2
Mr Stowell's	c. a. h.	<i>Clem</i> ,	..	Owner	..	4 3
Mr Prices's	b. cb. m.	<i>Hyacinth</i> ,	.	Natives	..	5 4

Both heats won by *Advance*, with *Star* close up. The heavy ground killed the little horse, but he struggled on gallantly and was only beaten by half a length.

3RD RACE.—Losers' Handicap $\frac{3}{4}$ mil^e 6 G. M. from the Fund cut 2.

Mr Hawkey's	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Nonsense</i> ,	10st.	4lbs.	Mr Sinclair	
Mr Thomas'	ch.	a.	g.	..	<i>Ugly Buck</i> ,	6st.	2lbs.	Mr Paget	
Mr Dennison's	g.	c.	b.	m.	..	<i>Cinderella</i> ,	8st.	12lbs.	Mr Ryall

Cinderella led by some 15 lengths, to the straight run, where she was caught by the others, and beaten immediately. The other 2 ran on, *Nonsense* winning in a canter by 2 or 3 lengths.

FIFTH DAY, Wednesday, January 3, 1849.

HURDLE RACE.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of Rs. 200. Entrance 2 G. M. for all Horses, 1 mile over 5 hurdles, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet high 10-7.

Mr Paget's	b.	c.	b.	g.	<i>Scrags</i> ,	Littlefield	1
Mr Dennison's	b.	c.	b.	m.	<i>Pathfinder</i> ,	Mr Hawksley	2
Mr Price's	b.	c.	b.	m.	<i>Hyacinth</i> ,	Native.	
Mr Ryall's	b.	c.	b.	h.	<i>Paddy Whack</i> ,	Owner.	

This was a splendid race, as all the Nags jumped their hurdles well. At the word "off" *Paddy* and *Hyacinth* went to the front, clearing the first hurdle, followed by *Pathfinder*, who pulled tremendously; *Scrags* last: this order continued to the next hurdle, when *Pathfinder* went to the front and carried on the running; *Scrags* followed to the last hurdle but one, where he caught the mare, made the rest of the running and won by 2 lengths.

Pathfinder, who had never been trained, ran well, and cleared her hurdles beautifully. *Hyacinth* also jumped well but lacked speed, and *Paddy* who was pulled up could not carry the weight through such heavy ground.

MOZUFFERPOOR RACES.

FIRST DAY, Wednesday, January 3, 1849.

1ST RACE.—The Mozufferpoor Derby Stakes 5 G. M. each, 3 F., with 20 G. M. added from the Fund, for maiden Arabs. Weight for age, Sonopore Standard. Winners once before the day of race 7lbs., twice and oftener 1st extra. To close on the 15th October. Horses that have never started allowed 7lbs.

Mr Peter Pedlar's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Hilliard</i> ,	..	walked over.
Mr Vernon	Ft.
Mr Walker	Ft.
Mr Higgins	Ft.

2ND RACE.—A Purse of 15 G. M. for all maiden Cape, N. S. W. and Country-bred horses. Weight for age, Sonopore Standard. R. C. Entrance 5 G. M., 3 F. To close on the 15th October. Winners once before the day of race 7lbs., twice and oftener 1st. extra. Horses that have never started allowed 7lbs.

Mr Forester's	c.	c.	b.	c.	<i>The Pretender</i> ,	..	Walked over.
Mr Hamilton	Ft.

3RD RACE.—A Purse of 15 G. M. from the Fund for all horses. Entrance 5 G. M., 3 Ft. 1½ miles. 8st. 7lbs. each. To close on the 15th October. Winners once 7lbs., twice and oftener 1st. extra. A winner of any of the Sonepore Cups 2st. extra; not cumulative.

Mr Walker's .. *Cadwallader*, .. Walked over.

4TH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. for all maiden Poosah Fillies. One mile. 8st. 7lbs. each. Entrance 3 G. M. The winner of the Oaks to carry 5lbs. extra.

No Entrance.

5TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. Entrance for all *bona fide* untrained horses ¾ mile heats. Gentlemen Riders, 11st. up.

Mr Forester names	b.	a.	h.	<i>Chancellor</i> ,	2	1	0	1
Mr Vernon nominates	g.	a.	h.	<i>Merry Monarch</i> ,	1	2	2	2
Mr Peter Pedlar ditto	b.	nsw.	g.	<i>Sir Bertram</i> ,	3	3	1	3
Mr O'Toole ditto	b.	e.	m.	<i>Madge Wildfire</i> ,	4	4	4	4

This Race got, up for sky and betting, the only one of the day, created considerable interest. *Chancellor* and *Merry Monarch* were the favorites at long odds at the Ordinary.

1st Heat.—At the word off the favorites started off with the lead, with *Sir Bertram* upon their quarters, but the rider of the good old mare seemed to be any where but at home in the Hog Skin, allowing the favorites a start of 50 lengths and catching them up at the ½ mile from home. *Chancellor* rated it the whole way with the *Monarch* on his quarter; at the distance the old mare and *Sir Bertram* were well with their horses but the struggle that was now to commence proved too much for them. Now *Chancellor*, now *Merry Monarch*, was the constant cry as the horses were hussled along, the heat ending by a nose in the *Monarch's* favor who was most beautifully ridden by his owner.

Time,—1m. 30s.

2d Heat.—*Monarch* off at score, with *Chancellor*, close to his rear, *Sir Bertram* 3d and with the mare it was a repetition of the 1st heat. The distance post saw the favorites struggling for the vantage, but the weight told on the Grey and *Chancellor* came in the winner by a good length.

Time,—1m. 30s.

3d Heat.—*Sir Bertram* off with a tremendous lead, the riders of the favorites evidently treating their Cocktail friend with contempt, but they found out their mistake too late to prevent his winning this heat by two lengths. *Merry Monarch* second and *Chancellor* third.

Time,—1m. 30s.

4th Heat.—*Chancellor* away with the lead, ten to one upon him for the heat, which he won with the greatest ease in 1m. 32s.

SECOND DAY, Friday, January 5.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 15 G. M. for maiden C. breds, 1½ mile. Byculla weight for age. Entrance 5 G. M. 3 F. To close on the 15th October, 1847. Winners at Sonepore 1st. extra.

Mr Forester names	c.	cb.	g.	<i>Pretender</i> ,	..	1
Mr Namreh names	b.	cb.	g.	<i>Crooked Legs</i> ,	..	2
Mr Hamilton	pd. ft.

This was a most ridiculous affair: the Bay bolted at the back of the course, and Barnes pulled up and waited ten minutes for him at the ½ mile; at the distance, Barnes gave him several lengths, and then beat him in.

2ND RACE.—A Sky Race $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. 1 G. M. Entrance. Gentlemen Riders, 11st.

Mr O'Toole's	b.	c.	m.	<i>Madge Wildfire</i> ,		2	1	1*
Mr Peter Pedlar's	b	nsw.	g.	<i>Sir Bertram</i> ,	Mr Fortescue	1	2	2
Mr Dick's	b.	cb.	g.	<i>The Squire</i> ,	Mr Burke	3	3	3
Mr Stiggins'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wissey Wussey</i> ,	Mr Vernon	4	4	4
Mr Forester's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Devil's Skin</i> ,	no where			

* 2nd and 3rd Heats Mr Forester.

Devil's Skin the favorite, though *Madge Wildfire* was greedily sought for by one or two in the lottery at the Ordinary, notwithstanding her exhibition on the 1st day.

1st Heat was won by *Sir Bertram*.

2nd Heat.—Mr Forester rode *Madge* this heat and won it, and the 3rd heat by several lengths with ease.

3RD RACE.—A Purse for all horses, 15 G. M. from the Fund, with an entrance of 3 G. M. Weight for iaches, 14 hands to carry 9st. R. C.

Mr Hamilton's	..	<i>Carte Blanche</i> ,	..	Walked over.
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4TH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each for all horses. 8st. 7lbs. each. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. To close on the 15th October.

Mr Walker.

THIRD DAY, Monday, January 8.

1ST RACE.—The Durbungah Rajah's Cup for all horses. Bycullah weight for age. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. Arabs allowed 5lbs. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F. To close on the 15th October. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winners once to carry 7lbs., twice and oftener 1st. extra. Two horses, *bona fide* competitors, to start or the Cup to be withheld. A winner of any of the Sonepore Cups 2st. extra; not cumulative.

Mr Forester nominates	c.	cb.	g.	<i>Pretender</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	..	1	1
Mr Peter Pedlar names	g.	a.	h.	<i>Hilliard</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	..	2	2
Mr Walker nominates	b.	a.	h.	<i>Cadwallader</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	..	3	3
Mr Hamilton names	b.	nsw.	g.	<i>Nimrod</i> ,	9st. 11lbs.	..	4	4
Mr Vernon	pd.	ft.
Mr Stiggins	pd.	ft.

Pretender won this by a little rush upon the post. *Hilliard* 2nd. *Nimrod* distanced owing to the stupidity of his Rider who pulled up in the 1st heat at the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

2nd Heat was run as the first and won by *Pretender*.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 58s.; 2nd heat, 2m. 58s.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 100 Rs. from the Fund for all horses that have never won more than 25 G. M. public money. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Gentlemen riders 11st. 7lbs. Entrance 2 G. M. Arabs allowed 7lbs.

Mr O'Toole's	b.	c.	m.	<i>Madge Wildfire</i> ,	12st. 4lbs.	Mr Vernon	1
Mr Forester's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Beppo</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Owner	2
Mr R —'s	g.	a.	h.	<i>Little Goorkah</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Mr Fortescue	3

The mare was well ridden and won as she chose notwithstanding the sanguine expectations of *Beppo's* owner.

Time,—58s.

3RD RACE.—A Handicap for Poosah Fillies. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M. with 10 G. M. from the Fund.

Two fillies ran for this. Time,—59s.

4TH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. each for all Horses 1½ miles to be handicapped by the Stewards.

Mr Namreh's	b. cb. m.	<i>Miss Manilla</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	..	1
Mr Hamilton's	c. a. h.	<i>Carte Blanche</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	..	2
Mr Frank's	b. a. h.	<i>The Devil to Pay</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	..	3

Miss Manilla and the *Devil* went away at a great pace. The mare took the lead at the back of the Course by several lengths, was never headed and won easily.

Time,—2m. 52s.

FOURTH DAY, Wednesday, January 10, 1849.

1ST RACE.—The Winners' Handicap, 10 G. M. from the Fund, for which all horses that have won public money must enter. 1¾ miles. Winners twice to pay 10 G. M. entrance, others 5 G. M., optional to winners of hacks.

Mr Namreh's	b. cb. m.	<i>Miss Manilla</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	1
Mr Walker's	b. a. h.	<i>Cadwallader</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	2
Mr Peter Pedlar's	g. a. h.	<i>Hilliard</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	3
Mr Hamilton's	c. a. h.	<i>Carte Blanche</i> ,	7st. 7lbs.	4

Miss Manilla off with the lead which she retained till past the distance post, when *Barnes* let out the *Cad*, and won with ease. The *Cad* came in short of weight and the race was given to *Manilla*.

Time,—3m. 34s.

2D RACE.—The Beaten Handicap, 15 G. M. from the Fund, for all horses that have started for, and not won public money. R. C. Entrance 5 G. M. 3 F.

No Race.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 10 G. M., for all Country-bred horses purchased at Sonepore Fair in 1848 from native dealers. Weight for age. Byculla Standard. Entrance 3 G. M. ¾ mile heats. Winner of Fair Stakes at Sonepore to carry 5lbs. extra.

Mr Mortlock's	g. cb. m.	<i>Fidget</i> ,	1
Mr Namreh's	g. cb. g.	<i>Never say Die</i> ,	2

The Mare's race easy.

4TH RACE.—A Purse of Rs. 100 for all ponies. Weight for inches, 13 hands to carry 8st. 7lbs. Entrance 2 G. M. ¾ mile heats.

Mr Namreh's	g. pony g.	<i>Saltpetre</i> ,	1
Mr Hamilton names bk.	pony m.	2

The honest little fellow *Saltpetre* won this race gallantly, notwithstanding the mare was the favorite by long odds, owing to the high training which she underwent.

FIFTH DAY, Friday, January 12.

1ST RACE.—A Subscription Purse of 31 G. M. for all horses; to be handicapped by the Stewards. 1½ miles. 5 G. M. Entrance, 3 Ft.

Mr Mortlock's	b. nsw. g.	<i>Nimrod</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	Hyder Ali	1
Mr Walker's	b. a. h.	<i>Cadwallader</i> ,	10st. 0lb.	Barnes	2

Mr Peter Pedlar's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Hilliard,</i>	8st.	7lbs.	Moore	3
Mr Hamilton's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Carte Blanche,</i>	8st.	0lb.	Madar Bux	4

The light weights off at score followed closely by *Nimrod*, *Cadwallader* in the rear: in this way they ran to the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from home when *Nimrod* took up the running; *Cadwallader* made a desperate effort to get alongside the *Water*, but could not succeed, *Nimrod* winning by a length in 3 minutes.

2D RACE.—The Cheroot Stakes, Rs. 100 from the fund, for all horses. Gentlemen riders. 11st. 7lbs. each. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats. Riders not to dismount till the heats are run out and to bring their cheroots lighted to the scales. Entrance Rs. 32. Arabs allowed 7lbs.

Mr O'Toole's	c.	e.	m.	<i>Madge Wildfire,</i>	1
Mr W——'s	c.	cb.	m.	—————,	2

An easy affair.

3D RACE.—A Race for all *bond fide* Hacks valued under Rs. 150. Gentlemen Riders. Catch weights, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats. Entrance 8 Rs.

Jack Smith's	mare	<i>Begum,</i>	Mr Sam	0	2	1	1
Australian B.'s	„	<i>Emma,</i>	Mr Namreh	0	3	2	2
Ditto	„	<i>Slow Coach,</i>	Mr ———	5	5'	3	3
Mr Haitch's	„	<i>Fanny,</i>	Mr L.	4	4	4	4
Ditto	„	<i>No, I Shan't,</i>	Mr Haitch, Jr.	3	1	dr.	
Mr E'Hung's	„	<i>Pirie,</i>	Owner	6	6	5	dr.

The first heat ended in a dead one between the *Begum* and *Emma*, when *Pirie* brought up the rear at Railroad pace catching it at every stride.

2d Heat.—Brought them all to the post, the heat ending in *No, I Shant's* favor.

3d Heat.—This heat ended in the *Begum's* favor.

4th Heat.—Off went the horses at the word and spurs were in great requisition, but blood told and the old mare won by several lengths.

4TH RACE.—A Handicap Purse of Rs. 100 for all untrained horses. Entrance 5 G. M. 3 F. To close on the 15th October. $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile.

Mr Franks.
Mr Vernon.
Mr Forrester.
Mr Mortlock.
Mr Forrester.

No Race.

5TH RACE.—A Hurdle Race for all C. B. Galloways under 14 hands R. C. over 8 Hurdles 3 feet high. Gentlemen riders, catch weights. Entrance 3 G. M. added to a Subscription Purse.

Mr Mortlock's	g.	cb.	g.	<i>Spring Heeled Jack.</i>
Mr do. names	b.	cb.	g.	<i>Paddy Whack.</i>
Mr O'Toole's	g.	cb.	g.	<i>Captain.</i>

Of at score, *Paddy* with the lead: all well over the 1st hurdle, *Paddy* and *Cap-tain* swerved at the 2nd hurdle and the old buggy nag walked off with the race at his pleasure, taking his hurdles as if it was an every day affair.

6TH RACE.—A Hurdle Race, 15 G. M. from the Fund, with an entrance of 4 G. M. each, R. C. over 8 hurdles 4 feet high, 12st. each. Arabs allowed 1st. Two horses *bond fide* competitors to start or no race.

Mr Mortlock's	b.	nsw.	g.	..	<i>Nimrod,</i>	Owner	1
Mr H—'s	b.	cb.	m.	..	<i>Amey,</i>	Mr O'Mally	2
Mr Vernon's	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Merry Monarch,</i>	Mr Fortescue	3
Mr Mortlock's	b.	nsw.	g.	..	<i>Admiral,</i>	Mr Sam	4

Nimrod and *Merry Monarch* off with the lead and over the 1st hurdle together; *Nimrad* then took the lead, *Merry Monarch* refused the 2nd which was gallantly taken by the C. bred who followed in *Nimrad's* wake at a great pace, each taking the hurdles steadily, the Waler winning by many lengths, *Merry Monarch* and the *Admiral* jumped in first rate style, but had no chance of the race.

TITALYA RACES.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, January 9, 1849.

1ST RACE.—The Titallya Derby of 25 G. M., for all Maiden Arabs, 9st. 7lbs. each, 1½ mile beats,—entrance to this race to be 3 G. M. if made before the 1st Juuc, 6 G. M. if after that date, nominations to be sent in by 1st December, and a further entrance of 2 G. M. to be paid on nominating by those who entered before the 1st June; and of 4 G. M. on nominating by those who entered after that period.

Mr Return's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Janitar,</i>	2	1
Mr Gordon's	w.	a.	b.	<i>Little Wonder,</i>	1	2
Mr Villiers'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Grinder,</i>		drawn
Mr Return's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Sultan,</i>		"
"	g.	a.	h.	<i>General,</i>		"
Mr Gordon's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Blue Rock,</i>		"

Little Wonder won the first heat in a canter, and *Janitor* the second in the same manner with another rider on his back. The race, however, unfortunately ended in a wrangle. A pony race by the consent of all parties came off before the deciding heat, and Mr Vivian who rode *Janitor* was unable to get his horse saddled within half an hour after the second heat, and *Little Wonder* came to the post and started without waiting for him. Mr Return brought his horse up almost immediately afterwards and sent him round. Both parties claim the stakes, and the case has been referred to the Turf Club in Calcutta.

2D RACE.—The Civilians' Purse of — G. M. Entrance 8 G. M. for all horses. English excepted. Arabs 10st., Cape, C. B. and N. S. W., 10st. 7lbs. heats, R. C. and a distance. Winners once 3lbs., twice or more 5lbs. extra, to close and name the day before the meeting.

Mr Return's	g.	a.	h.	<i>The General,</i>	..	Mr Vivian	1	1
Mr Gordon's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Alchymist,</i>	..	Yerberry	2	2

1st Heat.—A beautiful start was effected and the horses came neck and neck past the stand, *General* shortly afterwards drawing a clear length ahead, in which position he finished the race, hard held.

2nd Heat.—The start again was perfect and at the quarter mile out the *General* was again leading by a length. However at the half mile out, *Alchymist* ran right up to him and the race became very exciting, but as they rounded the corner into the straight running, Yerberry's whip and the steadiness of Mr Vivian disclosed the real state of affairs, *General* again winning easily by a length.

3RD RACE.—A Purse of 15 G. M., given by Master Mathew, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. for all maiden Arabs that have not or will not eventually cost their owners more than Co.'s Rs. 1,000 10st. each, 1½ mile, to close and name the day before the race.

Mr Return's	b. a. h.	<i>Sullan,</i>	Pennington	..	1
Mr Gordon's	w. a. h.	<i>Little Wonder,</i>	2
Mr Return's	g. a. h.	<i>Reserve,</i>	3
Mr Villiers'	g. a. h.	<i>Grinder,</i>	4

Reserve got away with his rider and raced with *Sullan* to the half mile out when he quietly settled down into the third place, *Little Wonder* lying second, but all very close together, they ran in this order till about six hundred yards from home, when *Pennington* took a most judicious pull at his horse and allowed the two others to pass him. He headed them again after a few strides and the race was over—*Little Wonder* being second, *Reserve* third, and *Grinder*, who was as fat as a prize ox, last.

4TH RACE.—Pony Purse of 5 G. M., 2 G. M. entrance, half mile heats catch weights.

Mr Return names Mr Hawkins'	c. p.	<i>Peggy,</i>	Native	2	1	1
Mr Vivian	c. p.	<i>Rigolette,</i>	Owner	1	2	2
Mr Railing	b. p.	<i>Poor Quilp,</i>	..	3	3	dr.

1st Heat.—*Peggy* was the favorite as *Rigolette* was giving her a stone. *Poor Quilp* and *Peggy* got off together, with *Rigolette* in close attendance, evidently waiting. At the distance all three were abreast, but immediately afterwards *Quilp* dropped and *Rigolette* went to the front, winning entirely by riding by half a length.

2nd Heat was run much in the same manner to the distance, when Mr Vivian again attempted to catch *Peggy*, but the weight was too much for his pony, and he was beaten by a length.

3d Heat.—A repetition of the second.

SECOND DAY, Thursday, January 11.

1st RACE.—A Purse of 25 G. M. given by Mr Villiers with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. for the Arabs that may run for Master Mathew's Purse the 1st day, distance 2 miles, weight for age. Winner of Master Mathew's Purse to carry 7lbs. extra, and the second horse in the race to have 15 G. M. out of the Stakes. 3 horses or no race. To close and name the same day on which Master Mathew's Purse closes.

Mr Gordon's	w. a. h.	<i>Little Wonder,</i>	9st. 5lbs.	Yerberry	1
Mr Return's	g. a. h.	<i>Reserve,</i>	8st. 7lbs.		2
Mr Villiers'	g. a. h.	<i>Grinder,</i>	0st. 0lb.		dr.

Little Wonder decidedly the favorite, and his performance fully justified the confidence of his backers. The horses got off on good terms, and were neck and

neck for the first quarter of a mile, but as they passed the stand, *Little Wonder* was a length in front, which advantage he increased at every stride and eventually won as he liked, Mr Vivian pulling up when he saw it was useless to struggle. *Reserve* was evidently short of work.

2ND RACE.—The Purneah Purse of — G. M. Entrance 2 G. M., H. F., for country-bred horses. One mile heats 10st. 7lbs. The winner to be sold for 400 Rs. if claimed $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour after the race. To close and name the day before the race.

Mr Gordon's	b. c. b. m.	<i>Sweet Pea,</i>	..	Yerberry	1
Mr Vivian's	b. c. h. g.	<i>Lightning,</i>	..		2

Lightning got a bad start, losing at least three lengths, nevertheless at the three quarter mile post he had reached the mare's girths; she however shook him off in a few strides and cantered quietly home.

3RD RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of 20 G. M. Entrance 5 G. M. for all horses. English to carry 11st. 7lbs. Cape and N. S. W. 10st. 7lbs. C. B. 10st., Arahs 9st. 7lbs. Winner of the maiden to carry 5lbs. extra. R. C. and a distance.

Mr Return's	g. a. h.	..	<i>The General,</i>	walked over.
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4TH RACE.—A Purse of Co.'s Rs. 100, given by a Patron of the Fair, added to 3 G. M. from the fund. One G. M. entrance for all Sikin and Bootan ponies, purchased at the Titalya Fair of December 1847—half mile heats catch weights.

Mr Gordon's	hr. p.	..	<i>Pocket Hercules,</i>	Yerberry	1 1
Mr Percy's	hk. p. m.	..	<i>Mystery,</i>	..	2 2
Mr John's	hk. p.	..	<i>Rhinoceros,</i>	..	bolted.

Pocket Hercules won both heats with the greatest ease. *Rhinoceros* halted a quarter of a mile from home.

THIRD DAY, Saturday, January 13.

1ST RACE.—His Highness the Nawab Nazim of Bengal's Titalya Purse of 30 G. M. Entrance 7 G. M. for all horses. English to carry 11st., Cape, Australian and C. B. 10st., Arahs 9st. 7lbs. The winner of Master Mathew's and Mr Villiers' Purses allowed 5lbs., or the winner of both allowed 7lbs. 2 miles heats. To close and name the day before the race. No horse qualified for entry that has, or will, cost his owner *bond fide* more than 1,600 Rs.

Mr Gordon's	w. a. h.	..	<i>Little Wonder,</i>	Yerberry	1 1
Mr Return's	g. a. h.	..	<i>The General,</i>	..	2 2

Little Wonder got away with a slight lead, which he had increased to a length before he passed the stand and was never challenged afterwards.

The second heat was run precisely in the same manner. .

Time—1st heat, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile 55s., $\frac{3}{4}$ m. 1-28—mile 1-59—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile 2-29—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile 3-3—2 miles 4-12.

2ND RACE.—The Titalya Welter of 20 G. M., 10 G. M. entrance for all horses, Arahs 10st. 7lbs., N. S. W., Cape and C. B. 11st., English 12st. Heats R. C. and a distance. To close and name the day before the race.

Mr Return's	b. a. h.	<i>Janitor,</i>	Mr Holdhard declared	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.	1 1
Mr Gordon's	b. a. h.	<i>Alchymist,</i>	2 dr.

A good start, and at the quarter mile out *Janitor* was a length in advance, in which order the horses ran to half way up the distance, when there was a cry for *Alchymist*, but a few strides further it became evident that *Janitor's* rider was only making a race of it, and he won in hand on the post.

2nd Heat.—*Alchymist* was drawn.

3D RACE.—The Whim Plate of 15 G. M., 5 G. M. entrance for all horses. Weight for age and inches—14 hands and aged to carry 9st., English horses to carry 1st. extra. 2 miles.

Mr Gordon's	b. a. h.	<i>Cyclops</i> ,	9st. 3½lbs.	Owner	1
Mr Gordon's	w. a. h.	<i>Little Wonder</i> ,	9st. 3½lbs.	..	2
Mr Return's	b. a. h.	<i>Quo Warranto</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	..	3

Little Wonder went away with the lead closely waited on by *Quo*, *Cyclops* lying about three lengths behind. *Quo* struggled gallantly on to the distance where he was beaten and pulled up, and *Little Wonder* was with difficulty stopped in time to allow *Cyclops* to pass the post first, his owner having declared to win with him.

4TH RACE.—The Hack Stakes of 8 G. M., 2 G. M. entrance, for all horses 10st. ¾ miles heat. The Winner to be sold for 350 Rs. if claimed in the usual manner.

Mr Return's	b. c. h.	<i>Quo Warranto</i> ,	..	Dall	1 1
Mr Shortwind's	b. c. b. m.	<i>Countess</i> ,	2 dist.
Mr Gordon's	b. c. b. m.	<i>Sweet Pea</i> ,	3 3
Mr Gordon's	b. ch. cb. m.	<i>Duchess</i> ,	4 4

Duchess led for the first quarter when she was passed by the other two mares and soon afterwards by *Quo*, who then cantered by the side of his horses to the distance and left them without a struggle.—*Countess* being second.

The second heat was run and finished in the same way, but the rider of *Duchess* claimed a cross against *Countess'* jockey, which was allowed, and Mr Gordon therefore claimed the winner.

• FOURTH DAY, Monday, January 15.

1ST RACE.—Forced Handicap for all Winners of Public Money, optional with Winners of private purses, hacks or ponies 20 G. M., 10 G. M. entrance, H. F. To be handicapped by the Stewards, R. C. and a distance.

Mr Return's	g. a. h.	<i>The General</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Dall	1
—————	b. a. h.	<i>Janitor</i> ,	9st. 8lbs.	Mr Vivian	2
Mr Gordon's	w. a. h.	<i>Little Wonder</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	..	3
—————	b. a. h.	<i>Cyclops</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.	..	4
Mr Return's	b. a. h.	<i>Sultan</i> ,	8st. 12lbs.	..	ft.
Mr Gordon's	b. c. m.	<i>Sweetpea</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	..	ft.

Mr Return declared to win with *General*—*Little Wonder* got away with the lead, closely attended by *Janitor*, who passed him at the mile—*General*, who got an exceedingly bad start, gradually crept up to his horses and half way up the distance had beaten every thing but *Janitor*, who in obedience to orders was pulled to allow him to go in first.

2D RACE.—Free Handicap for all horses that have started, and not won during the Meeting 15 G. M., 5 G. M. entrance, H. F. To be handicapped by the Stewards, R. C. and a distance.

Mr Gordon's	b. a. h.	<i>Alchymist</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	Yerberry	1
Mr Villiers'	g. a. h.	<i>The Grinder</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	..	2

The *Grinder* led for the first quarter of a mile where his saddle slipped and he bolted immediately afterwards, leaving *Alchymist* to canter round alone.

3D RACE.—Parse of 15 G. M. with Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. for all horses purchased at the Titalya Fair of 1848. 10st. One mile.

Mr Gordon's	b. c. b. m.	<i>Gadfly</i> ,	..	Yerberry	1
Mr Shortwind's	b. c. b. m.	<i>Countess</i> ,	..	—————	2
Mr Miller's	c. c. b. m.	<i>The Duchess</i> ,	..	—————	3

Gadfly and *Countess* raced it together for about three hundred yards when the former drew ahead, and won as she pleased.

4TH RACE.—Pony Race of 8 G. M., 1 G. M. entrance. Half mile heats. Catch weights.

Mr Return names Mr Hawkins	c. p.	<i>Peggy</i> ,	..	Kanto	1 1
Mr Vivian's	c. p.	<i>Rigolette</i> ,	2 dr.

Peggy led by two lengths till about a hundred yards from home when *Rigolette* under the influence of whipcord and steel, lessened the distance by one half, but could never fairly collar her opponent.

5TH RACE.—Elephant Race. Value of Parse and terms to be arranged by the Stewards. 8 Rs. entrance, 1 mile, 50 Rs. from the fund.

Mr Gordon's	<i>Bussunti</i> ,	1
Mr Percy's	<i>Challan Pyari</i> ,	2
Mr Percy's	<i>Begum</i> ,	3

Bussunti won easily in a shuffle.

VIZIANAGRAM RACES.

FIRST DAY.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes for Maiden Arabs 8st. 7lbs. Rs. 200 from the fund, Rs. 75 entrance, P. P. one mile.

Mr Forester's	b. a. h.	<i>Red Deer</i> ,	Licent. Bridge	1
Mr Irvine's	b. a. g.	<i>Swing</i> ,	..*	2
Mr Smollett's	g. a. h.	<i>Flunkey</i> ,	..	3
Mr Temple's	b. a. h.	<i>Glenara</i> ,	..	4

This race was booked for *Glenara*, but contrary to all expectations, *Red Deer* won it easy in the indifferent time of 2m. 7s.

2D RACE.—Welter for all horses 12st. Rs. 200 from the fund, Rs. 75 entrance P. P. Maidens allowed 10lbs. One mile.

Mr Forester's	g. a. h.	<i>Paudheen</i> ,	11st. 11lb.	Owner	1
Mr Irvine's	g. a. h.	<i>Hudban</i> ,	11st. 4lbs.	..	2
Mr Smollett's	b. a. h.	<i>Spavin</i> ,	11st. 4lbs.	..	3

Mr Temple's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Avon</i> ,	12st.	0lb.	..	4
The Rajah's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Maharaj</i> ,	11st.	4lbs.	..	5

This race was also booked as a certainty for Mr Temple's stable, but *Avon* not being in his usual form and too much weighted was beaten the 1st $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. The winner won pretty easily in the excellent time of 2m 9s.

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes for all horses $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, maidens 8st. 4lbs. Winner once 4lbs, twice 7lbs, three times 10lbs. extra. Rs. 75 entrance.

The Rajah's	c.	n.s.w.	h.	<i>George</i> ,	8st.	11lbs.	A Sowar	1
Mr Temple's	..			<i>Glenara</i> ,	0st.	0lb.	..	4
Mr Smollett's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Napoleon</i> ,	9st.	0lb.	..	5
Mr Irvine's	..			<i>Swing</i> ,	8st.	11b.	..	0
Mr Forester's	..			<i>Red Deer</i> ,	8st.	8lbs.	..	0

The Rajah's horse, a great lengthy Australian, walked away from the little Arabs and won easily.

Time,—1m. 32s.

SECOND DAY.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of Rs. 200 from the fund. Rs. 100 entrance. H. F. for all horses that have started and not won the 1st day; 8st. 4lbs. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to close on the 1st of November and name the day before the race, winners at any former meeting to carry 10lbs. extra.

Mr Temple's	..	<i>Avon</i> ,	9st.	0lb.	Ramasawmy	1
Mr Smollett's	..	<i>Flunkey</i> ,	8st.	4lbs.	..	2
Mr Irvine's	..	<i>Swing</i> ,	8st.	4lbs.	..	3
Mr Forester's	ft.

Avon the favorite did not this time disappoint the hopes of his backers, but won easy in 1m. 31s.

2D RACE.—For all Arabs, round the Course. One mile and half, less 120 yards. Rs. 200 from the fund, Rs. 100 Entrance. H. F. Maidens on the day of starting, 8st. 4lbs. Winners once five pounds, twice 7lbs. oftener 1st. extra.

Mr Temple's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Rocket</i> ,	8st.	11lbs.	Ramasawmy	1
Mr Forester's	..			<i>Infidel</i> ,	9st.	4lbs.	..	2
Mr Smollett's	..			<i>Spavin</i> ,	8st.	4lbs.	..	3
Mr Irvine's	dr.

Infidel lay too far out and not being in condition was beaten on the post by a head.

Time,—3m. 1s.

3D RACE.—Match for Rs. 150. 1 mile.

Mr Mason's	..	<i>Paudheen</i> ,	11st.	4lbs.	Owner.
Mr Irvine's	..	<i>Hudban</i> ,	11st.	11b.	Lient. Moore.

A capital race all the way round. *Hudban* ran an honest horse, but came in as he went out, two lengths in the rear.

Time,—2m. 6s., by some watches 2m. 5s.

THIRD DAY.

1ST RACE.—A Handicap forced for the winning and optional for the losing horses of the Meeting Rs. 50. Entrance Rs. 20 ft. for those not standing the Handicap Rs. 150 from the fund $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

Mr Forester's	..	<i>Paudheen,</i>	8st. 11lbs.	Bridge	1
Mr Temple's	..	<i>Avon,</i>	9st. 4lbs.	..	2
Mr Smollett's	..	<i>Flunkey,</i>	8st. 4lbs.	..	3
Mr Irvine's	dr.

Paudheen and *Avon* were both favorites, but the little one won both heats in the very decent time of—

1st heat, 59s. ; 2d heat, 59s.

2D RACE.—A Handicap Purse of Rs. 300 given by his Highness the Rajah of Vizianagram. Rs 50. Entrance P. P. R. C.

Mr Forster's	..	<i>Infidel,</i>	9st. 3lbs.	Bridge	1
Mr Smollett's	..	<i>Spavin,</i>	7st. 12lbs.	..	2
Mr Irvine's	..	<i>Hudban,</i>	8st. 12lbs.	..	3
Mr Temple's	..	<i>Rocket,</i>	9st. 0lb.	..	4

Infidel was considerably the favorite, but *Spavin* was fancied by a few on account of his light weight ; *Infidel* however won easily although the others were well up and all together.

Time,—3m. 0s.

3D RACE.—Losing Handicap Rs. 50. Entrance Rs. 150 from the fund, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr Irvine's	..	<i>Swing,</i>	8st. 0lb.	Ramasawmy	1
Mr Temple's	..	<i>Glenara,</i>	8s. 0lb.	..	2
Mr Smollett's	..	<i>B. Napoleon,</i>	8st. 0lb.	..	3

Glenara and *Napoleon* were as usual false to their backers. *Swing* very well ridden by Ramasawmy won on the post by a head : *Napoleon* no where.

Time,—5m. 9s.

FOURTH DAY.

1ST RACE.—A Sweepstakes of Rs. 100 each. R. C.

Mr Smollett's	..	<i>Spavin,</i>	8st. 3lbs.	Bridge	1
Mr Irvine's	..	<i>Hudban,</i>	8st. 5lbs.	..	2
Mr Temple's	..	<i>Rocket,</i>	8st. 5lbs.	..	3

This was a capital race. *Hudban* led closely followed by *Rocket* ; they were together at the distance post, when *Spavin* beautifully ridden and well flogged, came up and managed to put his nose in front just on the post.

Time not taken.

2D RACE.—A Match for 200. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr Forester's	..	<i>Paudheen,</i>	8st. 3lbs.	Bridge	1
Mr Smollett's	..	<i>Napoleon,</i>	8st. 3lbs.	..	2

Won easily.

Time,—1m. 8s.

CALCUTTA RACES.

FIRST MEETING,—1848-49.

FIRST DAY, Saturday, December 30, 1848.

1st. RACE.—The Calcutta Derby Stakes for Maiden Arabs. Two miles. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started before the days of naming allowed 5lbs. Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of July, 1848. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st October, when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the fund and an entrance of twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

If there are 20 nominations, the second horse to save his stake, if 30 nominations, the second horse to receive 50 G. M.

Mr Brown's	b. a. h.	<i>Wahaby</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Evans	1
Mr Noble's	b. a. h.	<i>Bonanza</i> ,	8st. 12lbs.	G. Barker	2
Mr Charles'	g. a. h.	<i>Don Juan</i> ,	8st. 3lbs.	Sherburne	3
Mr Barker's	bk. a. h.	<i>Pluto</i> ,	7st. 8lbs.	Stubbs	4
Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	<i>Repudiator</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	Buxoo	5

Twenty-one forfeits at 5 G. M. and 6 at 10 G. M.

Our meeting opened with the Derby and the race closed with the defeat of the favourite, *Don Juan*. It was thought he would win in a canter and he only got third place, the winner giving him a stone and the second horse 9lbs. The accident which prevented Joy getting up will not account for the horse's defeat: he was beaten at the Leger lost from want of condition, although the pace was moderate enough. *Pluto* led past the Stand followed by the *Don*, *Wahaby* and *Bonanza* lying close with him. *Repudiator* did not get away with the others by twenty lengths or more. No change occurred to the ½ home when *Pluto* resigned to the *Don*, and after going two or three strides was passed by *Wahaby* and *Bonanza*, and the three came from the half mile pretty much by themselves. At the distance the *Don* was done and *Wahaby* took first place, immediately challenged for by Barker, but unsuccessfully; he beat the favourite two lengths but was one behind the winner. There was no quarter in the race done under 28 sec and the whole distance was—

Time—3m 57s.

2d RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., II. F. for all horses. 2 miles. 8st. 7lbs. each. To close and name the 1st of October.

Mr Williams'	b. nsw. ni.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	..	Shurburne	1
Mr Brown names'	g. a. h.	<i>Elepoo</i> ,	..	G. Barker	2
Mr Charles'	c. nsw. h.	<i>Selim</i> ,	ft.
Mr Pye's	b. eng. c.	<i>Regicide</i> ,	ft.

This race was without interest from the start. The mare jumped away with the lead, which she improved to four or five lengths before they got to the Stand, and was running so well that there was barely a chance of the old horse touching her. He was beaten more than half a mile from home and *Sherburne* came easy the last quarter, indeed little more than a canter from the distance, yet the time was only—

Time—3m. 53½s.

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. The Gilbert mile. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 7lbs. extra. To close the 1st of December, and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race

Mr Williams' b. a. h. *Child of the Islands*, 9st. 5lbs. Sherburne 1

Mr Pye names b. a. h. *Glenmore*, 9st. 5lbs. Evans

Neither of Mr Pye's English horses being able to go, he named old *Glenmore* who has been a saddle nag for sometime past. It was said that he would make the *Child* gallop, and there were rumours of evening training "all smilingly unbeknown," and such time as 1m. 53s. without difficulty! But it was otherwise altogether. *Glenmore* went well enough for the first quarter of a mile and made a show of drawing on his adversary midway in the second, after which the race was over and the *Child* came home easy.

Time,—1m. 57s.

4TH RACE.—The Colonial Stakes for maiden Cape, Australian and Country-bred horses. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started in India before the day of naming allowed 5lbs.

Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of July 1848. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and first of October, when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the fund and an entrance of twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Mr Barker's c. nsw. g. *Lunatic*, .. 8st. 4lbs.* Evans 1

Mr Barker's br. cp. h. *Rache'or*, .. 8st. 12lbs. Stnbs 2

Mr Barker's c. nsw. h. *Prestwick*, .. 8st. 3lbs. G. Barker 3

Mr Grey's ch. cb. f. *Hebe*, .. 6st. 8lbs.† Roostum dis.

* Declared 1lb.

† Declared 14lbs.

This was tantamount to a walk over, for *Hebe* went a quarter of a mile with her friends and was then pulled up and turned round! We presume the country-bred was started under the impression that this was necessary to entitle *Prestwick* and *Brunswick* to the allowance of 5lbs. in the *Omnibus*, for horses beaten in the *Colonial*. We should say this did not strengthen the claim at all, for in fact there was no more race, nor intention of there being a race, than if the mare had remained in her stable. The question seems to us, simply this, can a stable start any number of horses for the sake of claiming weight, *where there is no competitor*? If yes, then *Hebe* was not wanted; if no, then the case is not mended for she was *not* a competitor and did not even go round to take the chances of racing.

SECOND DAY, Tuesday, January 2, 1849.

1ST RACE.—Third year of the Allipore Champaigne Stakes, 50 G. M. 10 Ft. if declared the day before the race, for all Arabs entitled to run as maidens on the 27th December 1847. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Maidens on the 1st of October 1848, allowed 7lbs. To close and name on the 8th of December 1847.

Mr Charles' g. a. h. *Don Juan*, .. 8st. 6lbs. Evans 1

Mr Noble's b. a. h. *Bonanza*, .. 8st. 10lbs. G. Barker 2

Seventeen Nominations.

Bonanza was the favourite at 5 to 4. *Barker* jumped away with the lead. Evans lying patiently behind him three or four lengths, till they approached the Gaol. He then drew upon him and came round the Sudder corner on his quarter. At the 2 miles post they were together. Twenty lengths from home they set to, and the struggle ended in favour of the *Don* by half a head—as pronounced from the chair.

Time,—the Mile, 1m. 58s. R. C., 3m. 29s.

2ND RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. Craven weights and distance. Arabs and C. B. allowed 5lbs.—Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the 1st December and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	9st. 2lbs.	Sherburne.
Mr Barker names	}	b. eng. m.	<i>Maid of Athens</i> ,	8st. 4lbs. G. Barker
Mr Shepherd's				

Mr Pye.

The *Child* went away with the lead, the mare waiting upon him the whole way and winning easily on the post by half a length. The time was first rate, being 2m. 21½s. The last mile was 1m. 51½s.

3RD RACE.—The Auckland Stakes of 50 G. M. each, H. F. and only 10 G. M. Ft. if declared the day before the Meeting; for all horses. 2¼ miles. English horses to carry 1st. extra. To close and name the 1st December.

2 years	a feather.
3 "	6st. 12lbs.
4 "	7st. 12lbs.
5 "	8st. 5lbs.
6 and aged	8st. 8lbs.

Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Minnet</i> ,	..	8st. 8lbs.	Sherburne
Mr Brown names	g. a. h.	<i>Elepoa</i> ,	Forfeit.

Walk over.

4TH RACE.—The Omnibus Stakes for maiden horses. R. C. and a distance. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry weight as follows:—

3 years	8st. 0lb.
4 "	9st 0lb.
5 "	9st. 5lbs.
6 "	9st. 7lbs.

Horses that have been beaten in the Derby or Colonial allowed 5lbs. 10 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of July 1848. 20 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of October, when the race will close. 50 G. M. from the Fund, and an entrance of 20 G. M. for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the race. If there are 15 nominations the second horse to save his stake; if 25 nominations the second horse to receive 100. G. M. from the Stakes.

Mr Barker's	c. nsw. h.	<i>Prestwick</i> ,	8st. 3lbs.	Barker	1
Mr Brown's	b. a. h.	<i>Wahaby</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Evans	2
Mr Barker's	c. nsw. h.	<i>Lunatic</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	Stubbs	3

Fourteen Nominations at 10 G. M. and One at 20 G. M.

Prestwick the favourite as a matter of course, looking to the weights; he won, but it was just as much as he could do, not getting it by more than a head, if so much. *Lunatic* made play followed by the Arab and the winner waiting,—a little too much perhaps to be quite safe, for when he closed with *Wahaby* at the half mile he could not shake him off.

Time R. C.—3m. 25s.; with the distance 3m. 42s.

THIRD DAY, Thursday, January 4, 1849.

1ST RACE.—Purse of 50 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. and only 15 G. M. Ft. if declared the day before the meeting, for all horses. 2 miles. English horses to carry the same weight as in the Omnibus Stakes. Maidens

allowed 10lbs.; winners of the Derby, Colonial, or Ommibus Stakes to carry 3lbs. extra; of two of these races 7lbs. extra. To close and name the 1st of October.

3 years	7st.	4lbs.	
4 "	8st.	4lbs.	
5 "	8st.	12lbs.	
6 and aged	9st.	2lbs.	
Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	8st. 11lbs.	Sherburne		1
Mr Barker's	c. nsw. h.	<i>Prestwick</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	G. Barker		2
Mr Williams'	b. nsw. m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.	Evans		3
Mr Charles'	g. a. h.	<i>Don Juan</i> ,	7st. 11lbs.			dr.

Six forfeits.

Mr Williams declared to win with the Arab, who was the favorite at 5 to 1. *Greenmantle* raced from the post doing the first quarter in 25s.; *Minuet* went a clear length behind her and *Prestwick* five or six behind him; approaching the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile home the mare dropped and *Minuet* went on with the running, with the Waler in close attendance upon him. They came together into the straight running and a severe set to at the finish gave it to *Minuet* by less than a length.

Time,—R. C. 3m. 25s.—2 miles, 3m. 51s.

2D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., II. F. For all horses. 2 miles. 8st. 7lbs. each. English horses to carry 7lbs extra. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name the 1st of October.

Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>The Child of the Islands</i> ,	..	Sherburne	1
"	b. a. h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	..		ft.
Mr Charles'	c. nsw. h.	<i>Selim</i> ,	..		ft.

The *Child* walked over.

3RD RACE.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for Maiden horses, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile heats. 9st each. Arabs allowed 7lbs. To close the 1st of October and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Mr Barker names	ch. nsw. g.	<i>Lunatic</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Geo. Barker	1	1
Mr Pye names	b. a. h.	<i>Bonanza</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	Watling & Evans	2	2
Mr Williams'	b. eng. c.	<i>Precocious Youth</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Sherburne		3 dr.
Mr Charles (did not name.)						

First Heat.—*Lunatic* the favourite at 3 to 2 against the other two. The English colt was unfit to go, not having been in any work for some time past. *Bonanza* led the first half mile when both the other horses closed with him; the colt lasted to the Leger Post. Half way up the distance Watling set to work, whip and spur, Barker steady and winning by half a length on the post.

Time,—1m. 23s.

Second Heat.—*Precocious Youth*, drawn, and Evans up on *Bonanza* in place of Watling. The Arab again led till the straight running and the two came well together. Both at their best twenty lengths from home and *Bonanza* with apparently the call till the last stride or two, when *Lunatic* got it by a head and neck.

Time,—1m. 26s.

4TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., II. F., for Maiden Arabs. The Gilbert mile. 8st. 4lbs. each. To close and name the 1st of October.

Mr Brown's	b. a. h.	<i>Wakaby</i> ,	..	Evans		1
Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	<i>Repudiator</i> ,	..	G. Barker		2
"	b. a. h.	<i>Isaac</i> ,	..			dr.

Three forfeits.

Five to one on *Wahaby*. *Repndiator* got a good start and led for a quarter of a mile, when he was passed and the race over. Evans finished, easily, five or six lengths ahead.

Time,—29s., 57½s. ; 1m. 56s.

FOURTH DAY, SATURDAY, January 6, 1849.

1ST RACE.—Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 Forfeit, for Maiden Arabs, R. C. heats. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have been beaten in the Derby allowed 7lbs. To close and name the 1st October.

Mr Brown's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wahaby</i> ,	9st.	3lbs.	Evans	1	1
Mr Charles'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Repndiator</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	Barker	3	2
Mr Barker's	bk.	a.	h.	<i>Pluto</i> ,	7st.	6lbs.	Stubbs	2	dis.

Seven forfeits.

1st Heat.—Something incomprehensible. *Repndiator* and *Pluto* holding hard, *Wahaby* went in front but made no running. Barker pulled back to some thirty lengths. Whether *Pluto* ever could have touched the winner or not for half a dozen strides, deponent sayeth not, but he did not, and at the ¾ home was told out, the mile having been accomplished in the extraordinary time of 2m. 3s. *Repndiator* only went to save his distance.

Time,—R. C. 3m. 35s.

2d Heat.—Again no race any part of the way. *Wahaby* off and *Pluto* next, but not making play Barker set to work, took second place and tried if he could live with *Wahaby*. Less than a quarter showed him that he could not, and the winner came home as slowly as Evans could let him. A question arose about the second horse. *Pluto* ran by *Repndiator* at the finish, the latter having pulled up, Mr Charles claimed second place (to save his stake) on the ground that *Pluto* was distanced and the fact was substantiated.

Time,—1m. 27s. ; 3m. 28s.

2d RACE.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for all horses. Three quarters of a mile. 9st. each. Arab allowed 7lbs. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the day before the race.

Mr Barker names	ch.	nsw.	g.	<i>Lunatic</i> ,	8st.	9lbs.	Barker	0
Mr Williams'	b.	nsw.	m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st.	0lb.	Sherburne	0
Mr Charles names	g.	a.	h.	<i>Great Western</i> ,	8st.	0lb.	Evans	3

Great Western led the first half mile and was there beaten, wanting condition. A very fine race every inch of the way home ended in a dead heat between the *Walers*.

Time,—27s. ; 1m. 22½s.

The dead heat was run off half an hour after the last race of the day. Barker was quick as usual at the start and got a trifling lead, which he held half a mile when the two were together, and another close and severe race was finished by *Lunatic's* getting in front on the post by a head.

Time,—27s. ; 1m. 22s.

3d RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., H. F., for all horses. 3 miles. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry the same weights as in the Omnibus Stakes. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close the 1st of October and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet</i> .
Mr Charles	..			ft.
Mr Barker	..			ft.

4TH RACE.—The Calcutta Turf Club Purse, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. St. Leger Course. For all horses. To be handicapped by the Stewards he day before the race. To close and name the day before the Meeting.

Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	9st. 5lbs.	Sherburne	1
Mr Barker's	g. a. h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	G. Barker	2
"	br. ch. h.	<i>Bachelor</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	..	dr.
"	c. nsw. h.	<i>Prestwick</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Shepherd's	b. cnz. f	<i>Maid of Athens</i> ,	9st. 5lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	<i>Repudiator</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Williams'	b. nsw. m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st. 5lbs.	..	dr.
"	b. a. h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	9st. 5lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Brown names	g. a. h.	<i>Elepoo</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	<i>Guarantee</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	..	dr.

The *Boy* kept a trifling lead from the start till the Gilbert Mile, when the *Child* showed in front and was not again touched. Barker pulled up half way up the distance.

Time,—27½s. ; 55s. ; 1m. 26s. ; 1m. 55s. ; 2m. 24s. ; 3m. 27s.

FIFTH DAY, Tuesday, January 9.

1ST RACE.—*Match*.—50 G. M. Gilbert Mile.

Mr Brown's	b. a. h.	<i>Wahaby</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	Evans	1
Mr Barker's	g. a. h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	G. Barker	2

This match was made on Friday evening and the very sporting owner of the *Boy* backed him freely. *Wahaby* drew the post but Barker got away with the lead, and showed in front half a length to the ¼ mile home. From this they came every stride together to the winning post, running apparently a dead heat, but the Judge proclaimed *Wahaby* the winner. His running was not what had been expected of him.

Time,—27s., 27½s., 1m. 54½s.

2ND RACE.—A Purse of 50 G. M. given by Sheik Ibrahim for all Maiden Arabs, purchased from him since the first of January 1848. Round the Course. Calcutta weight for age. Five G. M. for all horses entered on or before the 10th November 1848. Ten G. M. for all horses entered on or before the 10th December 1848. A further sum of 15 G. M. for all horses not scratched by 2 p. m. the day before the race. To be run on the fifth day of the first meeting at Calcutta of 1848-9. Three horses to start or the purse will be withheld. No allowance made to up-country horses.

Mr Charles'	g. a. h.	<i>Ploughboy</i> ,
Mr Grey's	b. a. h.	<i>Intrepid</i> , dr.

(Not filled.)

3RD RACE.—A Cup presented by the Right Honorable the Governor-General, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. for all horses. St. Leger Course. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry the same weight as in the Omnibus Stakes. Maidens allowed 12lbs. ; the winner of the Derby, Colonial or Omnibus to carry 5lbs. extra ; of two of those races 7lbs. extra—the winner of the 50 G. M. Purse on the 3d day to carry 5lbs. extra: the above pen-

alties cumulative. To close and name the 1st of December. The second horse to receive 50 G. M. from the Stakes.

Mr Shepherd's (now)

	Barker's b. eng. f. <i>Maid of Athens</i> ,	7st. 13lbs. G. Barker	1
Mr Williams'	b. nsw. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st. 2lbs. Stubbs	2
"	b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	9st. 5lbs. Sherburne	3
Mr Charles'	ch. nsw. h. <i>Selim</i> , ..	9st. 3lbs. Evans	4
Mr Barker's	b. nsw. h. <i>Brunswick</i> ,	8st. 1lb. ..	dr.

10 Entrances.

The English mare was the favourite, but the *Child* was considered in tip-top order and was held safe to run a good horse; *Greenmantle* was too good to be very heavy against, more especially as the *Maid* has occasionally shown temper. We do not consider it was a race any part of the way, though, as the horses ran, it looked a pretty one from the Gilbert Mile. Up to that it was straggling enough, *Greenmantle* leading the *Child* half a dozen lengths and Barker as many behind the *Child*; *Selim* lame, and unable to go with them. At the Gaol the three were pretty well together and so they came to the distance where the *Child* was beaten off, and *Greenmantle* was passed without difficulty three or four lengths from home.

Time,—28.—55½—1-26½—2-21—R. C. 3m. 23s. The whole distance 3m. 30s.

4TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all Arabs. Craven weights and distance. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the 1st of October and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Mr Barker's	g. a. h. <i>Boy Jones</i> ,	9st. 7lbs. G. Barker	1
Mr Williams'	b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	9st. 7lbs. Sherburne	2
Mr Charles'	b. a. h. <i>Guarantee</i> ,	9st. 1lb. Evans	3
Mr Brown.			

The *Boy* got the start, but in a quarter of a mile the *Child* took the lead from him; *Guarantee* could not get within two or three lengths of them. It was a fine race between the two all the way up the distance, and was won by a head and neck on the post, by the *Boy*. The time was extraordinarily good. We took it 2-22½, but by some it was made 2-24.

5TH RACE.—The Newmarket Stakes of 15 G. M., with 30 G. M. added from the Fund, for all horses that have started during the Meeting. The Gilbert Mile Winners once during the Meeting to carry 7lbs. extra, twice 10lbs. extra, thrice and oftener 1st. extra. To close and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

3 years	7st.	0lb.		
4 ,,	8st.	2lbs.		
5 ,,	8st.	10lbs.		
6 and aged	9st.	0lb.		
Mr Williams'	b. nsw.	m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	8st.	13lbs.	Sherburne	1
Mr Barker's	ch. nsw.	g.	<i>Lunatic</i> ,	9st.	6lbs.	G. Barker	2
Mr Charles'	b. a.	h.	<i>Guarantee</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.		dr.

Greenmantle away with a slight advantage, which she maintained throughout, winning by about half a length.

Time,—28m. 55s.; 1m. 82½s.

SIXTH DAY, *Thursday, January 11.*

1ST RACE.—The Bengal Club Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. for all horses, 2 miles. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 9lbs. extra; the winner of the Omnibus Stakes 5lbs. extra, the winner of the 50 G. M. Purse on the 3d day or of the Governor-General's Cup 5lbs. extra; of both those races 9lbs. extra. The above penalties cumulative. Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close and name the 1st of Oct. If there are 15 nominations, the second horse to receive 50 G. M.

Mr Barker's	b. nsw. h.	<i>Brunswick,</i>	7st. 12lbs.*	G. Barker	1
Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Child of the Islands,</i>	9st. 0lbs.	Sherburne	2
Mr Brown's	b. a. h.	<i>Wahaby,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	Evans	3
Mr Noble's	b. a. h.	<i>Bonanza,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	Stubbs	4
14 Forfeits.					

* Declared $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

There was one false start and they got away; the *Child*, *Wahaby*, *Bonanza* and *Brunswick* was the order in which they passed the Stand,—eight or nine lengths between the first and last horse. At the $\frac{1}{2}$ out the three first were in close order and so they ran to the Gilbert Mile passing it in a cluster; from here to the Gaol *Brunswick* drew upon them and joined company at the half mile. All together round the corner, but the *Child* and *Wahaby* with the advantage: at the 2 miles' post *Bonanza* was distressed and he resigned the struggle at the distance. The other two Arabs came along racing every inch of the way; Barker in close attendance and two or three lengths from home he went in front—whether with some, or without any, difficulty divided opinion. *Brunswick* is very short of work: our impression was that he could not have done much better to-day. The *Child* beat *Wahaby* for second place by half a head.

Time,—29—1-27—1-57—2-26. R. C. 3-25. Two miles 3m. 52s.

2D RACE.—Free Handicap Purse of 50 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 5 F., for all horses. T. I.,—Horses' names to be given into the Secretary by 2 P. M. on the 5th day of the Meeting, and weights to be published by 9 o'clock A. M. the day before the race.

Mr Barker's	g. a. h.	<i>Boy Jones,</i>	8st 12lbs.	Barker	1
Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Minuet,</i>	9st. 7lbs.	Sherburne	2
Mr Charles'	b. a. ch.	<i>Guarantee,</i>	7st. 7lbs.	Stubbs	3
Mr Barker's	ch. nsw. g.	<i>Imatic,</i>	9st. 3lbs.	dr.	
„	br. cp. h.	<i>Bachelor,</i>	9st. 5lbs.	dr.	
Mr Williams'	b. nsw. m.	<i>Greenmantle,</i>	9st. 9lbs.	dr.	

The *Boy* was backed very freely even against *Minuet*, and with favourable result. He got off with the lead which *Minuet* speedily took from him and went away three lengths at least, *Guarantee* lying behind the grey, but close. They were still thus round the Sudder and at the turn into straight running *Guarantee's* work was done. The other two raced home, *Minuet* having the best of it till the last few strides, when *Barker* went by cleverly, winning by a length.

Time 57s.—1-26 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.—1-56s.—2m. 53s.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 25 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M., for all horses. The Gilbert mile; heats. Calcutta weight for age. The winner to be sold with his engagements for Rs. 2,000, with the option of being sold for Rs. 1,800, Rs. 1,600, or Rs. 1,200. If to be sold for Rs. 1,800, to be allowed 5lbs., if for Rs.

1,600, to be allowed 10lbs. ; and if for Rs. 1,200, to be allowed 20lbs. To close and name, and prices to be declared by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Barker's	ch. nsw. g.	<i>Lunatic</i> ,	Rs. 1,600	8st. 7lbs.	dr.
Mr Shepherd's	b. cb. f.	<i>Miss Julia</i> ,	Rs. 1,200	5st. 12lb.	dr.

(Did not fill for public money.)

SEVENTH DAY, Saturday, January 13.

1ST RACE.—A Forced Handicap for Winning horses only : for which all winners of 100 G. M. during the Meeting must enter, optional to other winners. Entrance 10 G. M. and 5 per cent. on all winnings in excess of 100 G. M. Two miles.

Mr Barker's	g. n. h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> ,	8st. 6lbs.	G. Barker	1
Mr Brown's	b. a. h.	<i>Wahaby</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.	Evans	2
Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Sherburne	3
Mr Barker's	ch. nsw. g.	<i>Lunatic</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	Stubbs	4
Mr Williams'	b. nsw. m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	Watling	5
Mr Charles'	g. a. h.	<i>Don Juan</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	..	dr.
Mr Barker's	ch. nsw. h.	<i>Prestwick</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	..	dr.
„	b. nsw. h.	<i>Brunswick</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	..	dr.
„	b. eng. f.	<i>Maid of Athens</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	..	dr.

Greenmantle made play followed by the other Waler. After passing the Stand *Wahaby* rushed past the *Child* and took third place, Barker holding well behind. At the mile out *Lunatic* collared the mare and went with her to the Gilbert Mile, and before they reached the Gaol both were in difficulties. They, with *Wahaby* and the *Child*, had been dropping to the *Boy* and the three Arabs came round the Sudder Corner, apparently any body's race. After passing the 2 miles, the *Child* was expended and at the distance *Wahaby* and the *Boy* came clear away and raced home, the Judge pronouncing in favour of the Grey by a head. Had Evans waited upon the *Boy*—and the race been in other respects ridden as it was—we think *Wahaby* must have won, though no doubt the *Boy* has run better this year than ever he did before.

Time,—56.—1-25.—1-55.—2-24½.—2-55. Two miles 3-53½.

The R. C. from the Stand was 3-23.

2D RACE.—Free Handicap Purse of 25 G. M. for horses that have started and not won 100 G. M. during the Meeting. Entrance 20 G. M., 5 forfeit. 1½ mile heats.

Mr Barker's	br. cp. h.	<i>Bachelor</i> .
„	bk. a. h.	<i>Pluto</i> .

(Not filled.)

This closed our first meeting, the Loser's handicap not filling.

SECOND MEETING,—1848-49.

FIRST DAY, Saturday, February 3.

1st RACE.—The Merchants' Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all Horses. St. Leger Course; Calcutta weight for age. English Horses to carry 1st. extra, Arabs allowed 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name the day before the first meeting. Three horses to start or the Plate will be withheld

Mr Pye's	b.	eng.	c.	<i>Regicide</i> ,	8st.	4lbs.	Evans	1
Mr Williams'	b.	nsw.	m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st.	2lbs.	Joy	2
"	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	8st.	12lbs.	Sherburne	3
Mr Barker's	b	nsw.	h.	<i>Brunswick</i> ,	8st.	6lbs.	Barker	4
Mr Brown's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wahaby</i> ,	8st.	3lbs.	Roostum	5
Mr Barker's	br.	cp.	h.	<i>Bachelor</i> ,	8st.	10lbs.	Stubbs	6
Mr Charles'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Don Juan</i> ,
"	b.	a.	h.	<i>Repudiator</i> ,
Mr Noble's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Bonanza</i> ,
Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,
Mr Barker's	c.	nsw.	h.	<i>Prestwick</i> ,
"	b.	eng.	f.	<i>Maid of Athens</i> ,

Greenmantle and *Bachelor* led at a merry pace. The Mare ran uncommonly well and gamely and for a moment near the finish looked like a winner. The English colt however had it easily, much to the delight of his sporting owner who has fairly earned the success he has achieved. *Minuet* a very good third.

Time,—R. C. 3m. 23s.—Whole distance 3m. 30s.

2d RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all Horses Gilbert miles.

English Horses	10st.	7lbs.
Cape and N. S. Wales Horses	9	7
Country-bred Horses and Arabs	8	7
Maidens allowed	0	7

To close the day before the 1st Meeting and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	Sherburne	1
Mr Barker's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> , ..	8st.	7lbs.	Barker	2

A beautiful race all the way, won on the post by a head by the *Child* who sprang to the whip. The *Boy* appeared to shut up at the critical moment, for he seemed to us to be winning in hand.

Time,—28s. 28s :—1 mile, 1m. 55s.

3d RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses Craven Distance. The Winner to be sold with his engagements for Rs. 2,000 with the option of selling at Rs. 1,600, Rs. 1200, or Rs. 1,000. Weights as follows :

	Price.	English.	Cape and N. S. W.				C. B.	Arabs.	
Rs.	2,000	10st.	7lbs.	10st.	2lbs.	9st.	12lbs.	9st.	7lbs.
„	1,600	10	0	9	9	9	5	9	0
„	1,200	9	9	9	4	9	0	8	9
„	1,000	9	1	8	10	8	6	8	1

Three subscribers or no race.

To close and name and prices to be declared by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

No Race.

4TH RACE.—A Purse of G. M. 20 given by Sheik Ibrahim and Abdool Rohman, for Maiden Arabs purchased from them on, or subsequent to the 15th October 1848, to which will be added G. M. 10 by every dealer for each horse sold by him on or after the date mentioned and entered for the Purse,—added to a subscription of G. M. 10 for horses entered on or before the 20th November, G. M. 20 for horses entered between that date and the 15th of January when the Race will close and an additional G. M. for all horses not scratched by 2 P. M. the day before the race. Bycullah weight for age. Round the Course.

No Race.

SECOND DAY, Tuesday, February 6.

1ST RACE.—Cook and Co.'s Purse of G. M. 50 added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. for all horses. Two miles. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 12lbs. extra. Maidens (English excepted) allowed 5lbs. The Winner of the Merchants' Plate to carry 5lbs. extra. To close and name the day before the meeting.

Mr Pye's	b.	eng.	c.	<i>Regicide</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	Evans	1
Mr Barker's	c.	nsw.	h.	<i>Prestwick</i> ,	8st.	8lbs.	Barker	2
Mr Williams'	b.	a	h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	9st.	5lbs.	Joy	3
Mr Barker's	b.	nsw.	h.	<i>Brunswick</i> ,	8st.	8lbs.	..	dr.
"	c.	nsw.	g.	<i>Lunatic</i> ,	8st.	9lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Williams'	b.	nsw.	m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st.	2lbs.	..	dr.
"	b.	a	h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	9st.	5lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Brown's	b.	a	h.	<i>Wahaby</i> ,	8st.	12lbs.	..	dr.

The Course was very heavy after the recent rain. *Minuet* led—*Prestwick* following some three or four lengths in his rear and *Regicide* as much behind *Prestwick*. So they ran all round till the finish, when Evans passed them and won as he liked. *Prestwick* getting second place by sufferance, Joy forgetting that when three horses start the second saves his stake.

Time,—2 miles, 4m. 5s.

2D RACE.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 15 ft. and only 5 if declared the day before the meeting—for all horses, R. C. Horses' names to be given in to the Secretary on the 13th January and weights to be declared on the 20th.

Mr Brown's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wahaby</i> ,	W. O.
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3RD RACE.—Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. for all horses, R. C. 8st. 7lbs. each. A winner once prior to the 1st October 1848 to carry 5lbs., twice 7lbs., three times or oftener 10lbs. extra. Horses that have never started before the 1st October 1848 allowed 7lbs. English horses 2st. extra. To close the day before the first meeting and name by 2. P. M. the day before the race.

Mr Charles names	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wahaby</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	Evans	1
Mr Barker's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> ,	9st.	3lbs.	Barker	2

Wahaby got a good start, led the whole way by three or four lengths, was never caught and won easily. Owing to some confusion in starting the horses, we did not get the time of the R. C., but the mile and a half was 2m. 57s. and the last mile 1m. 53s.

4TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 20 G. M., H. F. for all horses that have not won upwards of 100 G. M. previous to the 1st October 1848— $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile.

English Horses	10st.	7lbs.
Cape and N. S. Wales ditto	9	7
Country-bred ditto	9	0
Arabs	8	7

To close the day before the 1st Meeting, and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Mr Barker's	ch.	nsw.	g.	<i>Lunatic</i> ,	9st.	7lbs.	Barker	1
Mr Charles names	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wahaby</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	Evans	2

This race was run the first of the morning. *Wahaby* jumped off with such a lead that it seemed doubtful if he would ever be caught; however the superior stride of the Waler coupled with the state of the Course told, and *Lunatic* fully maintained his character for speed at short distances by winning without much difficulty.

Time,—1m. 23s.

THIRD DAY, Thursday, February 8.

1st RACE.—The Trades' Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. for all horses, St. Leger Course. To be handicapped by the Stewards the day before the Race. To close and name the day before the meeting. Three horses to start or the plate will be withheld.

Mr Brown's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Wahaby</i> ,	8st.	0lb.	Roostum	1
Mr Barker's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Boy Jones</i> ,	8st.	0lb.	Barker	2
„	ch.	nsw.	h.	<i>Prestwick</i> ,	8st.	8lbs.	Stubbs	3
Mr Pye's	b.	eng.	c.	<i>Regicide</i> ,	9st.	9lbs.	Evans	4
Mr Brown ns	g.	a.	h.	<i>Elepoo</i> ,	8st.	0lb.	Buxoo	5
Mr Williams'	b.	nsw.	m.	<i>Greenmantle</i> ,	9st.	2lbs.	Joy	6
„	b.	a.	h.	<i>Child of the Islands</i> ,	8st.	10lbs.	Sherburne	7
Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	8st.	11lbs.	..	
Mr Barker's	c.	nsw.	g.	<i>Lunatic</i> ,	8st.	6lbs.	..	
„	br.	cp.	h.	<i>Bachelor</i> ,	8st.	6lbs.	..	

This was decidedly—as yet,—the race of the two meetings. *Regicide* greatly the favorite, having sold for 55 G. M. in the lottery while the winner fetched 6 G. M. *Child of the Islands* took the lead followed by *Boy Jones*, then came *Prestwick* and after him at equal distances *Regicide*, *Greenmantle*, *Wahaby* and *Elepoo*. In this order they ran till nearing the jail when *Boy Jones* carried on the running. Coming up the straight run they appeared all well together except the *Child* who was out of the race. *Regicide* was beaten at the distance and a fine race home ended in favor of *Wahaby*.

Time,—R. C. 3m. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Whole distance 3m. 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

2D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 15 ft. for all horses. Two miles, 9st. each. English horses to carry 1st. 7lbs. extra; Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close the day before the meeting and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Mr Williams'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Minuet</i> ,	..	9st.	0lb.	drawn.
Mr Barker's	ch.	nsw.	g.	<i>Lunatic</i> ,	..	8st.	4lbs.	walked over.

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. H. F. for all horses that have not won upwards of 100 G. M. previous to the 1st October 1848. Byculla weight for age, R. C. To close and name the day before the first meeting.

Mr Barker's	ch. nsw. h.	<i>Prestwick,</i>	8st. 5lbs.
"	b. eug. f.	<i>Maid of Athens,</i>	7st. 12lbs.
Mr Charles'	b. a. h.	<i>Guarantee,</i>	8st. 5lbs.
Mr Barker's	b. nsw. h.	<i>Brunswick,</i>	ft.
..	b. ch. h.	<i>Bachelor,</i>	

Guarantee was disqualified having won more than 100 G. M. previous to the 1st October 1848. There was consequently nothing left to compete with Mr Barker's stable.

FOURTH DAY, Saturday, February 10.

1ST RACE.—Abdool Rohman's Purse of 50 G. M. for Maiden Arabs, purchased from him since the first of January 1848. Round the Course. Calcutta weight for age. Five G. M. for horses entered on or before the 10th December 1848. Ten G. M. for horses entered between that and the 10th January 1849. A further sum of 15 G. M. for all horses not scratched by 2 p. m. the day before the meeting. Three horses to start or the Purse will be withheld.

No Entrances.

2D RACE.—Hunter and Co.'s Purse of 50 G. M. added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. for all horses. Two miles. Horses' names to be entered with the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the meeting. Weights to be declared by 9 a. m. the day before the race.

Mr Barker's	g. a. h.	<i>Boy Jones,</i>	..	7st. 13lbs.	Barker	1
Mr Brown ns.	g. a. h.	<i>Elepoo,</i>	..	7st. 7lbs.	Sherburne	2
"	b. c. h.	<i>Wahaby,</i>	..	8st. 6lbs.	Evans	3
Mr Williams'	b. a. b.	<i>Minuet,</i>	..	8st. 10lbs.	Joy	4
Mr Barker's	ch. nsw. g.	<i>Prestwick,</i>	..	8st. 6lbs.	Stubbs	5
"	ch. nsw. g.	<i>Lunatic,</i>	..	8st. 2lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Williams'	b. nsw. m.	<i>Greenmantle,</i>	..	8st. 10lbs.	..	dr.
..	b. a. h.	<i>Child of the Islands,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	..	dr.	

Elepoo led followed by *Prestwick*, *Minuet* third, then *Boy Jones*—*Wahaby* bringing up the rear. Nearing the Gilbert Mile *Prestwick* ran to the front and the pace increased. Coming round the corner into the straight run the horses were well together. *Prestwick* was the first to cut it and *Minuet* immediately after followed suit—*Wahaby* had it not in him to answer when called on and a splendid race home between *Boy Jones* and *Elepoo* was awarded by the judge in favor of the former though the opinion was general, we believe we might say unanimous, that it was *Elepoo's* race.

Time was variously taken at 3m. 51s. and 3m. 53½s. We fancy 3m. 52s. was about the mark.

3D RACE.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 5 forfeit, for horses, ¾ miles. Horses' names to be given to the Secretary by 2 p. m. on the 3d day of the meeting, and weights to be published by 9 a. m. the day before the race.

Mr Barker's	ch. nsw. g.	<i>Lunatic,</i>	9st. 7lbs.	Barker	1
Mr Williams'	b. a. h.	<i>Child of the Islands,</i>	8st. 5lbs.	Sherburne	2
Mr Barker's	ch. nsw. h.	<i>Prestwick,</i>	9st. 0lb.	..	dr.

Child of the Islands took the lead, but *Lunatic* came when called on and won as usual in these short races.

Time—1m. 24s.

FIFTH DAY, Tuesday, February 13.

1ST RACE.—Forced Handicap Stakes of 10 G. M. each. Two miles. For winning horses only, for which all winners during the first and second meeting must enter; hack stakes, selling stakes, and matches excepted.

Mr Brown's	g. a. h.	<i>Boy Jones,</i>	8st. 4lbs.	Stubbs	1
Mr Pyc's	b. eng. c.	<i>Regicide,</i>	9st. 3lbs.	Evans	2
Mr Brown's	ch. nsw. h.	<i>Prestwick,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	Sherburne	3
„	ch. nsw. g.	<i>Lunatic,</i>	8st. 3lbs.	Barker	4
„	b. a. h.	<i>Wahaby,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	Joy	5
Mr Charles'	g. a. h.	<i>Don Juan,</i>	8st. 1lb.	..	dr.
Mr Williams'	b. nsw. m.	<i>Greenmantle,</i>	8st. 9lbs.	..	dr.
„	b. a. h.	<i>Minuet,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	..	dr.
„	b. a. h.	<i>Child of the Islands,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Barker's	b. eng. g.	<i>Maid of Athens,</i>	9st. 3lbs.	..	dr.
„	b. nsw. h.	<i>Brunswick,</i>	8st. 11lbs.	..	dr.

Boy Jones led at a slow pace to the quarter mile out where *Prestwick* took up the running; *Wahaby* and *Regicide* last, and to our thinking too far behind, the latter having got a bad start. *Wahaby*, who appeared completely used up, was first out of the race and *Lunatic* shortly followed suit. The finish between the other three was exceedingly pretty and was a very close thing; the *Boy* winning by a neck, and *Regicide* getting second place by not more we should say than half a head. He answered exceedingly well when called on, and had *Evans* not lain so far in the rear, or had he even set to work earlier, the race we think would have been his. The pace out was slow and the time bad.

Time,—R. C. 3m. 26s. ; 2 miles, 3m. 56s.

2D RACE.—Free Handicap Stakes of 20 G. M. each for beaten horses of both meetings. Heats $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Horses not standing the handicap to pay 5 G. M.

No Race.

3D RACE.—Selling Stakes; for all horses. 10 G. M. entrance. The winner to be sold, if claimed, for the price at which he is entered. $\frac{3}{4}$ Mile Heats. Horses' names to be entered with the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

If valued at 400 Rs.	7st. 9lbs.
„ 500	„	8st. 0lb.
„ 600	„	8st. 7lbs.
„ 700	„	8st. 12lbs.
„ 800	„	9st. 3lbs.
„ 900	„	9st. 8lbs.
„ 1,000	„	10st 0lb.

Mr Stuart's	g. a. h.	<i>Repulse,</i>	700	8st. 12lbs.	Roostum	1	1
Mr Jack's	g. a. h.	<i>The Pope,</i>	800	9st. 3lbs.	Joy	2	dr

A hollow thing—*Repulse* led all the way and won in a canter.—*The Pope* drawn for the second h. at.—No time taken. So have terminated the regular races of 1848-49.

MADRAS SPRING MEETING.

FIRST DAY, Saturday, January 20, 1849.

1ST RACE.—The First Maiden—a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, with 30 G. M. from the Fund, for all Maiden Horses, weight for age, Byeullah Standard, round the Course.

Mr Boynton's	b. ns w. h.	<i>Brigadier</i> ,	9st. 3lbs.	G. Smith	1
Mr John's	g. a. h.	<i>Speculation</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	Native	2
Mr Ireland's	g. a. h.	<i>Cawroush</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	Native	dist.
Mr Henry's	w. a. h.	<i>Cupid</i> ,	8st. 5lbs.	..	dr.

Won in a canter by the *Brigadier*. Close to the distance post, a native on a pony dashed across the course, and coming against *Cawroush*, sent both horse and jockey over, a regular somerset; fortunately, however, without doing injury to either the animal or his rider.

Time,—3m. 1s.

2d RACE.—The Great Welter, a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, with 30 G. M. from the Fund, for all Horses, 11st. 7lbs. (Maidens allowed 10lbs.) 1½ mile and a distance. Gentlemen Riders.

Mr Boynton's	b. ns w. h.	<i>Brigadier</i> ,	11st. 2lbs.	Capt. Nolfn	1
Mr Rydon's	g. a. h.	<i>Romulus</i> ,	10st. 11lbs.	Major Berkeley	2
Mr Simpkins'	g. ns w. h.	<i>Transport</i> ,	10st. 11lbs.	Capt. Cadell	3

Won easily by the *Brigadier*. *Romulus* came up well in the latter part of the race, but the *Waler* was not to be caught.

Time,—3m. 30s.

3d RACE.—The Arab Stakes, a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, H. F. with 25 G. M. from the Fund, for all Arabs, 9st. (Maidens allowed 5lbs.) 1¼ mile.

Mr Ireland's	g. a. h.	<i>Thunder</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Native	1
Mr Boynton's	g. a. h.	<i>Pickaxe</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	G. Smith	2

A good race for the first mile or so, when *Thunder* began to draw away from his opponent and won the race well in hand.

Time,—3m. 30s.

SECOND DAY, Tuesday, January 23.

1ST RACE.—The Second Maiden, a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, with 30 G. M. from the Fund for all Maiden Arabs, 8st. 4lbs. The winner of the first Maiden to carry 5lbs. Extra. 2 Miles.

Mr Ireland's	w. a. h.	<i>Lightning</i> , late <i>Shikarree</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	Native	1
Mr Boynton's	g. a. h.	<i>Mooltan</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	Native	2
Mr John's	g. a. h.	<i>Speculation</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	Bailey	3
Mr Henry's	w. a. h.	<i>Cupid</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	..	dr.

A good start, and all came rattling past the stand well together. After the first ¾ of a mile however, the pace slackened off and *Speculation* began to drop astern. At the 2 mile post the other two again got up the steam and *Mooltan* tried hard to win, but the *Lightning* was too well greased to be caught.

Time,—4m.

2ND RACE.—The Ladies' Purse, a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. with 30 G. M. from the Fund, for all Horses; weight for inches, 14 hands carrying 8st. 7lbs. and to put up or take off in the proportion of 7lbs. to an inch. Winners once during the Meeting to carry 4lbs., oftener 7lbs. Extra. 1½ Miles.

Mr Ireland's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Thunder</i> ,	8st. 10lbs. 2oz.	Native	1
Mr Boynton's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Rienzi</i> ,	7st. 13lbs. 2oz.	Native	2
Mr Henry's	w.	a.	h.	<i>Cupid</i> ,	8st. 3lbs. 8oz.	Campbell	3

This race was run between the heats for the Consolation Stakes—*Thunder* and *Rienzi* made a good race of it all the way round but the Grey, even with the additional 11lbs., was too much for the little chesnut, and beat him by 2 or 3 lengths.

Time,—3m. 29s.

3RD RACE.—The Consolation Stakes, a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each with 25 G. M. from the Fund, for all horses, heats 1 mile.—The Winner to be sold if claimed.

If to be so'd for 1,000 Rupees to carry....	10st.	0lb.
If „ for 800 Rupees to be allowed		5lbs.
If „ for 600 Rupees „		10lbs.
If „ for 500 Rupees „		14lbs.

To close the day before the Race.

Mr Ireland's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Cawroush</i> ,	9st. 9lbs.	Major Berkeley	1	1
Mr Simpkins'	g.	nsw.	g.	<i>Transport</i> ,	9st. 11lbs.	G. Smith	2	3
Mr Ryder's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Romulus</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Bailey	3	4
Ca't Campbell's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Stoccabaun</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	Native	5	2
Mr Henry's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Pollio</i> ,	8st. 11lbs.	Campbell	4	dr.

For the Consolation—5 horses came to the post.

1st Heat.—A good race between *Cawroush* and *Transport* for the heat, the former winning it by about a length and a half. *Romulus* 3d, *Pollio* 4th and *Stoccabaun* just saving his distance, evidently reserving himself for the next heat.

2d Heat.—This time *Stoccabaun* rated it from the post with *Cawroush* and *Transport*, and a pretty race ensued between the three, *Cawroush* being again the winner beating the bay by a length or so, and he taking the second place from *Transport* by a neck.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. ; 2d heat, 2m.

THIRD DAY, Thursday, January 25.

1ST RACE.—The Nabob's Cup, value 875 Rupees; with a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each, for all Horses 9st. Maidens allowed 6lbs. Winners during the Meeting to carry 5lbs. extra, 1½ mile, and a distance.

Mr Boynton names	b.	nsw.	h.	<i>Brigadier</i> ,	9st. 4lbs.	Smith	1
Mr Henry names							
Mr Ireland's	w.	a.	h.	<i>Lightning</i> ,	8st. 13lbs.	Native	2

Lightning seemed determined to make the pace from the post, going off at score and sticking like wax to the *Brigadier* the whole way round—the big Waler however was dropped in at the Post a length ahead of him.

Time,—3m. 15s.

2ND RACE.—The Whim Plate, a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, with 25 G. M. from the Fund, for all Horses, weight for age and weight for inches, weights to be declared by the Stewards before starting, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile heats.

Mr Ireland's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Thunder</i> ,	8st.	4lbs.	2oz.	Native	1	1
Mr Boynton's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Moultan</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	14oz.	Native	2	2
Mr Kyder's	gl	b.	h.	<i>Romulus</i> ,	..			Babington	3	dr.

A good race between *Thunder* and *Moultan* for both heats which were won by *Thunder*. *Romulus* who was drawn for the 2d heat took an extra half mile or so on his own account in the first.

Time,—1st heat, 1m 25s.; 2d heat, 1m. 24s.

3RD RACE.—The Little Welter, a Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. each, with 20 G. M. from the Fund, for all horses 10st. 1 mile. Gentlemen up. The Winner to be sold, if claimed for 800 Rupees.

Mr Winkle's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Cawroush</i> ,	10st.	0lb.	Major Berkeley	1
Capt. Campbell's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Switcher</i> ,	10st.	0lb.	Captain Dunbar	2
Mr Tendril names	b.	a.	h.	<i>Amato</i> ,	10st.	0lb.	..	dr.

This race was run between the heats for the Whim Plate, and, for all the chance that the bay appeared to have of winning, might have been a walk over.

Time not ascertained *correctly*.

FOURTH DAY, Saturday, January 27.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 800 Rs. given by the Right Hon'ble the Governor, added to a Sweepstakes of 100 Rs. each for all horses, H. F. if declared by 6 p. m. on Friday the 25th Instant. The Horses to be handicapped by the Stewards. Heats $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Three *bona fide* opposing horses to start, or no race, in which case the Purse to be allowed to lie over till next Meeting.

Mr Ireland names	g.	a.	h.	<i>Thunder</i> ,	8st.	9lbs.	Native	1	1
Mr Boynton names	g.	a.	h.	<i>Moultan</i> ,	8st.	0lb.	Native	2	2
Mr Winkle names	g.	a.	h.	<i>Cawroush</i> ,	7st.	3lbs.	Babington	3	3
Mr Boynton names	b.	nsw.	h.	<i>Brigadier</i> ,	9st.	0lb.	..	dr.	
Mr Ireland names	w.	a.	h.	<i>Lightning</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	..	dr.	

Three horses started for the Governor's Purse—*Thunder*, *Moultan* and *Cawroush*, and came in the order named for both heats—*Cawroush* getting 1st. 6lbs. from *Thunder*, might, it was thought, have made better play for the 1st heat which was run in indifferent time. For the 2d heat *Cawroush* went off at score, and kept the lead for half a mile; both his opponents however passed him within the next quarter, and *Thunder* won without being pushed.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; —2d heat, 2m. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

2D RACE.—The beaten handicap, for all the beaten horses of the Meeting, a Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. each with 20 G. M. from the Fund, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

<i>Rienzi</i> ,	8st.	1lb.	<i>Transport</i>	7st.	6lbs.
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For the beaten handicap, which was run between the heats for the 1st race, only two horses were entered, *Rienzi* and *Transport*—the latter led off for the first half mile, when the little chesnut passed him with ease and won the race by many lengths in very bad time.

Time,—3m. 5s.

3D RACE.—The Pony Plate.

Four Ponies, two Chesnuts and two Greys, the names of which did not appear to be generally known, came to the front, for the last race of the morning: and after one false start got away all together—one of the Chesnuts appeared to have it all his own way up the distance post, when the other Chesnut crept up to him by degrees and with the aid of a free application of whipcord, was landed a winner by half a length.

FIFTH DAY, Monday, January 29.

1ST RACE.—The Winning Handicap, for which all Winners during the Meeting must enter. A Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, with 30 G. M. from the Fund. To be Handicapped by the Stewards, 2 miles.

Mr Winkle names	g.	a.	h.	<i>Cawroush</i> ,	7st.	8lbs.	Native	1
Mr Ireland names	w.	a.	h.	<i>Lightning</i> ,	9st.	2lbs.	Native	2
Mr Boynton names	b.	nsw.	h.	<i>Brigadier</i> ,	9st.	12lbs.	..	dr.
Mr Ireland names	s.	a.	h.	<i>Thunder</i> ,	9st.	7lbs.	..	dr.

For the Winner's Handicap only two horses came out, *Lightning* and *Cawroush*, and ran the prettiest and best contested race of the whole Meeting. At starting *Cawroush* took a slight lead, which he maintained throughout, but from the distance post *Lightning* pushed him so hard, that he only won the race by a head.

Time,—3m. 59s.

2ND RACE.—The Hunters' Stakes, a Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. each, with 15 G. M. added, for all Horses that have been regularly hunted during the season with the Madras Hounds. To be Handicapped by the Stewards. Gentlemen Riders 2 miles.

Mr Hope names	bk.	nsw.	g.	<i>Boer</i> ,	11st.	0lb.	Capt. Sapte	1
Mr Roberts names	g.	a.	h.	<i>Corporal</i> ,	10st.	7lbs.	Mr Aston	2
Mr Ryder names	bk.	nsw.	h.	<i>St. John</i> ,	12st.	0lb.	Capt. Dunbar	3
Mr Sordiers names	b.	c.	h.	<i>St. Ledger</i> ,	11st.	3lbs.	Capt. Jenkins	4

Four steeds came up to the scratch for the Hunters' Stakes, and after considerable delay in weighing and saddling, all were brought to the post and started well at a steady pace; there was however considerable changing of places during the race which was won by the black *Boer*, in something under 6 minutes.

3D RACE.—The Hack Stakes, a Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. each, with 10 G. M. added for all Horses. Catch Weights, the Winner to be sold for 400 Rs. if demanded, &c., $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile.

Mr Norton names	g.	a.	h.	<i>Romulus</i> ,	..	Babington	1
Mr Winkle names	g.	a.	m.	<i>Fairy</i>	..	Native	2
Mr Aston names	b.	a.	h.	<i>Lucifer</i> ,	..	Native	3
Mr Raikes names		g.		<i>Sharpset</i> ,	..	Native	4

For the Hack Stakes there were 4 entries—the little Mare and one of the bays kept the lead for the best part of $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile; *Romulus's* training however told, and at the distance he came up with and passed his opponents, winning by a good many lengths.

2D RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each, H. F., for all horses—9st., 1½ miles, and a distance—Maidens of the season allowed 10lbs. Maidens imported into Bombay after the 1st September 1847, allowed 1st. A Winner on the 1st day to carry 5lbs. extra. To close on the 1st October, and to name the day before the Race.

Mr Gee's g. a. h. *Whalebone*, 9st. 2lbs. Cartwright.

3D RACE.—The Welter, Rs. 400 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F., for all horses, 11st., Gentlemen Riders, 1½ miles and a distance. To name on the 1st October, and horses allowed to enter until the 1st December upon double stakes and forfeits. Maidens of the Season allowed 5lbs. Maidens imported after the 1st September 1847, allowed 10lbs.

Mr Spurious names c. a. h. *Red Jacket*, 11st. 0lb. Captain Wilson 1
 Capt. Little's b. a. h. *William*, 11st. 0lb. Captain Thornhill 2
 Major Blood's w. a. h. *Pearl*, .. Captain McMahon 3

Time,—16—1—59—1 3=3m. 18s.

4TH RACE.—The Drawing-Room Stakes, of Rs. 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all Arabs, 8st. 7lbs.—1 Mile.

Mr Gee's g. a. h. *Whalebone*, 8st. 7lbs. Cartwright 1
 Major Blood's g. a. h. *Minimaster*, 8st. 7lbs. Davis 2
 Mr Spurious names c. h. a. *Red Jacket*, 8st. 7lbs. Bullock dr.

Time,—54—1=1m. 54s.

THIRD DAY, Saturday, February 10.

1ST RACE.—The Galloway Plate, Rupees 150 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each. ¾ mile Heats, weight for age, Maidens on the day of starting allowed 5lbs.

Mr Spurious' b. a. h. *Forerunner*, 8st. 7lbs. McGiveron 1 1
 Mr Smith's g. a. h. *Port*, 8st. 9lbs. Davis 2 2

Time,—1—27, 1—29.

2D RACE.—The Elliott Cup value Rs. 2,500. For all Arabs, two miles, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., 5 G. M. forfeit if declared the day before the race. To close and name on the 1st May 1848.—Weight according to following classes:—

1st Class.—Winners on the day of naming. .. 10st. 0lb.
 2nd „ Horses that have started, but not won, before the day of naming. .. 9st. 0lb.
 3rd „ Horses that have not started before the day of naming, but which were imported before the first day of September 1847. .. 8st. 0lb.
 4th „ Horses that have not started before the day of naming, but which were imported after the 1st day of September 1847. .. 7st. 7lbs.

Horses of the 2d, 3d, and 4th classes, if winners before the day of starting, to carry 5lbs. extra.—29 nominations.

Mr Elliot's g. a. h. *Whalebone*, 10st. 0lb. Cartwright 1
 Major Blood's g. a. h. *The Baron*, 9st. 0lb. Davis 2
 The Confederates' c. a. h. *Red Jacket*, 10st. 0lb. Capt. Wilson 3

Mr Spurious'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Fraternity</i> ,	7st.	7lbs.	McGiveron	4
Mr South's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Van Tromp</i> ,	7st.	7lbs.	Jamsetjee	dist.
Mr Elliot's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Viscount</i> ,	7st.	7lbs.	Bullock	dist.
Time, —1. 1—1. 1½—1. 1.—3m. 58s.								

3D RACE.—A Sweepstake of 30 G. M. each H. F. for all Horses.—1 mile, weight for age. A Winner twice during the meeting to carry 7lbs. extra. To close on the 1st October, and to name the day before the race.

Mr Elliot's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Ruby</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	Bullock	1
Capt. Little's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Sir William</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	Cartwright	2
Mr Gee names	c.	a.	h.	<i>Druid</i> ,	8st.	11lbs.	McGiveron	3
Major Blood's	g.	n.	h.	<i>Mintmaster</i> ,	8st.	11lbs.	Davis	4
Time,—56—1-52.								

FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, February 13.

1st RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each H. F. for all horses. Maidens of the Season, 2 miles, 8st. 4lbs. Maidens that have started before the day of closing to carry, 4lbs. extra. A winner of the 'Derby,' 'Dealers' Plate,' 'Elliot Cup,' or either of the Sweepstakes, to carry 4lbs. extra, or any two of them 10lbs. of three. or more 1st. To close on the 1st October, and name the day before the race.

Mr Gee's	g.	a.	h.	<i>The King of Scotland</i> ,	8st.	9lbs.	Cartwright	1
Major Blood's	g.	a.	h.	<i>The Baron</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	Davis	2

This race was a pleasant canter for the *King of Scotland*, *The Baron*, never had a chance.

Time,—4m. 2s.

2D RACE.—The Second Dealers' Plate, value Rupees 500, for all horses, 14 hands and under imported during the present season. Weight for age 1½ mile and a distance, 10 G. M. Entrance 11. F. To close and name on the 15th Nov. 29 Nominations.

Mahomed Bawker's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Alexander</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	Bullock	1
Attman Sumec's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Timour</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	Syed Alimed	2
Abdool Wahab's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Sir Robert</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	Jamsoo	3
Abdool Wabam's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Young Monarch</i> ,	7st.	12lbs.	Snrtoodeena	0
Attman Sumec's	g.	a.	c.	<i>Ghrane</i> ,	7st.	12lbs.	C. Robert	0
Nowrojee Nusserwanjee's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Ferozeshah</i> ,	8st.	5lbs.	McGiveron	0
Jassem bin Kudder's	b.	a.	c.	<i>Model</i> ,	7st.	12lbs.	S. Antone	0
Jassem bin Kudde's	bu.	a.	h.	<i>Jack</i> ,	8st.	12lbs.	Cartwright	0
Mahomed Hussain's	c.	a.	c.	<i>Khulwuttee</i> ,	7st.	12lbs.	Davis	0

A capital start—at the top of the course *Jack* was leading with *model* a length behind him and the rest altogether; at the tank *Sir Robert* was in front. The two *Bays* had fallen back and *Young Monarch* was last. At the last corner *Alexander* and *Timour* had headed *Sir Robert* and came round together. Both riders at work up the distance, and after a plentiful supply of whip and kicks the race terminated in *Alexander's* favour, *Timour* close on his quarter and *Sir Robert* two lengths behind.

Time,—3m.—18s.

3D RACE.—The Malet Stakes, Rupees 400 from the Fund. A Handicap. Gentle-men riders: open to all horses that have started during the meeting. 1½ miles, 10 G. M. entrance, 2 G. M. forfeit for not standing the Handicap. Entrance to be

made by 8 A. M. the day before the race—weights to be announced by 12 o'clock and declarations as to standing not to be made with the other nominations of the day.

The Confederates' c. a. h.	<i>Red Jacket</i> ,	11st. 0lb.	Capt. Wilson	1
Capt. Little's b. a. h.	<i>Sir William</i> ,	10st. 6lbs.	Capt. McMahon	2
Mr Elliot's g. a. h.	<i>Ruby</i> ,	10st. 8lbs.	Capt. Fife	3
Mr Gee's g. a. h.	<i>The King of Scotland</i> ,	10st. 4lbs.	Capt. Thornhill	4
Major Blood's w. a. h.	<i>The Pearl</i> ,	9st. 10lbs	Mr McDowel	5

Red Jacket took the lead at starting and never was headed, *The King* ran with him for about half a mile and then dropped, *Sir William*, close up, and *Ruby* several lengths behind. *Sir William*, then went up to *Red Jacket's* quarter, but could not get any nearer to his head for sometime. At the bottom of the Course both horses were together, and they ran neck and neck for the rest of the race—*Red Jacket* winning by a head; *Ruby* a capital third.

Time,—2m. 58½s.

4TH RACE.—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse, for all horses. Rupees 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. 1 mile heats, 8st. 7lbs. The Winner of the Drawing Room Stakes carry 7lbs. extra.

Mr Elliot's g. a. h. *Whalebone*, 8st. 7lbs. Cartwright.

FIFTH DAY, Thursday, February 15.

1ST RACE.—A Forced Handicap, for all Winners during the Meeting, 5 G. M. for each race won, optional to losers at an entrance of 5 G. M. 2 Miles.

Mr Gee's g. a. h.	<i>The King of Scotland</i> ,	9st. 2lbs.	Cartwright	1
Mr Elliot's g. a. h.	<i>Ruby</i> ,	9st. 4lbs.	Bullock	2
Mr Spurious' c. a. h.	<i>Druid</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.	McGiveron	3

Time,—3m. 58s.

2ND RACE.—The Beaten Plate, Rupees 300 from the Fund. Handicap open to the Beaten Horses of the Meeting. 10 G. M. entrance 1½ mile Heats.

Mr Spurious' g. a. h. *Fraternity*, 8st. 4lbs. .. McGiveron

3RD RACE.—Match. Rupees 500, 1½ Miles.

Jassem bin Kudder's b. a. h.	<i>Jack</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	Cartwright	
Mahomed Bawker's g. a. h.	<i>Kisson Rajah</i> ,	7st. 12lbs.	Bullock	dr

Handicap 1½ Miles and a distance.

Hadjee Abdool Wahib's g. a. h.	<i>Sir Robert</i> ,	8st.	Cartwright	1
Mahomed Bawker's g. a. h.	<i>Alexander</i> ,	9st.	Bullock	2
Mahomed Hussain's c. a. h.	<i>Khutweller</i> ,		Native	3

Time,—3m. 18s.

MAHEBOURG RACES.

FIRST DAY, Monday, November 6, 1848.

1ST RACE.—Grand Port Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 only if declared, &c., with £40 added: Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr White's	c. h.	<i>Sir Peregrine</i> ,	aged, 9st. 3lbs. ..	3	1	1
Hon. Mr Kerr's	b. h.	<i>Sting</i> ,	6 yrs., 8st. 8lbs. ..	1	2	2
Capt. Yates'	b. h.	<i>Chanticleer</i> ,	aged, 8st. 10lbs. ..	2	3	3

Whalebone, 9st 7lbs.—*Brush*, 9st. 12lbs. withdrawn.

An interesting race for the 1st heat, *Sir Peregrine* winning the two last easy.

2D RACE.—A Plate of £30, the gift of ——— Esq., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each. Heats, once round, Gentlemen Riders; Handicap from 10 stone upwards. Three horses to start or the Plate will not be added.

Major Moore's	c. m.	<i>Isabella</i> ,	aged, 10st. 0lb. ..	1	1
Capt. Yates'	g. h.	<i>Partner</i> ,	aged, 10st. 5lbs. ..	3	2
Mr Shaw's	b. m.	<i>Ranavalona</i> ,	aged, 10st. 0lb. ..	2	3

Brush, 11st. 3lbs. withdrawn.

Isabella with her veteran owner went away from the post in both heats and won with every thing to spare admirably ridden ! !

3D RACE.—Hack Stakes of £1 each with £15 added, 10st. 7lbs. Heats, once round, Gentlemen riders.

Mr Ross'	bl. g.	<i>Trumpeter</i> ,	1	1
Mr Knapp's	b. h.	<i>Childe Harold</i> ,	2	2
Mr Shaw's	b. m.	<i>Ranavalona</i> ,	3	3

Partner, drawn.

Captain Masters on *Trumpeter* bided his time, and won both heats easily.

SECOND DAY, Wednesday, November 8.

1ST RACE.—Mahebourg Garrison Plate of £40, £10 entrance. Heats, twice round. Mauritius Turf Club weights for age.

Hon. Mr Kerr's	b. h.	<i>Brush</i> ,	aged,	..	3	1	1
Capt. Yates'	bl. h.	<i>Whalebone</i> ,	5 yrs.,	..	2	2	2
Mr White's	c. b.	<i>Sir Peregrine</i> ,	aged,	..	1	dist.	

Peregrine, the favorite at the lottery, *Brush* second favorite, *Whalebone* labor-ed under considerable disadvantages, Smith riding him 6lbs. overweight and the horse amiss. Two days before the race a large tumour appeared on his arm, which made it very doubtful whether he would start at all.

1st Heat.—*Peregrine* and *Whalebone* cut out the work at a tremendous pace, (*Brush* lying by), and raced throughout, the former winning by a length.—Twice, last mile 1m. 56s.

2d Heat.—*Peregrine* went away as hard as he could lick; *Whalebone* after him; *Brush* close up: turning the corner coming into the straight running first time round, White came upon the post and was hurled a fearful somers-et from his horse, breaking his collar bone in two places; the horse went on with the race, leading

gallantly past the stand to the rubbing house, where the other horses managed to turn him off the Course. *Brush* kept on waiting to the distance, where he drew on *Whalebone*, and vanquished him as he liked.

3d Heat.—*Brush* won very easy.

2D RACE.—Ladies' Purse of £25, £3 entrance, weight for age and inches. Heats, one mile and a half, 14 hands and aged, 8st. 7lbs.

Hon. Mr Kerr's	b. h.	<i>Sling</i> ,	aged, 9st. 12lbs.	..	1	1
Mr Ross's	bl. h.	<i>Trumpeter</i> ,	aged, 9st. 0lb.	..	2	2

Both heats won apparently easy.

3D RACE.—Corinthian Plate of £20, with £2 entrance.—Winner to be sold for £60 if claimed in the usual manner. Gentlemen Riders, 11st. 7lbs. Heats, once round.

Major Moore's	c. m.	<i>Isabella</i> ,	1	1
Capt. Yates'	g. h.	<i>Partner</i> ,	2	2
Mr Shaw's	b. m.	<i>Ranavalona</i> ,	3	3

The gallant owner gave his mount to Captain Milman, who worked the mare to the Major's satisfaction and won well.

THIRD DAY, Friday, November 10.

1ST RACE.—A Handicap Plate of £30, the gift of — Esq.; entrance £10 each. Heats, one and a half mile, non-acceptances £1 forfeit, &c. Three horses to start or the Plate will not be given.

Major Moore's	c. m.	<i>Isabella</i> ,	8st. 11lbs.	..	1	1
Capt. Yates'	c. h.	<i>Chanticleer</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	..	dis.	
Mr Kerr's	b. h.	<i>Sting</i> ,	9st. 5lbs.	..	dis.	

The most absurd race ever witnessed. Smith, wishing to make a waiting race, lay behind, and Shaw on *Sling* had orders to wait on *Chanticleer*; the consequence of which was, that *Isabella* went away at score, (while the other two were occupied with their own manœuvres to outwit each other), and at the end she finished by *doubly distancing* both of them !! Rather a cruel thing for the owners !

2ND RACE.—The Grand Port Welter Stakes of £5 each, with £40 added, 10st. each, Gentlemen Riders; Jockies 7 lbs. extra. Heats one mile and a half.

Mr White's	c. h.	<i>Sir Peregrine</i> ,	..	2	1	1
Hon'ble Mr Kerr's	b. h.	<i>Brush</i> ,	..	1	dis.	

Brush waited on *Peregrine*, took the inside at the top turn, carried on the running and won the heat quite outfooting *Sir Peregrine*.

2nd Heat.—*Peregrine* off as hard as he could, at the top turn Capt. Masters got knocked off *Brush* by two closely shaving a post, and lost so much ground before he could mount again, that *Peregrine* had finished the race when *Brush* was within a stride of the distance. *Brush* is an extraordinary animal, no one yet knows what he can do. A Yorkshireman told me after the race, that he had often seen a greyhound go, but he had never seen a horse go like a greyhound before, such was the pace and the length of his stride down the back of the Course while trying to make up his ground after Capt. Masters had fallen !

3RD RACE.—Consolation Plate of £20 for beaten horses, £1 entrance, Mauritius Turf Club weights for age. Heats, once round, Gentlemen Riders; Jockies 7lbs. extra.

Capt. Yates'	g. h.	<i>Partner</i> ,	1 1
Mr Shaw's	b. m.	<i>Ranavalona</i> ,	2 2
<i>Partner's</i> all the way.					

4TH RACE.—Hack Stakes for £10. Heats, once round and a distance, catch weights.

Mr Knapp's	b. h.	<i>Childe Harold</i> ,	1 1
Mr Ross'	bl. h.	<i>Trumpeter</i> ,	2 dis.

Trumpeter would not go straight and Smith, who had ridden seven previous heats I expect was too tired to make him.

LAHORE RACE.

FIRST DAY, Monday, January 22, 1849.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 10 G. M., Arabs 9st. 7lbs. Colonial 7lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 3lbs. R. C. and distance. Entrance 3 G. M.

Mr Rapid's	b. a. h.	<i>Gawdlet</i> ,	..	Fortescue	1
Mr Rawlin's	g. a. h.	<i>Tancred</i> ,	..	Robertson	2
Mr George's	b. nsw. h.	<i>Cherry Bounce</i> , maid,	..	Chambre	0
Mr Walker's	b. a. h.	<i>Cardinal</i> ,	..	Bayley	0

The heavy rain that fell a week ago put a stop to all racing, but as the weather got fair again, we decided upon to-day for our commencement. The Clerk of the weather, however, behaved in a most capricious manner, and down came the rain again just as the spectators were assembling. The consequence was, that our morning's amusement was as completely marred, although the bill of fare was as good as it could well have been. *Tancred* was out and out the favourite for the first race, notwithstanding his having drawn the outside place. He led the field at a merry pace all the way round, and was winning in an easy canter, when his jockey from over-confidence, and a desire to keep the powers of his horse dark, allowed the old nag to slip by him on the post, and the judge pronounced it 'the bay's by a nose.' It was certainly very disgusting to see the best horse beaten in this way, as his friends who had shewn their judgment by backing him at odds, lost a great deal of money. The timing was mediocre, but it must be recollected that the track run very deep and sticky, and that the horses had none of them had above a few weeks galloping.

Time,—3m.

2ND RACE.—Galloway's—1 mile—9st. 7lbs. each; 5 G. M. given. Entrance 1 G. M. Maidens allowed 3lbs.

Mr Payn's	c. a.	<i>Toss</i> ,	..	Fortescue	1
Mr Chambre's	b. a.	<i>Mazeppa</i> , maiden,	..	Owner	2
Mr Bayley's	g. a.	<i>Conrad</i> ,	..	Owner	0
Mr Archibald's	g. a.	<i>Quarter Master</i> ,	..	Owner	0

Mazeppa was the favourite amongst those who remember his running here last March. *Conrad* held second place in public estimation, *Quarter Master* made the running at such a pace through the heavy dirt that *Conrad* and *Mazeppa* were told out, and *Toss*, who was in capital condition, won without difficulty.

Time,—2m. 7s.

3RD RACE.—Free Handicap— $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Winner to be sold for 500 Rs.

Mr Walker's	c.	a.	g.	<i>Rory,</i>	10st.	3lbs.	Williams	1
Mr Anybody	b.	a.	g.	<i>Trump,</i>	9st.	10lbs.	Mainwaring	2
Mr Walker's	b.	cb.	g.	<i>Nutcut,</i>	11st.	0lb.	Parrott	dist.

Nutcut won this, but as he was short of weight he was distanced. The rain came down so heavily that the mile sweep between *Blomair* 11st. 7lbs. *Nutcut* (the Calcutta nag) 10st. and *Sherry Cobbler* 10st. did not come off.

Time,—1m. 38s.

SECOND DAY, Saturday, January 27.

1ST RACE.—Welter. R. C. 11st.

Mr Rawlins'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Tancred,</i>	Payn	1
Mr Walker's	b.	cb.	geld	<i>Nutcut,</i>	Parrott	2

The hack was only entered for sport, so after having made a race of it for $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, the grey cantered home.

Time,—2m. 56s.

2ND RACE.—Handicap. 1 mile. Winner to be sold for 600 Rupees.

Mr Channbre's	<i>Mazeppe,</i>	9st.	7lbs.	Chambre	1
Mr Ba's	<i>Retriever,</i>	9st.	0lb.	Bayley	2

A good race for $\frac{3}{4}$ mile when *Mazeppe* went to the front.

Time,—2m. 6s.

3RD RACE.—Ponies. $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile heats.

Mr Black's	..	<i>If you please,</i>	9st.	7lbs.	..	1	walked over.
Mr Lambert's	..	<i>Frank,</i>	8st.	7lbs.	..	2	dr.

Time,—1m. 7s.

4TH RACE.—Sweep of 50 Rupees with 150 added. 2 Miles—9st. 7lbs. each. Maiden allowed 5lbs.

Mr Rawlins'	..	<i>Tancred,</i>	..	Robertson	1
Mr Rapid's	..	<i>Gauntlet,</i>	..	Portescue	2
Mr James'	..	<i>Quarter Master,</i> maiden,	..	Bayley	0

In consequence of the advertised Sweepstakes not having filled, the Stewards devised the above race. The Calcutta horse was *if anything* the favourite for it, in consequence of not only his well known powers of lasting, but the chance of *Tancred's* 'getting a benefit' in the Welter. The latter, however, had his supporters who stood confidently on him, and the result justified their determination. *Tancred*, with the inside place, scored away until the last turn home, when the old horse rushed up to him, and for a second it was thought that the grey was beaten. Mr Robertson however lifted his whip, and his horse gallantly responded to the call, and a fair race up the distance placed him the winner by a length or two. *Gauntlet's* sides betrayed symptoms of punishment, and the galloway, if not quite, was next door to distanced. For horses about $\frac{1}{2}$ trained over a heavy track, the timing was very payable. A cry of 'jostle' was raised against the winner, but it turned out abortive.

Time,—4m. 12s.

THIRD DAY, Tuesday, January 30.

1ST RACE.—Forced Handicap. R. C. and distance.

Mr Rawlins'	g.	a.	h.	<i>Tancred,</i>	11st.	0lb.	Payn	1
Mr Rapid's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Cauntlet,</i>	10st.	0lb.	Fortescue	2
Mr Chambre's	b.	a.	gal.	<i>Mazeppa,</i>	9st.	4lbs.	Owner	3
Mr Payn's	c.	a.	gal.	<i>Joss,</i>	9st.	7lbs.		dr.

5 to 3 was bet on the grey. The spectators were greeted with a pretty race all round; when at the distance post Mr Payn rushed to the front, winning by two lengths, his horse going (as I thought) as hard as he could.

Time,—2m. 56s.

2D RACE.—Losers' Handicap. $\frac{3}{4}$ Mile heats.

Mr Walker's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Cardinal,</i>	10st.	10lbs.	Parrott	1 0 1
Mr Bayley's	g.	a.	gal.	<i>Conrad,</i>	9st.	7lbs.	Fortescue	3 1 2
Mr Bax's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Retriever,</i>	9st.	4lbs.	Bayley	2 2 dis.

By far the best race of the meeting, and the Stewards got immense credit for the Handicap.

1st Heat.—*Retriever* made tremendous running, the other two holding; when at the distance *Cardinal* was let go and won by a length.

2nd Heat.—*Retriever* again made the running followed by *Cardinal*; when at the $\frac{1}{4}$ from home *Conrad* and *Cardinal* ran to the front, and raced it home going stride for stride, and the judge pronounced it a dead heat. The usual cry of discontent was heard in the crowd at the judgment pronounced, but of course it was of no avail. As *Retriever's* jockey forgot to weigh after the 2nd heat, he was distanced.

3rd Heat.—A Race over every inch of the ground, *Cardinal* winning by half a length and proving himself a first rate nag at that distance.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 29s.;—2d heat, 1m. 30s.;—3d heat, 1m. 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.3D RACE.—Shorts. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats—11st.

Mr Rawlins'	b.	a.	h.	<i>Nutcut,</i>	..	Payn	1 1
Mr Walker's	b.	eb.	geld.	<i>Nutcut,</i>	..	Parrott	2 2

Both heats won without difficulty by the Arab. The C. B. *Nutcut* broke down in the 2nd heat and the ditcher won all to himself, much to the delight of his backers.

• HONG KONG RACES.

FIRST DAY.

1ST RACE.—The Wong-wei-chung Stakes, for all Ponies under 13 hands. Once round and a distance. Entrance \$1 each, \$30 added from the Fund. Weight for inches. Former winners excluded.

Mr Clement's	..	<i>Charlie,</i>	1
Mr Shaw's	..	<i>Cruiskeen,</i>	2
Mr Trubshaw's	..	<i>Flatcatcher,</i>	3

2ND RACE.—The Canton Cup, value \$150, for all horses. From the Garden turn, once round and in. Weight 9st. 7lbs. for Arabs, 11st. for Sydney and Cape bred Horses. Maiden Horses allowed 4lbs. Entrance \$5 each.

Mr Chance's	..	<i>Lottery,</i>	1
Mr Muirhouse's	..	<i>St. Andrew,</i>	2
Mr Hickson's	..	<i>Chance,</i>	3

3RD RACE.—The Valley Stakes, for all Ponies 13 hands 2 inches and under. Once round and a distance. Entrance \$2 each, \$40 added from the Fund. Weight for inches. Former winners of this race to carry 7lbs. extra, progressively.

Mr Scott's	..	<i>Tetoy,</i>	1
Mr Bernard's	..	<i>Monsoon,</i>	2

4TH RACE.—The Arab Welter Stakes, from the Garden turn, once round and in. Entrance \$5 each, \$80 added from the Fund. Weight 11st. The last Horse to pay the second Horse's entrance.

Mr Muirhouse's	..	<i>The Squire,</i>	1
Mr Mercer's	..	<i>The Hajji,</i>	2
Mr Wiseman's	..	<i>Ranger,</i>	3

5TH RACE.—The Hack Stakes, for all Ponies. Catch weights. Once round. The winner to be sold for \$50, if claimed within a quarter of an hour from coming in. Entrance Free, \$30 given from the Fund.

Mr G. Strachan's	..	<i>Novice,</i>	1
Mr Lloyd's	..	<i>Riff Raff,</i>	2
Mr Maxwell's	..	<i>Mercury,</i>	3

6TH RACE.—The Sydney Welter Stakes for all Horses, Arabs excepted. From the Garden turn, once round and in. Entrance \$5 each, \$80 added from the Fund. Weight 12st. The last Horse to pay the second Horse's entrance.

Mr Alexander's	..	<i>Grey Style,</i>	1
Mr Casey's	..	<i>Haphazard,</i>	2
Mr Heard's	..	<i>John Gilpin,</i>	3

SECOND DAY.

1ST RACE.—The Pony Welter Stakes, for all Ponies. Once round and a distance. Entrance \$1 each, \$50 added from the Fund. Weight 10st. 4lbs. for 13 hands and under, 10st 7lbs. if above 13 hands.

Mr Trubshaw's	..	<i>Flatcatcher,</i>	1
Mr Shaw's	..	<i>Cruiskeen,</i>	2

2ND RACE.—The Plenipotentiary's Cup, presented by His Excellency Samuel George Bonham, Esq., C. B., value \$200, for all Horses *bona fide* the property of the parties entering. From the distance twice round and in. Weight 9st 7lbs. for Arabs, Sydney and Cape-bred Horses 11st. Former winners of this Cup to carry 5lbs. extra. Last Horse to pay the second Horse's Stake. Entrance \$10 each.

Mr Day's	..	<i>Kathleen,</i>	1
Mr Alexander's	..	<i>Grey Style,</i>	2
Mr Chance's	..	<i>Lottery,</i>	3

Mr Muirhouse's	..	<i>St. Andrew,</i>	4
Mr Casey's	..	<i>Haphazard,</i>	5
Mr Campbell's	..	<i>Jerry,</i>	6

3RD RACE.—Victoria Plate, value \$80, for all Ponies. From the Black Rock once round and in. Weight 9st. 7lbs. Entrance \$3. For winners of this race to carry 7lbs. extra progressively.

Mr Clement's	..	<i>Charlie,</i>	1
Mr Scott's	..	<i>Tetoy,</i>	2

4TH RACE.—The Arab Stakes Heats, once round. Weight 9st. 10lbs. Entrance \$5 each \$100 added from the Fund.

Mr Muirhouse's	..	<i>The Squire,</i>	1 1
Mr Mercer's	..	<i>The Huzzi,</i>	2 2
Mr Sedley's	..	<i>Holstein,</i>	3

5TH RACE.—The Scurry Stakes, for all Ponies. Catch Weights. From the Black Rock in. Entrance \$1 each, \$30 added from the Fund. Last Pony to pay the second Pony's entrance.

Mr Black's	..	<i>Dictum Factum,</i>	1
Mr Shaw's	..	<i>Cruiskeem,</i>	2
Mr Timothy's	..	<i>Lirio,</i>	3

6TH RACE.—The Ladies' Purse, value \$50 for all Ponies which have run at this meeting. Winners to be handicapped by the Stewards. Once round and a distance. Entrance \$1 each. Weight 9 stone.

Mr Clement's	..	<i>Charlie,</i>	1
Mr Scott's	..	<i>Tetoy,</i>	2
Mr Shaw's	..	<i>Cruiskeen,</i>	3

THIRD DAY.

1ST RACE.—The Hunter's Plate, value \$100, for all Horses. From the garden-turn, once round and in. Over four hurdles 3ft. 6in., and two hurdles 4ft. high. Weight for inches, 15 hands 2 inches to carry 11st. 4lbs., 5lbs. allowed for every inch below to 14 hands and 1 inch. Entrance \$5 each.

Mr R. Strachan's	..	<i>Maneroo,</i>	1
Mr Mercer's	..	<i>Grenadier,</i>	2

2ND RACE.—The Pony Hurdle Race, for all Ponies. From the Garden turn once round and in. Over four hurdles 3 feet high and two hurdles 3ft. 6in. Weight for inches. Entrance \$1, and \$40 added from the Fund. Second Pony to receive \$10 from the Fund.

Mr G. Strachan's	..	<i>Novice,</i>	1
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3RD RACE.—The Native Purse, value \$20, for all Ponies. Indian and Chinese Riders. Once round. Catch weights. Entrance free.

Capt. Heaviside's	..	<i>Jeames,</i>	1
" "	..	<i>The Stilton,</i>	2

4TH RACE.—The Handicap Stakes for all horses that have started at this meeting. To be handicapped by the Stewards. From the Garden turn, once round and in; Weights to be declared at the Club-house by 11 A. M. the day of the race. Entrance to be declared by 2 o'clock on the same day. Entrance \$3, and \$80 added from the Fund.

Mr Alexander's	..	<i>Grey Style,</i>	1
Mr Muirhouse's	..	<i>St. Andrew,</i>	2
Mr Campbell's	..	<i>Jerry,</i>	3
Mr Hickson's	..	<i>Chance,</i>	4
Mr J. Day's	..	<i>Kathleen,</i>	5
Mr R. Strachan's	..	<i>Maneroo,</i>	6

5TH RACE.—The Hongkong Steeple Chase, for all Ponies. Catch weights. Ground to be named by the Stewards at 12 o'clock on the 16th. Entrance to be declared on the Course. \$30 added from the Fund.

Mr Timothy's	..	<i>Lirio,</i>	1
Mr G. Strachal's	..	<i>Novice,</i>	2

HYDERABAD RACE MEETING.—1849

FIRST DAY, Thursday, February 8.

1ST RACE—The Hyderabad Stakes of 150 Rupees each, P. P. with 300 Rupees from the Fund, for all Maidens. 8st. 7lbs. Two miles.

The Decemviri's	b. a. h.	<i>Salrap,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	1
Mr Forrester's	b. a. h.	<i>Spavin,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	2
Mr Sparrow names	g. a. h.	<i>Moonbeam,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	3
Jemr. Ahmed Bnksh Khan's	g. a. h.	<i>Grey Momus,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	4

Won in a canter.

Time,—59—1m. 31s.—2m. 7s.—3m. 9s.—4m. 12s.

2ND RACE.—Galloway Plate of 80 Rs. each, P. P. with 150 Rs. from the Fund, for all Horses, 14 hands and under. Weight for inches. 14 hands to carry 9st. 11cwt, one mile.

Mr Forrester's	g. a. g.	<i>Paudheen,</i>	8st. 5lbs. 2oz.	1	1
Mr Sparrow names	g. a. g.	<i>Courage,</i>	8st. 8lbs. 12oz.	2	2
The Decemviri's	c. a. h.	<i>Our Roy,</i>	8st. 7lbs. 0oz.	3	dr.

Both heats won easily.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 6s.; 2d heat, 57—1m. 6s.—Total 2-3.

3RD RACE—A plate given by Scraj-ool-Moolk, Bahadoor, of Rs. 500, with a subscription of Rs. 200 each, P. P. for all Horses. 8st. 4lbs. One-and-three-quarter miles. Maidens allowed 3lbs.

Mr Sparrow names	g. a. h.	<i>XL, late Bombaz,</i>	8st. 4lbs.	1
Major Forfeit's	g. a. h.	<i>Chabook,</i>	8st. 4lbs.	2
Mr Forrester's	b. a. h.	<i>Avon,</i>	8st. 4lbs.	3

Won in a canter.

Time,—3^d—1m. 2s.—2m. 35s.—3m. 41s.

4TH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of one G. M. each, with 80 Rs. from the Fund for all Horses. Half mile. 11st.

Mr Sparrow names	b.	a.	h.	<i>Bumble</i> ,	11st.	..	1
Mr Forrester's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Topthorn</i> ,	11st.	..	2
Jemr. Ahmed Buksh Khan's	--		h.	<i>Firebrand</i> ,	11st.	..	3

Won easy.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 4s.

SECOND DAY, Saturday, February 10.

1ST RACE.—A Cup, value 500 Rs. presented by a "Friend to the Tarf," with a subscription of Rs. 200 each. P. P., for all horses. 8st. 7lbs. Heats, one-and-a-quarter mile. Maidens allowed 11bs.

Mr Sparrow names	g.	a.	h.	<i>XL</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	1	1
The Decemviri's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Satrap</i> ,	8st.	3lbs.	2	2
Major Forfeit's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Chabook</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.	3	3
Mr Forrester's	g.	a.	g.	<i>Pandhecn</i> ,	8st.	0lb.	4	dr.
Mr Forrester's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Infidel</i> ,	8st.	7lbs.		dr.
Jemr. Ahmed Buksh Khan's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Grey Momus</i> ,	8st.	3lbs.		dr.

Time,—1st heat, 29—1m. 26s.—2m. 27s.; 2nd heat, 29—1m. 26s.—2m. 27s.

The Cup—*XL* was from his performances on the first day the favorite for this Race, although *Satrap* had his supporters. The horses started beautifully together, and ran so for the first mile, when *XL* and *Satrap* came away from the others, and at the distance *XL* appeared to have it all his own way, winning by several lengths.

Time,—1st heat, 29—1m. 26s.—2m. 27s.; 2nd heat, 29—1m. 26s.—2m. 27s.

2D RACE.—Great Welter of 80 Rs. each, with 250 Rs. from the Fund, for all horses. 11st. Gentlemen Riders. One mile and a half and a distance. Winners of any other Welter, 7lbs. extra.

Mr Sparrow names	b.	a.		<i>Bumble</i> ,	11st	1
Mr Forrester's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Infidel</i> ,	11st	2
„		b.	a.	h.	<i>Avon</i> ,	11st	..	3

Great Welter—this was a good race between *Bumble* and *Infidel*, and won by half length by the former.

Time, dis. 21. 1 mile 2m. 4s. 1½ mile and dis. 3m. 27s.

3D RACE.—Omnibus Stakes, entrances according to price, with 180 Rs. from the Fund, for all horses.

The Winner to be sold, if claimed in the usual manner, within half an hour after the race. • Heats, one mile.

Mr Sparrow names	b.	a.	g.	<i>Union Rose</i> ,	9st.	7lbs.	1	1
Jr. Ahmed Buksh Khan's	g.	a.	g.	<i>Courage</i> ,	9st.	7lbs.	2	2
The Decemviri's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Lorenzo</i> ,	9st.	7lbs.		dist.
Mr Forrester's.								

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 3s.; 2d heat, 59—2m. 10s.

4TH RACE.—The Scurry Stakes of one G. M. each, with 80 Rs. from the Fund for all horses.

Half mile heats, 10st. 7lbs. Winner of the Sweepstakes, first Day, to carry 5lbs. extra.

Jemr. Ahmed Buksh Khan names	b.	a.	h.	<i>Firebrand</i> ,	10st.	7lbs.	1	1
Mr Sparrow names	b.	nsw.	h.	<i>Pilot</i> ,	10st.	9lbs.	2	3

The Decemviri's g. a. h. *Sir Edward*, 10st. 7lbs. 3 2

Mr Forrester's g. a. h. *Tophorn*, 10st. 7lbs. 4 4

Scurry Stakes—*Firebrand* won the first heat easily, but for the second heat was brought to the spur, and from the distance it was a beautiful race between him and *Sir Edward*, he winning only by a head.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 1s. ; 2d heat, 1m.

THIRD DAY, Tuesday, February 13.

1ST RACE.—The Union Plate of 150 Rs. each, P. P., with 350 Rs. from the Fund. 8st. 7lbs. Maidens on the day allowed 4lbs. Heats, one mile and a half.

Major Forfeit names b. a. h. *Satrap*, 8st. 7lbs. 1 1

Mr Forrester's g. a. h. *Infidel*, 8st. 7lbs. 2 2

Mr Sparrow names b. a. h. *Union Rose*, 8st. 7lbs. 3 dr.

Union Plate.—For this race *Satrap* was the favorite, although from last year's performance *Infidel* was considered to have a good chance; however, *Satrap* was too much for him and won both heats easily by several lengths.

Time,—1st heat, 31—31—59—1m. 4s. ; Total 3m. 3s. ;—2d heat, 33—30—30—2m. 9s. ; Total 3m. 4s.

2D RACE.—The Little Welter of 50 Rs. each, P. P., with 350 Rs. from the Fund, for all horses. 10st. Winner of Great Welter, or any other Welter, 5lbs. extra. One mile and a half.

Mr Forrester's g. a. g. *Paudheen*, 10st. 2lbs. 1

Mr Sparrow names b. a. h. *Bumble*, 10st. 5lbs. 2

Jemr. Ahmed Buksh Khan's g. a. h. *Loyd*, 10st. 0lb. 3

The Little Welter—*Paudheen* went off with the lead, and kept it all the way round, winning by a couple of lengths.

Time,—31—29—30—30—33—33 ; Total 3m. 6s.

3D RACE.—A Plate given by Seraj-ool-Moolk, Bahadoor, of Rs. 500, with a subscription of Rs. 200 each, P. P., for all horses. One mile heats. 8st. 10lbs. Maidens allowed 4lbs.

Mr Sparrow names g. a. h. *XL*, 8st. 10lbs. 1 1

Major Forfeit's g. a. h. *Chabook*, 8st. 10lbs. 2 2

Mr Forrester's b. a. h. *Avon*, 8st. 10lbs. 3 dr.

The Decemviri's b. a. h. *Satrap*, 8st. 6lbs. dr.

For Seraj-ool-Moolk's Plate—The Great *XL* was the favorite and backed at any odds. He won the first heat easily, but was brought to the spur the second heat, although he won it by three or four lengths.

Time,—1st heat, 29—28 1 mile 2m. ; 2d heat, 29—28—28—33. Total 1m. 58s.

FOURTH DAY, Thursday, February 15.

1ST RACE.—The Resident's Plate, value 500 Rs., with a subscription of Rs. 200 each, P. P., for all horses. One and a half mile heats, 9st. Maidens on the day allowed 7lbs.

The Decemviri's b. a. h. *Satrap*, 9st. 1 1

Mr Sparrow names g. a. h. *XL*, 9st. 2 2

Jemr. Ahmed Buksh Khan's	c. a. h.	..	9st. 3 4
Mr Forrester's	b. a. h.	<i>Sparin</i> ,	9st. 4 3
Major Forfeit's	g. a. h.	<i>Chabook</i> ,	9st 5 5

Resident's Plate—*XL* was as usual the favorite at any odds, and more particularly because it was announced at the Ordinary, that his sporting owner had offered to run any Arah in India with 9st. 2 to 4 miles,—however the result of the Race proved that he had not to go far to meet his match. *Satrap* had the inside which was soon taken from him by *Red Robin*,—*XL* then came up, and these two rated it together for the first mile, *Satrap* laying about a length behind until he came to the turn when he closed upon *XL*, (*Red Robin* here dropped), and beat him at the distance, winning by nearly two lengths.

2d heat was run in a very similar manner to the first, except that *Sparin* made a gallant rush for the race, but could not live with the others beyond a mile. This heat was won in 2m. 58s., which considering the weight and up-hill course is first-rate time.

A match between *XL* and *Red Robin*, the latter getting 7lbs. for 1½ mile was made, to come off on Monday the 19th. It was generally considered that the owner of *Red Robin* was making Mr Sparrow a present of the stakes.

2D RACE.—The Frantic Stakes of 50 Rs. each, with 130 Rs. from the Fund, for which all horses entered for the "G. M.," 1st Day, "Scurry Stakes" must enter. Optional to all horses. To be handicapped by the Steward. Half mile heats.

Mr Forrester's	g. a. g.	<i>Paudheen</i> ,	..	1 1
Jemr. Ahmed Buksh Khan names	b. a. h.	<i>Firebrand</i> ,	10st. 10lbs.	2 4
The Decemviri's	g. a. h.	<i>Sir Edward</i> ,	10st. 8lbs.	3 3
Mr Sparrow names	bn. nsw. h.	<i>Pilot</i> ,	10st. 8lbs.	4 2
Mr Sparrow names	b. a. h.	<i>Bumble</i> ,	11st. 4lbs.	dr.
Mr Forrester's	g. a. h.	<i>Tophorn</i> ,	9st. 12lbs.	dr.

Both heats won easily.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. ; 2d heat, 1m.

3D RACE.—Pony Plate of 50 Rs. from the Fund, with a subscription of 10 Rs. each, for all Ponies under 13 hands. Catch Weights. Half mile heats.

The Decemviri's bay roan pony	<i>Tape</i> ,	..	1 1
Mr Sparrow names dun pony	<i>Trap</i> ,	..	2 2
Rowlandson names dun pony	<i>Small Hopes</i> ,	..	3 3

Won easily by *Tape*.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 8s. ; 2d heat, 1m. 10s.

4TH RACE.—Match for 100 Rs. each, P. P. 10st. Half-a-mile.

Mr Macleod's	c. a. h.	<i>Priam</i> ,	..	1
Mr Grant's	g. a. h. b. b.		..	2

Time,—1m. 3s. Won easily.

FIFTH DAY, Saturday, February 17.

1ST RACE —Forced Handicap of 200 Rs. each, H. F. with 350 Rs. from the fund, for which all winners of the Meeting, ~~except~~ ^{excepting} those of the G. M. Sweep-

stakes, 1st Day, "Scurry Stakes," and "Francie Stakes," must enter. Optional to losers at an Entrance of 100 Rs. each, II. F. 2 miles.

The Decemviri's	b. a. h.	<i>Satrap</i> ,	9st. 4lbs.	1
Mr Sparrow names	g. a. h.	<i>XL</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	2
Mr Sparrow names	b. a. h.	<i>Bumble</i> ,	8st. 4lbs.	3
Jemr. Ahmed Buksh Khan's	c. a. h.	<i>Red Robin</i> ,	8st. 3lbs.	4
Mr Forrester's	g. a. h.	<i>Paudheen</i> ,	8st. 3lbs.	dr.

Won by a neck.

Time,—59—31—33—1½ mile 3m. 3s.—2 miles 4m. 1s.

2D RACE.—Handicap of 80 Rs. each, with 15 ft. with 250 Rs. from the fund, for all the beaten Horses of the Meeting. One mile and a half.

Mr Forrester's	g. a. h.	<i>Infidel</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	1
Mr Forrester's	b. a. h.	<i>Avon</i> ,	8st. 3lbs.	2
Mr Sparrow names	g. a. h.	<i>Moonbeam</i> ,	8st. 8lbs.	3
The Decemviri's	g. a. h.	<i>Sir Edward</i> ,	8st. 0lbs.	4
Mr Forrester's	b. a. h.	<i>Spanin</i> ,	8st. 10lbs.	dr.
Major Forfeit'a	g. a. h.	<i>Chabook</i> ,	8st. 3lbs.	dr.

Won easily.

Time.—30—31—29—31—1m. 5s.—Total 3m. 6s.

3D RACE.—Hurdle Race of 30 Rs. each, with 170 Rs. from the fund, for all horses. One mile and a half. Six Hurdles. Arab., 10st. 7lbs. Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 0lb. English, 11st. 7lbs.

Jemr. Ahmed Buksh Khan's	g. a. h.	<i>Lloyd's</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	dis.
The Decemviri's	b. a. h.	<i>Teekely</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	dis.
Mr Forrester's	g. a. h.	<i>Topthorn</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	dis.
Mr Nightingale's	g. a. h.	<i>Man The Flat</i> ,	10st. 4lbs.	dis.

SIX DAY, Monday, February 19.

1ST RACE.—A Match for Rs. 500 each P. P. 1½ mile.

Jemr. Ahmed Buksh Khan's	c. a. h.	<i>Red Robin</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	1
Mr Sparrow names	g. a. h.	<i>XL</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	2

Red Robin contrary to general expectation won by two lengths in 3 minutes—any odds were offered on *XL*. but no takers.

Forced Handicap.—After *Satrap's* performance for the Resident's Plate, he was the favorite, but as he gave the great horse of the meeting 4lbs., in a 2 mile race, the owners and supporters of *XL*. were pretty confident, although it was generally supposed that *Red Robin* from his light weight had the best chance of the Race. *XL*. went off at score leading for the first mile and a quarter, *Red Robin* and *Bumble* well up with him, *Satrap* some ten or twelve lengths behind. The last half mile they were all well together, *Satrap* having made up his distance and ran in this manner to the turn, when *Red Robin* and *Bumble* dropped. *XL*. was leading when they passed the stand and to within four lengths of home when the rider of *Satrap*, with one stroke of the whip, threw in his horse and won by a neck in the first-rate time of 4m. 1s. with 9st. 4lbs.

This was a most exciting Race for all fancied until the last three or four strides that *XL*. would have won it. When they started *XL*. was so much in advance of

Satrap for the 1½ mile that it was imagined that *Satrap* could never make up the distance ; however, his rider knew him better than those who appeared to be so sanguine that *XL*. could not be collared

The Hurdle Race after sundry spills, bruises, &c., &c., was won by *Topthorn*, but his rider was short of weight, (not from want of weighing) having imagined that *all* saddles weighed *exactly* alike or some similar blunder—upon the Judges calling for the Riders of the other horses it was found they had all dismounted and consequently the whole of them were distanced.

Another Hurdle Race came off on Monday evening and was won by *Red Robin*, who was right well ridden by his Sporting owner, Jemadar Ahmed Buksh Khan.

AUTHORITIES FROM WHICH THE RACING CALENDAR IS COMPILED.

Agra Sky Races,	<i>Delhi Gazette.</i>
Mozufferpoor Races,	<i>Our own Correspondent.</i>
Titalya Races,	<i>Ditto.</i>
Vizianagram Races,	<i>Ditto.</i>
Calcutta Races—First Meeting 1848-49,	<i>Calcutta Star.</i>
Second Meeting,	<i>Ditto.</i>
Madras Spring Meeting,	<i>Madras Spectator.</i>
Bombay Races,	<i>Telegraph and Courier.</i>
Mahebourg Races,	<i>Mauritius Times.</i>
Lahore Races,	<i>Mofussilite.</i>
Hong Kong Races,	<i>China Mail.</i>
Hyderabad Race Meeting 1849,	<i>Madras Athenæum.</i>

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES.

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Avon, 14

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Childe Harold, 40
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F.

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G.

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Hilliard, 4

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Kathleen, 43

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Little Wonder, 10, 11
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 26, 27
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X.

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TABULAR ABSTRACTS

OF THE

PRESIDENCY MEETINGS.

TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA RACES, FIRST MEETING—1848-49.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
The Derby	b. a. h. <i>Wahaby</i> , ..	9st. 3lbs.	2 Miles.	3m. 57s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Bonanza</i> , 8st. 12lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Don Juan</i> , 8st. 3lbs.; bk. a. h. <i>Pluto</i> , 7st. 8lbs. and b. a. h. <i>Requidator</i> , 8st. 7lbs.—32 entrances.
50 G.M. Sweepstakes	b. n.s.w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , ..	8st. 7lbs.	2 Miles.	3m. 53½s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Elegoo</i> , 8st. 7lbs.—2 forfeits.
25 G.M. Sweepstakes	b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , ..	9st. 5lbs.	1 Mile.	1m. 57s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Glennare</i> , 9st. 5lbs.
The Colonial Stakes	c. n.s.w. g. <i>Lunatic</i> , 8st. 4lbs.	8st. 4lbs.	R. C.*	—	Beating br. cv. h. <i>Rachelor</i> , 8st. 12lbs.; c. n.s.w. f. <i>Prestwick</i> , 8st. 3lbs. and ch. f. <i>Hebe</i> , 6st. 8lbs. who pulled up a quarter of a mile from home.—12 entrances.
The Allipore Cham-paigne	g. a. h. <i>Don Juan</i> , ..	8st. 6lbs.	R. C.	3m. 29s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Bonanza</i> , 8st. 10lbs. by half a head.—17 nominations.
25 G.M. Sweepstakes	b. eng. f. <i>Maid of Athens</i> , ..	8st. 4lbs.	1½ Miles.	2m. 21½s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , 9st. 2lbs.—3 subscriptions.
The Auckland Stakes	b. a. h. <i>Minnel</i> , ..	8st. 8lbs.	2½ Miles.	walk over.	Walk over. 1 forfeit.
The Omnibus Stakes	c. n.s.w. h. <i>Prestwick</i> , 8st. 3lbs.	8st. 3lbs.	R. C. & a dist.	3m. 42s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Wahaby</i> , 9st. 3lbs. by a head and c. n.s.w. g. <i>Lunatic</i> , 8st. 9lbs.—15 entrances.
50 G. M. Purse	b. a. h. <i>Minnel</i> , ..	8st. 11lbs.	2 Miles.	3m. 51s.	Beating c. n.s.w. h. <i>Prestwick</i> , 8st. 0lb. and b. n.s.w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 8st. 8lbs.—7 forfeits.
Sweepstakes 50 G. M.	b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , ..	8st. 7lbs.*	2 Miles.	—	Walk over.—2 forfeits.
		8st. 7lbs.*	1½ Miles and 15 yards.	—	

ii TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA FIRST MEETING.

TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA RACES, FIRST MEETING—1848-49.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
Sweepstakes 30 G. M.	ch. nsw. g. <i>Lunatic</i> , 9st.	0lb.	$\frac{3}{4}$ Mile heats.	1m. 23s. 1m. 20s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Bonanza</i> , 8st. 7lbs. and b. eng. c. <i>Precocious Youth</i> , 9st. 0lb., who was drawn in the second heat.—4 subscriptions.
Sweepstakes 50 G. M.	b. a. h. <i>Wahaby</i> , .. 8st.	4lbs.	1 Mile.	1m. 26s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Repudiator</i> , 8st. 4lbs.—6 subscriptions.
Purse 40 G. M.	.. b. a. b. <i>Wahaby</i> , .. 9st.	3lbs.	R. C. heats.	3m. 35s. 3m. 28s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Repudiator</i> , 8st. 5lbs. and bk. a. h. <i>Pluto</i> , 7st. 6lbs.—7 forfeits.
Sweepstakes 30 G. M.	ch. n.s.w. g. <i>Lunatic</i> , 8st.	9lbs.	$\frac{3}{4}$ Mile.	1m. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. 1m. 22s.	Beating b. n.s.w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 9st. 0lb. and g. a. h. <i>Great Western</i> , 8st. 0lb. : after running a dead heat with the mare.
50 G. M. Sweepstakes	b. a. h. <i>Minuet</i> , .. 9st.	5lbs.	3 Miles.	—	Walk over. 2 forfeits.
The Cal. Turf Club Purse	.. b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , .. 9st.	5lbs.	St. L. Course.*	3m. 37s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Boy Jones</i> , 8st. 4lbs. The following horses did not stand the handicap ; br. cp. h. <i>Bachelor</i> , 9st. ; c. n.s.w. h. <i>Prestwick</i> , 8st. 8lbs. ; b. eng. f. <i>Maid of Athens</i> , 9st. 5lbs. ; b. a. h. <i>Repudiator</i> , 7st. 12lbs. ; b. a. h. <i>Guarantee</i> , 8st. ; b. n.s.w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 9st. 5lbs. ; b. a. h. <i>Elephoo</i> , 8st. 8lbs.

* $\frac{1}{4}$ and 125 yards.

* 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 125 yards.

TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA RACES. FIRST MEETING—1848-49.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
Sheik's Purse ..	—	—	—	—	Not filled.
The Governor Genl's Cup ..	b. eng. f. Maid of Athens, .. 7st.	13lbs. St. L. Course.	3m. 30s.	3m. 30s.	Beating b. n.s.w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 9st. 2lbs.; b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , 9st. 5lbs. and ch. n.s.w. d. <i>Selma</i> , 9st. 3lbs., who was distanced.—10 entrances.
25 G.M. Sweepstakes ..	g. a. h. <i>Boy Jones</i> , .. 9st.	7lbs.	1½ Mile.	2m. 3s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , 9st. 7lbs. and b. a. h. <i>Guarantee</i> , 9st. 1lb.
Newmarket Stakes ..	b. n.s.w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , .. 8st.	13lbs.	1 Mile.	1m. 52½s.	Beating ch. n.s.w. g. <i>Lunatic</i> , 9st. 6lbs.
A Match for 50 G.M. ..	b. a. h. <i>Wahaby</i> , .. 8st.	7lbs.	1 Mile.	1m. 54½s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Boy Jones</i> , 8st. 4lbs.
The Bengal Club Cup ..	b. n.s.w. h. <i>Brunswick</i> , .. 7st.	12lbs.	2 Miles.	3m. 52s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , 9st. 0lb.; b. a. h. <i>Wahaby</i> , 8st. 7lbs. and b. a. h. <i>Bonanza</i> , 8st. 7lbs.—14 forfeits.
Free Handicap Purse ..	g. a. h. <i>Boy Jones</i> , .. 8st.	12lbs.	T. I.*	2m. 53s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Minnet</i> , 9st. 7lbs. and b. a. h. <i>Guarantee</i> , 7st. 7lbs. The following horses were drawn; br. cp. h. <i>Bachelor</i> , 9st. 5lbs.; ch. n.s.w. g. <i>Lunatic</i> , 9st. 3lbs. and b. n.s.w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 9st. 9lbs.
Selling Stakes ..	—	—	* 1½ Miles, less 90 yards.	—	Did not fill for public money.

iv TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA FIRST MEETING.

TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA RACES, FIRST MEETING—1848-49.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
Winners' Handicap.	g. a. h. <i>Loy Jones</i> , ... 8st.	6lbs.	2 Miles.	3m. 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Wahaby</i> , 8st. 8lbs.; b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , 9st. 0lb.; ch. n.s.w. g. <i>Lunatic</i> , 8st. 9lbs. and b. n.s.w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 9st. 3lbs. The following horses did not stand the Handicap: b. eng. f. <i>Mail of Athens</i> , 9st. 7lbs.; ch. n.s.w. h. <i>Prestwick</i> , 9st. 0lb.; b. n.s.w. h. <i>Bramwick</i> , 9st. 0lb.; b. a. h. <i>Minuet</i> , 9st. 0lb. and g. a. h. <i>Don Juan</i> , 8st. 0lb.
Losers' Handicap ..	—	—	—	—	Did not fill.

TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA RACES, SECOND MEETING—1842-49.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
The Merchants' Plate	b. eng. c. <i>Regicide</i> , ..	8st. 4lbs.	St. L. Course	3m. 30s.	Beating b. n.s.w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 9st. 2lbs.; b. a. h. <i>Minuet</i> , 8st. 12lbs.; b. n.s.w. <i>Brunswick</i> , 8st. 6lbs.; b. a. h. <i>Wahaby</i> , 8st. 3lbs.; b. cp. h. <i>Bachelior</i> , 8st. 10lbs.
25 G. M. Sweepstakes	b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , ..	8st. 7lbs.	1 Mile.	1m. 55s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Boy Jones</i> , 8st. 7lbs.
Selling Stakes	..	—	—	—	No entrances.
Sheik's Purse	..	—	—	—	No entrances.
Cook & Co.'s Purse	b. eng. c. <i>Regicide</i> , ..	8st. 7lbs.	2 Miles.	4m. 5s.	Beating ch. n.s.w. h. <i>Prestwick</i> , 8st. 8lbs.; b. a. h. <i>Minuet</i> , 9st. 5lbs.; b. n.s.w. h. <i>Brunswick</i> , 8st. 8lbs.—8 entrances.
Handicap Sweepstakes	b. a. h. <i>Wahaby</i> , ..	—	—	—	Walk over.
Sweepstakes 20 G. M.	b. a. h. <i>Wahaby</i> , ..	8st. 7lbs.	R. C.	3m. 31s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Boy Jones</i> , 9st. 3lbs.
Sweepstakes 20 G. M.	c. n.s.w. g. <i>Lunatic</i> , ..	9st. 7lbs.	4 Mile.	1m. 23s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Wahaby</i> , 8st. 7lbs.
Trades' Plate	b. a. h. <i>Wahaby</i> , ..	8st. 6lb.	St. L. Course.	3m. 32½s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Boy Jones</i> , 8st. 0lb.; ch. n.s.w. h. <i>Prestwick</i> , 8st. 0lb.; b. eng. c. <i>Regicide</i> , 9st. 9lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Eleppoo</i> , 8st. 0lb.; b. n.s.w. m. <i>Greenmantle</i> , 9st. 0lb.; b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , 8st. 10lbs.—10 entrances.
Sweepstakes 25 G. M.	ch. n.s.w. g. <i>Lunatic</i> , 8st.	4lbs.	2 Miles.	—	Walk over.

VI TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA SECOND MEETING.

TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA RACES, SECOND MEETING—1848-49.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
Sweepstakes 30 G.M.	—	—	—	—	Five nominations, but no start.
Abdool Rohoman's Pur-e	—	—	—	—	No entrances.
Hunter & Co.'s Purse	g. a. h. <i>Boy Jones</i> , . . 7st. 13lbs.	2 Miles.	3m. 52s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Elepon</i> , 7st. 7lbs. ; b. a. h. <i>Wahaby</i> , 8st. 6lbs. ; b. a. h. <i>Minuel</i> , 8st. 10lbs. and ch. n.s.w. h. <i>Prestwick</i> , 8st. 6lbs.—8 entrances.	
Handicap Sweepstakes	ch. n.s.w. g. <i>Lunatic</i> , 9st. 7lbs.	$\frac{3}{4}$ Miles.	1m. 21s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Child of the Islands</i> , 8st. 3lbs.	
Winners' Handicap	g. a. h. <i>Boy Jones</i> , . . 8st. 4lbs.	2 Miles.	3m. 56s.	Beating b. cug. c. <i>Regicide</i> , 9st. 3lbs. ; ch. n.s.w. h. <i>Prestwick</i> , 8st. 7lbs. ; ch. n.s.w. g. <i>Lunatic</i> , 8st. 3lbs. and b. a. h. <i>Wahaby</i> , 8st. 7lbs.—11 entrances.	
Losers' Handicap	—	—	—	—	No entrances.
A Selling Stakes	g. a. h. <i>Reynold</i> , . . 8st. 12lbs. $\frac{3}{4}$ Mile heats.	$\frac{3}{4}$ Mile heats.	1m. 24s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>The Pope</i> , 9st. 3lbs. in a canter. <i>The Pope</i> was drawn for second heat.	

TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE BOMBAY RACES—1849.

<i>Race.</i>	<i>Winners.</i>	<i>Weight.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>	<i>Time.</i>	<i>Remarks.</i>
The Forb's Stakes ..	g. a. h. <i>Whalebone</i> ..	8st. 2lbs.	2 Miles.	3m. 58s.	Beating h. a. h. <i>Sir William</i> , 8st. 3lbs.
The Dealers' Plate ..	g. a. h. <i>Ruby</i> , ..	8st. 5lbs.	2 Miles.	—	Beating w. a. h. <i>Royalist</i> , 8st. 11lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Fraternity</i> , 8st. 3lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Damascus</i> , 8st. 5lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Hurricane</i> , 8st. 5lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Blueskin</i> , 8st. 5lbs. and g. a. h. <i>Van Tromp</i> , 8st. 3lbs.
Give and Take ..	g. a. h. <i>King of Scotland</i> , ..	8st. 3lbs. 4oz.	1½ Mile heat.	3m. 1s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Forerunner</i> , 8st. 3lbs. 8oz.; w. a. h. <i>Pearl</i> , 9-st. 11lbs. 12oz. and g. a. h. <i>Port</i> , 7st. 12lbs. 4oz.
The Derby ..	g. a. h. <i>King of Scotland</i> , ..	9st. 10lbs.	1½ Mile.	3m. 16s.	Beating c. a. c. <i>Buck</i> , 7st. 12lbs.
30 G.M. Sweepstakes	g. a. h. <i>Whalebone</i> ..	9st. 2lbs.	1½ Mile. and a distance.	—	Walk over.
The Welter ..	c. a. h. <i>Red Jacket</i> ..	11st. 0lb.	1½ Mile. and a distance.	3m. 18s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>William</i> , 11st. 0lb. and w. a. h. <i>Pearl</i> .
The Drawing Room Stakes ..	g. a. h. <i>Whalebone</i> ..	8st. 7lbs.	1 Mile.	1m. 54s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Minxmaster</i> , 8st. 7lbs.
The Galloway Plate ..	g. a. h. <i>Forerunner</i> ..	8st. 7lbs.	¾ Mile heats.	1m. 27s. 1m. 20s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Port</i> , 8st. 9lbs.
The Elliott Cup, ..	g. a. h. <i>Whalebone</i> ..	10st. 6lb.	2 Miles.	3m. 58s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>The Baron</i> , 9st. 0lbs.; c. a. h. <i>Red Jacket</i> , 10st. 0lb. and g. a. h. <i>Fraternity</i> , 1st. 7lbs. The g. a. h. <i>Vaa Tromp</i> , 7st. 7lbs. and g. a. h. <i>Viscount</i> , 7st. 7lbs. 6½-lb. — 29 noms.

TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE BOMBAY RACES—1849.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
30 G.M. Sweepstakes	g. a. h. <i>Ruby</i> , .. 8st.	5lbs.	1 Mile.	1m. 52s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Sir William</i> , 8st. 5lbs.; c. a. h. <i>Druid</i> , 8st. 11lbs. and g. a. h. <i>Mintmaster</i> , 8st. 11lbs.
30 G.M. Sweepstakes	g. a. h. <i>King of Scotland</i> , .. 8st.	9lbs.	2 Miles.	4m. 2s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>The Baron</i> , 8st. 5lbs.
Second Dealers' Plate	g. a. h. <i>Alexander</i> , .. 8st.	5lbs.	1½ Mile. and a distance.	3m. 18s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Timour</i> , 8st. 5lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Sir Robert</i> , 8st. 5lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Young Monarch</i> , 7st. 12lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Ghrane</i> , 7st. 12lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Ferozesah</i> , 8st. 5lbs.; b. a. c. <i>Model</i> , 7st. 12lbs.; b. a. h. <i>Jack</i> , 8st. 12lbs.; c. a. c. <i>Khaluttee</i> , 7st. 12lbs.
The Malet Stakes	g. a. h. <i>Red Jacket</i> , .. 11st.	0lb.	1½ Mile.	2m. 58½s.	Beating b. a. h. <i>Sir William</i> , 10st. 6lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Ruby</i> , 10st. 8lbs.; g. a. h. <i>The King of Scotland</i> , 10st. 4lbs., and w. a. h. <i>Pearl</i> , 9st. 10lbs.
The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse	g. a. h. <i>Whalebone</i> , .. 8st.	7lbs.	1 Mile heats.	—	Walk over.
Winners' Handicap	g. a. h. <i>King of Scotland</i> , .. 9st.	2lbs.	2 Miles.	3m. 58s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Ruby</i> , 9st. 4lbs. and e. a. h. <i>Druid</i> , 8st. 10lbs.
Beaten Plate	g. a. h. <i>Fraternity</i> , .. 8st.	4lbs.	1½ Mile heats.	—	Walk over.
A Handicap	g. a. h. <i>Sir Robert</i> , .. 8st.	0lb.	1½ Mile. and a distance.	3m. 18s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Alexander</i> , 9st. 0lb. and c. a. h. <i>Khaluttee</i> .

TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE MADRAS SPRING MEETING,—1849.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
The First Maiden Sweepstakes	... b. n.s.w. h. <i>Brigadier</i> 9st.	3lbs.	R. C.	3m. 1s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Speculation</i> , 7st. 12lbs. and g. a. h. <i>Cærouch</i> , 7st. 12lbs. dist.
The Great Welter	... b. n.s.w. h. <i>Brigadier</i> 11st.	2lbs.	1½ Mile. and a distance	3m. 30s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Romulus</i> , 10st. 11lbs. and g. n.s.w. h. <i>Transport</i> , 10st. 11lbs.
The Arab Stakes	... g. a. h. <i>Thunder</i> , ..	9st. 10lbs.	1¾ Mile.	3m. 30s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Pickaxe</i> , 8st. 9lbs.
Second Maiden Sweepstakes	... w. a. h. <i>Lightning</i> , *	8st. 11lbs.	2 Miles.	4m. 0s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Moltan</i> , 8st. 4lbs. and g. a. h. <i>Speculation</i> , 8st. 4lbs.
The Ladies' Purse	... g. a. h. <i>Thunder</i> , ..	8st. 10lbs.	1¾ Miles.	3m. 29s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Rieu</i> , 7st. 13lbs. and w. a. h. <i>Cupid</i> , 8st. 3lbs.
The Consolation Stakes	... g. a. h. <i>Cærouch</i> , ..	9st. 9lbs.	1 Mile heats.	2m. 0s. 2m. 0s.	Beating g. n.s.w. g. <i>Transport</i> , 9st. 11lbs.; g. a. h. <i>Romulus</i> , 9st. 9lbs.; b. a. h. <i>Stoccardum</i> , 9st. 6lb. and g. a. h. <i>Pollux</i> , 8st. 11lbs.
The Nabob's Cup	... b. n.s.w. h. <i>Brigadier</i> 9st.	4lbs.	1½ Mile. and a distance	3m. 15s.	Beating w. a. h. <i>Lightning</i> , 8st. 13lbs.
The Whim Plate	... g. a. h. <i>Thunder</i> , ..	8st. 4lbs. 2oz ¾	¾ Mile heats.	1m. 25s. 1m. 24s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Moltan</i> , 8st. 5lbs. 14oz. and g. a. h. <i>Romulus</i> .

 * Late *Shikaree*.

TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE MADRAS SPRING MEETING,—1849.

Race.	Winners.	Weight.	Distance.	Time.	Remarks.
The Little Welter ..	g. a. h. <i>Carcroush</i> , ..	10st. 0lb.	1 Mile.	—	Beating b. a. h. <i>Switcher</i> , 10st. 0lb.
The Governor's Purse	g. a. h. <i>Thunder</i> , ..	8st. 0lbs. 1½ Mile heats.	3m. 1½s. 2m. 55½s.	—	Beating g. a. h. <i>Mountain</i> , 8st. 0lb. and g. a. h. <i>Care- roush</i> , 7st. 13lbs. The b. n.s.w. h. <i>Brigadier</i> , 9st. 0lb. and w. a. h. <i>Lightning</i> , 8st. 3lbs. drawn.
The Beaten Handicap	c. a. h. <i>Reinzi</i> , ..	8st. 1lb.	1½ Mile.	3m. 5s.	Beating g. n.s.w. g. <i>Trasport</i> , 7st. 6lbs.
The Winning Handicap ..	g. a. h. <i>Carcroush</i> , ..	7st. 8lbs.	2 Miles.	3m. 57s.	Beating w. a. h. <i>Lightning</i> , 9st. 2lbs. The b. n.s.w. h. <i>Brigadier</i> , 9st. 12lbs. and g. a. h. <i>Thunder</i> , 9st. 7lbs. were drawn.
The Hunters' Stakes	bk. n.s.w. g. <i>Boer</i> , ..	11st. 0lb.	2 Miles.	5m. 30s.	Beating g. a. h. <i>Corporal</i> , 10st. 7lbs.; bk. n.s.w. h. <i>St. John</i> , 12st. 0lb. and b. c. h. <i>St. Leger</i> , 11st. 3lbs.
The Hack Stakes ..	g. a. h. <i>Romulus</i> , ..	—	¾ Mile.	—	Beating g. a. m. <i>Fairy</i> ; b. a. h. <i>Lucifer</i> and <i>Sharpvet</i> .

THE
INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

N^o. XVIII.

JUNE, 1849.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

CALCUTTA:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE STAR PRESS.

1849.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. N.—We shall receive the promised continuation with pleasure.

BANDYLAND.—The sketch reached us too late to be put in hand. We must again request our correspondents to let us hear from them as early in the quarter as possible.

FILIGREE.—Will not suit our pages.

THE STRANGER.—We are sorry the continuation of our friend's article has not reached us.

AN UP-COUNTRY MAN.—Great Western *did* run at our "last Races." If A bet on the quibble that he ran in the first *meeting* and not in the second he has over-reached himself. The decision being left to us, we declare that he has lost the wager. We think we can promise, too, that he will lose on the second event—the horse winning in the Provinces this year—for he is gone to China.

TRUEPENNY.—The verses are good, but the subject is not of ours.

G.—We consider it an omission which can hardly have been an oversight, but the parties were somewhat in a difficulty. The only way is to address one of the gentlemen whose names are appended to the Prospectus.

A COUNTRY BREEDER.—The oldest thorough-bred stallion now "serving" in England, according to the Season list, is Belzoni—aged 26 years: he has got 12 winners. Laurel and Pantaloon, each 25 years old, are on active service: the former has got 13 winners and the latter 38; Muly Moloch has got 76; Bay Middleton 77, and Velocipede, (aged 24) the sire of the Queen of Trumps 130. *Lancercost* is 14 years old: he started 40 times and won 26, and has got 48 winners. We believe this answers all our correspondent's queries.

SONEPORE.—The race won by Regicide, now in Mr Pye's stable, was the Dryham Park Stakes at the Bath and Somerset County Races, on the 17th of May 1848. He was ridden by A. Day and beat Antelope, Daryforth, and Lady Frances.

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THE

INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

JUNE, 1849.

SHOOTING LOCALITIES IN THE HIMALAYAS.

No. I.

GANGOOTREE AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY WITH THE ROUTE FROM MUSSOORIE.

We might search in a good many quarters of the world, and find but few places offering a more extensive field to those who love the turmoil and excitement of the chase, in all or any of its varied features than this;—our strange, wonderful, and ever-increasing empire in the East. And in the length and breadth of the land there are few places looked forward to with greater expectations of sport than the hills, and perhaps none whatever where the realization so often falls short of these bright anticipations. It is not very difficult to account for this. There is something natural in expecting more than ordinary sport amongst such a stupendous mass of mountains, and their wild and diversified scenery of rural vallies, grassy slopes, inaccessible crags, and interminable forests; and where is the sportsman who has not experienced the dull reality, could imagine it possible to traverse through all these regions and not meet with it. To tempt still further the imagination are the tales of others who have been any way fortunate in their excursions and the goodly show of skins, heads and horns which they parade. On the

other hand there is the difficulty of finding out the places where any really good sport may be had ; as probably the whole amount of information possessed consists in having a few villages marked down on the route where particular birds or animals may be found, while dependence must still be placed on the inhabitants to point out the particular quarter, and they will seldom do so honestly and with good will ; while the vast extent of ground leaves but a poor chance of the sportsman finding out these localities without assistance. Then, again, how few can and will incur the amount of bodily toil and fatigue, absolutely necessary to ensure success in shooting over such a rugged country. That splendid sport may be found in the Himalayas it is impossible to deny ; but to secure it, there is perhaps not a single spot on the surface of the globe where its prosecution requires such severe exertion. Kind reader, if you never intend going into these mountain fastnesses, I would advise you to skip over these pages to the next article, they will never repay you for perusal. But should you, in the warmth of imagination, be dreaming of a ramble in the interior, where twenty times a day you may wish you had never been born, and every night before you go to bed be as eager and ready for the next day's work as when you first set out—if you are thinking of this, I invite you to accompany me. We are going to Gangootree, the principal lion of travellers in this neighbourhood, and to hunt over the surrounding hills. You shall have a faithful account of the shooting and shooting grounds, and if we travel on comfortably together, I may afterwards invite you to other quarters.

Much sport cannot be expected while marching from place to place on roads daily frequented by the inhabitants, but before we try any of the distant hills we must first get there ; and as the journey would otherwise be a rather uninteresting one to a sportsman, we will see if any thing may be picked up on the way.

Proceeding at the rate of eight or ten miles daily, Gangootree is fourteen marches from Mussoorie. These marches will of course be lengthened or curtailed at the discretion of the traveller. Something or other will often induce those who are not pressed for time to halt at some intermediate place, while others, whose principal object is to get near the snow as quickly as possible, may make double marches the whole way. The hill coolies if loaded lightly, say eighteen or twenty seers per man, will easily travel twenty miles daily, for any length of time ; though from such marches being unusual they will doubtless grumble. At the usual rate the first day's march will bring us to Phaidée, about eight miles from Landour. The road for about four miles leads along the crest of the same ridge on the high-

way to Terce, the residence of the Gurrohal Rajah. Formerly numbers of goral, with cocklass and cheer pheasant might be seen near the road-side while passing morning or evening, but it has now become so much frequented that seldom any thing is seen. Leaving the highway, the path leads by a steep descent of a mile to the bed of a small stream in a well wooded hollow where a good many of the common black or kalledge pheasants are to be found. Crossing the stream it leads along the hill side with a slight and gradual descent to the village through a scattered forest of oak with numerous coppices and patches of underwood, in which kalledge are numerous, and a kakur or barking deer may sometimes be found. The summit of the hill above the road called Secundra, was a few years ago well stocked with a variety of game, moonall, cocklass and hill partridge, goral, a few gerow and scrow, and I have occasionally seen musk deer. It has been so perscveringly shot over of late by shikaries from Mussoorie that there is little of any thing left. Few sportsmen will be so selfish as to wish to prevent the Natives from enjoying their share of sport or even making its pursuīt the means of a livelihood; but they shoot the birds in the breeding season, finding ready sale for them in the station; and the natural consequence is, that the surrounding hills which were once swarming are now almost entirely denuded of game. There are two other roads leaving Landour, one descending at once into the bed of the Ogla by Lagrassoo, and another which leads down the first khud past Jubbereote by Tapla, but I think the one by Phaidee preferable at all times. Elevation 5,000 ft.

2nd.—To Mararah, 12 miles. On leaving Phaidee the road rounds the hill and enters the valley of the Ogla river, up which it leads the rest of the march, through patches of cultivation, brushwood and grass jungle, crossing and re-crossing the stream several times. The ascent is very slight except about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile of a steep pull three miles before you get to Mararah and the same ascending from the stream to the village. The halt is often made on a little flat opposite Balloo, two miles below. Black partridges may be found the whole of this day's march but are not numerous. Soon after you enter the valley and about half a mile before reaching what was formerly the custom house at Bhawanee, now a Bunya's shop, are several short khuds or gullies up the hill side just to the right of the road, densely thicketed with small trees and briers. Standing at the bottom of these and sending up dogs or beaters, a few brace of kalledge pheasants may to a certainty be found. There are several other khuds of the same character between Bhawanee and Mararah. On the grassy hills to the left of the road chuckores are plentiful in the season,

which is from October to March, and a good many are often seen in the fields about the village. I may here remark that if you wish to pick up a little of this small shooting on the road, a few good hard working dogs are indispensable, and the wilder the better. Elevation about 6,400 ft.

3rd.—To Lallowree, 8 miles. Soon after leaving the village the road enters a forest of oak, which continues about two miles to the crest of the ridge. The ascent is gradual and nowhere steep. A kalledge, cocklass, or hill partridge may be found near the road side, and by leaving it a little and walking through the forest, very often a kakur. In clear weather there is a very fine view from the crest of the hill. You see the whole of the range of snowy mountains from Jummootree to beyond Kedarnath, a broad expanse of forest ranges between, and the valley of the Ganges below. From the crest is a long and steep descent to Lallowree, and seldom any thing to be seen on the road except perhaps a stray black partridge. On the hill opposite the village across the little stream, are a few goral which may afford amusement for an hour's stroll in the evening. Elevation about 4,500 ft.

4th.—Dhurassoo, 7 miles. A very steep descent of a mile to the two streams which are crossed below the village, and an ascent of near the same up the opposite hill side, through a low forest of dwarf trees and bushes in which are a few kalledge. Rounding the hill you enter the broad valley in which the Ganges flows and proceed through cultivated fields to Dhurassoo. In the jungle on the road side, and the grass borders of the fields, are plenty of black partridges, a few quail, and sometimes a hare. Elevation 3,500 ft.

5th.—Dhoonda, 12 miles. Leaving Dhurassoo you cross a broad shallow stream, and proceed along the hill side some distance above the river, which is now confined to its own channel by steep hills on each side. The road is an almost imperceptible ascent, through a scattered forest of the various trees and bushes common to the lower hill; amongst which immense creepers hang in festoons from tree to tree and nearly concealing many they entwine about. It is rarely any thing is met with on this march, though it is just possible a goral may be seen on some of the more open spots or in the long grass. On the opposite side of the river are a few tahr and goral and they sometimes come down to the river side so as to be within a very long range. I have known instances of one having been knocked over by a lucky shot from the road, but there is no bridge near, and should you kill one, if you can persuade no one to swim across the rapid river, or do so yourself, you lose it. In the fields about Dhoonda are a few black partridges, and on the hill side

above, which is covered chiefly with pine trees and spear grass, are goral, a few kakir and occasionally a gerow. The inhabitants of this village the last time I passed were all deserting it, as they said without any intention of returning, and if the traveller finds this the case he must either send for supplies across the river or bring them up from below, as there is no other village near on this side. Elevation 4,500 ft.

6th.—Barrahaat, 12 miles. Called so, but I think not more than ten. Soon after starting is a flat grass plain bordered on the left by some steep narrow belts of jungle, which generally contain a few kalledge. A mile further on rounding the corner, a goral may often be seen in the grass under the pine trees near the road side. A little further you cross a small stream, about which is some swampy ground, shaded by large trees and bushes. Here are a few kalledge at all times, and in the cold weather a few woodcocks may always be found, either about the swamp or a little way up the stream. The valley now begins to open out, and on crossing another small stream you enter cultivated fields, through which, with a few slight interruptions of grass jungle and low bushes, you go on to Barrahaat, passing the villages of Mahally and Baretty. The road runs all along at no great distance from the river, and consequently there is but little of ascent or descent. Black partridges are numerous on the latter part of this march, particularly in the fields about Baretty. To visit some of the shooting grounds which will be hereafter described, the road branches off here, and if you intend trying the choukee hill (see page 32) instead of going on to the village, you cross the river by the rope bridge and encamp on the other side. Barrahaat is the first place we have come near which deserves a passing remark. It is a brahmin village situate on a large plain near the river. A place of some sanctity, and one of the minor objects of Hindoo pilgrimage. A large fair is held every December, to which the puharies old and young, and of both sexes, flock from the surrounding country. There is little or no traffic of any kind, and the fair consists in dancing, singing, and other amusements. Several families of Seiks have settled here, and their houses which are much larger than those of the puharies, may be seen towards the river just before entering the village. Elevation about 5,000 feet.

7th.—Manoorree, 8 miles. From Barrahaat you pass through a jungle of grass, low bushes and deserted cultivation for about two miles, to the junction of the stream from the Kelso valley. A few black partridges still to be found. Crossing the stream, you pass Gawana and Nitalla, two villages about which these birds are always in plenty. Up the Kelso valley which contains several villages in some tolerable shooting,

and a day or two's very fair sport may be found about the head of the stream which joins at Gawana. Both places will be noticed hereafter. In the pine forests above the villages, goral are numerous, and also gerow, and in spring they often come down at night to feed on the green corn in the fields, and may be watched and shot by moonlight. On to Manoorree is much of the same character as on leaving Barrahaat. There is little game, but a goral may at times be seen on the rocks which in one or two places rise abruptly from the path. There are a few little ups and downs in this march, but not worth noticing. The ascent on the whole is very trifling. Elevation 5,400 feet.

8th.—Bettaree, 10 miles. The first part of this march is much the same as the last, the road skirting along the river side through fields, grass, and bushes, with scarce any perceptible ascent, but there is seldom anything seen to shoot at. This continues about four miles. There is then a steep pull of half a mile and you keep along the hill side a little distance above the river, passing beneath Sinejou when you again descend nearly to its bed. From this is a scarcely felt ascent to the little ridge in front of Bettaree passing several villages on a hill side partly cultivated, and the rest short grass. In the season a few chuckores may be picked up on the road side here, and in the fields above the village they are very numerous. If, instead of encamping at the Dhuramsale below Manoorree the evening previous, you come a mile further and encamp below Howungee, in the morning instead of walking along the road, you may go up to that village, from whence is a path to Sinejou through the pine forest, where you may get a few shots at goral and possibly at tahr. Cheer pheasants may also be found. It is but little out of the way, except the walk up hill to commence, but you must be off very early so as to be well in the wood before sun rise. Bettaree is another brahmin village but not worthy of any remark. A good pony may be ridden without difficulty from Mussoorie to this place, but there are so few places where it could be used, and so many where it might meet with accidents where led, that it is not advisable to attempt to take one further up. Elevation 6,400 feet.

9th.—Hilga, 10 miles. For a few miles the road passes through fields and low jungle, in which are a few kalledge and chuckores, and then along hill sides covered with pine trees. There are a few goral, both above and below the road, and if you are ahead and start early you may possibly get a few shots from the path. About half way is a little patch of cultivation and a few huts. This place is called Cheranga and goral are so numerous in the pine woods around, that if partial to such sport it is well worth while to halt here, and shoot in the evening and

to Hilga the next morning. About two miles up the little stream is a village Koojna where supplies may be procured. The goral may be found in whatever direction you like to go; above the huts is about the likeliest place. There are also a good many cheer pheasants which are generally found in the scattered oak wood up the hill right above the huts. There are some little ups and downs on this march, but none of consequence, till you get near the close, when you have a gradual pull for about two miles, to the ridge in front of the camp ground, to which you make a trifling descent. About Hilga there are also a good many goral, and often tahr; with a few kalledge and chuckores. There is no village here, and supplies are got from Tewarree, near two miles above. Elevation about 7,000 feet.

10th.—Dangulla, 10 miles. For four or five miles the road is something like yesterday's; along hill sides studded with straggling pine trees, and where the face turns a little towards the north, oak and other forest trees and bushes. Goral and sometimes tahr may to a certainty be seen at no great distance from the path, if you are out early and ahead. Cheer pheasants are often flushed out of the long grass near the road side, and kalledge may be found in all the patches of forest. At Kamra you abruptly descend to a small stream, and down its bed nearly to the river. Just above the junction of this stream is a rapid, more approaching to a cataract than perhaps any thing in the whole course of the Ganges through the hills. It is hid from view from the road by the trees, but in the rains when the river is full it is well worth going down to look at, forming a grand and imposing spectacle. It has been occasioned by some immense masses of rock slipping from above, and rolling into the bed of the river. From here the road keeps almost close to the river to Dangulla where you cross to encamp. Early or late goral are often seen grazing a little way up the hill side, and a few kalledge may be flushed in the coppices you pass through. About a mile and a half ere you get in you may see the smoke arising from some hot springs on the opposite side of the river, if curious in such matters. If you want an evening's stroll, there are a few goral above and opposite your camp, and occasionally tahr. Opposite, too, in the hollow where you will see a few cultivated fields, are generally a brood of cheer pheasants. If you wish to shoot over the Kunowlee hill (see *post* p. 138) on your way up, you leave the road about a mile below and go up to Bengallee to encamp. There are only two villages, this and Hooree near, both very poor, and a good deal of both may be expected in getting provisions if the camp is large. Dangulla is about 7,200 feet.

11th.—Sooke, 12 miles. Since leaving Mussoorie our road has been tolerably good, or if it may not be termed good there has been nothing difficult or that might shake the nerves of the most timid person unless it happens to be in the rains, and you have to wade through some of the swollen torrents, or cross on the rickety trunk of a tree thrown across; but to-day it must be confessed the road might admit of improvement. It is perhaps the worst in the march, and is dignified with the name of Khaffir gade, *rocky pass*. It is a kind of narrow gorge or defile, the rocks in some places rising so abruptly from the river, that though many hundred feet below, if you tumble a stone down it makes but one or two leaps into it. In such spots the path is constructed in a rude and primitive manner along the face of the rock, with planks, trunks of trees, and steps made of large pieces of slate or of wood, in the best manner puharie ingenuity could devise without much expenditure of material or labour. Some of these places would certainly have a most uninviting appearance, were it not for the bushes and large trees which grow luxuriantly out of every niche and crevice they can take root, and hide in a great measure the real character of the precipitous rocks they cover. For the first four or five miles the road keeps near the river, through a low thick jungle, out of which a few kalledge may sometimes be flushed. There is then an ascent of a few hundred feet and the road runs along the face of the rocks some distance above the river, when you again descend to its bed, and keep near it to Mecha where you cross. You have all along had one face of the Kunowlee hill to look at and large flocks of tahr are often seen, but they are not within range. From Mecha you still keep near the river, along a grass flat bounded by steep rocks, to the foot of the Sooke hill, when you ascend for two miles to the village through fields and a low bushy jungle. Tahr are often seen on the rocks above the road and across the river, and sometimes so low as to be within range. The fields about Sooke swarm with chuckores in the season, and about the more remote kates above and to the west, a few moonals are generally to be found. The first of the burrell grounds is the hill above called Koondara. Sooke is near 9,000 feet in elevation.

12th.—Derallee, 8 miles. Soon after leaving Sooke you have a little ascent to avoid a landslip which goes sheer down to the river, then a gradual descent to Jallah, a village in which are several good shikaries and they have often horns and skins to dispose of. A mile from here you cross the Seeau gade river, up the valley of which is one of the best burrell grounds; a mile or two further the Goomtee, and a little further the Ursil, both of which streams drain hills abounding with those much sought for

animals. You then cross the Ganges and walk through a cedar forest to Derallee. At times a little shooting may be picked up on this march. On the sands in the channel of the river from Jallah they are of two varieties, one a small teal, and the other I think identical with the English mallard. A large white bird with black wing tips, apparently of the heron tribe, is at times a visitor here, but I have never been able to get a specimen to determine what it is. The red-billed curlew is numerous; these are resident, the ducks migratory, making their appearance when the river begins to subside in September, and leaving in Spring, though a few remain all the year round. A little below Jallah in some fields near the river are two small ponds and a little brook overhung with grass and rushes. This is a favourite spot of the ducks, and in rainy weather they are flying about it all day long. After crossing the Ganges, if you wait till towards evening, you may ascend the hill a mile or two through the dense cedar forest, make round by some small ponds on a open flat you will find above, and come down on Derallee; you may very likely get a few shots at musk deer, or meet with a snow bear. The forests on the hills above this village are full of musk deer, a fair sprinkling of moonall pheasants, a few argus, and a good many snow bears, but grassy slopes above, from the forest to the snow, though of great extent and beautiful looking ground for burrell, are quite destitute of game. There is a road also on the left bank of the river through Muckwa, but the Derallee one is as a route preferable, being somewhat shorter and not so much up and down hill. These are the last villages on the road, and if you think of making any stay above, arrangements should be made for a supply of provisions or you may find your coolies and attendants without food, and perhaps at a time when you would be most reluctant to return. Derallee is about 9,000 ft. in elevation.

13th.—Byramghattee, 10 miles. The whole of this march the road runs along the hill side a little distance above the river and nearly parallel to it, through a dense forest of noble cedars. There is little chance of finding any shooting unless you leave the path and hunt through the wood, when you may find a few musk deer. The Muckwa road joins at Jangla about half way. Byramghattee is a rather wild looking place when you get down to the river, and though the view is limited, the narrow scooped-out channel of the stream, the rude bridge suspended in mid air, and the steep and smooth faces of the wall-like rocks on each side make very pretty picture. A remarkably strong mineral spring issues out of the rock close by the bridge. This bridge is carried away almost every winter by masses of snow which roll down the ravine immediately above on the right bank, and the inhabitants of Derallee have some fourteen rupees allowed

by the Rajah for its reconstruction. The Tartar branch of the Ganges joins here. Elevation 9,500 ft.

14th.—Gangootree Temple, 10 miles. These two last marches are generally considered 12 miles each. It is possible they may be. In hill travelling scarce two people ever agree about distances. At the close of a march you may hear one who trips along with light and easy footsteps, remark, "Well, we've come about eight miles this morning I suppose," and "nearer eighteen I should think," immediately replies another, whose pedestrian powers are doubtless more limited. I have heard the march from Dongulla to Sookee variously estimated at from eight to twenty miles by individuals of the same party. In the higher hills, the number of koss the villagers tell you any place is distant gives but a faint idea of how far it is in reality. Their koss which they call *choories* are only smoking places, where, when carrying loads, they halt and rest for a few minutes and have a smoke, and their situation is often determined by some small stream or spring of water than their distance from each other. These resting places have each a peculiar name, and when a puharie is doubtful about another's knowledge of any particular route, he asks him to mention in rotation the names of the koss or *choories* in it. But we are making a long halt ourselves! With the help of several ricketty looking platforms you clamber up the steep rocks above the bridge, and come on to a little flat clothed with young cedars, on which stands the little Temple of Byram, who is personified by a round stone you may have observed stuck into a hole in the rock just opposite the bridge and daubed over with red and yellow. From Gangootree to Byramghattee, the river runs at the bottom of a deep narrow gorge, exactly as you see it at the latter place; the sides so precipitous that there are only one or two places where it is possible to get down to the water's edge. This gorge is from eighty to three hundred feet in depth. On both sides, from the edges of this is a slope varying from 150 yards to near a mile in breadth, terminated abruptly by a steep parapet of rocks. The slope is throughout well wooded on both banks, the rocks above more partially so. This is the general characters of the valley up to the glaciers. The road runs along near the middle of the slope on the left bank, through a forest of cedar, with patches of poplar, low jungle, and a few open grassy spots. A considerable ascent is made, but it is gradual and scarcely felt. Musk deer are every where plentiful, and early in the morning if you go on before every one, there is every probability of your getting a few shots from the path. If you walk through the wood above or below the road, which you can nearly the whole way, the probability becomes almost a certainty.

If you wish to make a shooting march; instead of halting at Byramghattee, come on to Heemoo to encamp, (it is about three miles,) and in the morning go up a broad ravine you will meet with a few hundred yards further on. After ascending about a quarter of a mile find a narrow gulley full of birch trees branching off to the right. It is a rather hard pull of a mile to the top of this, being very steep, but you may very likely get a shot at a musk deer to enliven it. From the top make your way across the rocks for two miles as nearly on the same level as you can, and you will come on to some grassy slopes which, all around being very rocky, are favourite feeding grounds for burrel, and if they have been undisturbed for a few days you are certain to find some. On getting to the top of the gulley you should examine the ground within view carefully before exposing yourself, as there may possibly be a few on the intervening rocks. You will come down on to the road again four miles below Gangootree. You should, however, have a villager who knows the ground, for there is but one way, and if you lose it you may easily get into an unpleasant fix amongst the rocks. The slopes are called *Munkehee patta*, and though of small extent and so low, it is as sure a find for burrel as any individual spot in the more extensive grassy regions near the snow. If you are tempted to try it, you will do well to take a bottle of water with you, for there is but one spot on the hill where the liquid is found, and it is a little out of the way and known to but few, even of the villagers.

Here we are at the termination of our journey, the much-talked-of place Gangootree, and for a sight-seer merely, a miserable termination it is. There is absolutely nothing to see at Gangootree. The temple itself is a miserable structure, a roughly built edifice about ten feet square, the same in height and surmounted by a small dome. It is more like a little Hindoo tomb. Round it are many Dhuramsales, houses for the shelter of the pilgrims, built by individuals visiting the shrine. Lena Sing, the Seik Sirdar, gave some three hundred rupees to build one last year. Neither is there anything remarkable in the scenery. There is the river close by, generally very dirty, and here running in a broad sandy channel. A slope of a quarter of a mile on each side, well wooded with cedar, birch, poplar, and other trees, and steep, rocky, but partially wooded crags above. Except one or two peaks, these crags and the narrowness of the valley shut out all view of the mass of snowy mountains so near. Whoever went to choose the site of Gangootree must have been an indifferent walker, and not very fond of mountain travelling. He did not go a yard further up the valley than he could help. The temple, if you observe, is built

in the very first place where you can comfortably get down to the river above Byranghattee. Gangootree though one of the most sacred places of the Hindoos, has none of the emoluments which most Hindoo places of worship have. The officiating brahmins who reside at Muckwa have the ground they cultivate rent free from the Rajah, but besides this, and the offerings of the pilgrims, the shrine possesses no wealth. The pilgrims are for the most part of the poorest class, and their offerings small, and it is only occasionally any person of wealth visits it. The ceremonies consist in bathing in the stream, and making some offering to the presiding deity of the place, the goddess Gungagee. Prince Waldemar, who with some of his suite, was here initiated into the mysteries of Hindooism, rather astonished his ghostly advisers, the brahmins, by plunging head foremost into the river, which was then rushing past with fearful rapidity.

The glacier from which the river rises is eighteen or twenty miles from Gangootree, and until the last few years has not been visited by half a dozen Europeans. There is no road, and you must pick your way through the forest and along the bed of the river as well as you can. About four miles above you have to cross the steep face of a rock rising almost perpendicularly out of the water, perfectly inaccessible, and precluding further progress on this side. In spring there is generally a snow bridge just below, and these often remain till June, but after the rains you would have to make a bridge, which if the river is at all full is a very troublesome and often a difficult affair, and it is better to go back two miles below Gangootree and cross by a fixed bridge at a place called Pattanga. If you can recross after passing the rock you will have a better chance of sport, but both banks are equally practicable as a road up. With a few occasional interruptions the river runs in a broad sandy channel, but except the change caused by increase of elevation the general character of the valley is the same. The wooded slopes on each side continue, but that on the left bank is more interrupted by the rocks which in many places come nearly down to the river; and with the exception of a few groves of pines, it is clothed more with juniper and other bushes than with trees, while the parapet like rocks that bound it become steeper and more sterile. On the slope on the right bank the forest continues quite up to the glacier, broken only by land slips. At first cedar and pine are predominant, but these gradually disappear, and give place to stunted birch trees, white rhododendron, juniper and other bushes. On the left for the last three or four miles, the forest entirely ceases, and the slope is clothed with a rich and luxuriant vegetation of grass, and instead of the rocks rising abruptly from it as they have hitherto done, they recede, leaving a flat

of from fifty to two hundred yards in breadth, and are themselves of a gentler character, and clothed with a short verdant grass. There are several considerable streams running into the river on both sides between Gangootree and the glacier. The last two or three are completely frozen up in winter; indeed the river itself, though its fall here is so great as to make it in most places quite a torrent, becomes a perfect mass of ice.

The source of the Ganges is in nowise different from that of other large streams which rise from the snow. The valley is at length blocked up by a bed of frozen snow, from under which the river flows. This is the glacier. It does not stretch direct across the valley, but comes down to a point in the centre. I am but a poor hand at description, and to those who have never seen a Himalayan glacier I can give but a faint idea of what it is like. Were I to enter into a particular description I should make a chaos I could not myself understand. You have probably spent a summer at some of the hill stations, and may have seen a thick heavy bed of white clouds lying at the bottom of some ravine, and stretching from one side to the other. Imagine this with all its irregularities of surface changed into a mass of frozen snow, and the green hills on each side into something like the peaks you see on the snowy range, and this will be something like what a glacier appears when viewed from above. Or imagine an immense irruption of soft mud coming headlong down a broad ravine, with a deep wall like front, and stretching from one bank to the other. Fix and turn it into dirty discoloured snow, and let a little stream flow from under it, and it will be very like a glacier when seen from below.

The hole or cavern beneath the glacier, out of which the river flows, is generally termed by Europeans the cow's mouth. This name must have been given to it by some of our earlier travellers or the Natives of the plains, for it is not known to the paharies, and if you merely asked for the cow's mouth you would not be understood unless you enlightened them further by saying you wanted to see the source of the river. In appearance it varies so much, that were the most particular and faithful description given of it at any time, a person visiting it the next year might not recognise it from the picture. One large mass of the glacier slipping into the river or breaking off is sufficient to destroy every vestige of its previous appearance. When I last saw it, it might not inaptly be compared to the entrance of a tunnel. The arch was perhaps fifteen feet in diameter and nine in height from the surface of the water. The river was then full, very dirty, and rushing out with great force. It must have been at least six feet in depth, and there appeared to be almost or quite as large a volume of water as at Byramghattee. In

November it is not more than two or three feet deep, and may be forded in many places, though from the coldness of the water and rapidity of the current, not without some difficulty. What length of course it has beneath the glacier can only be a matter of conjecture, but it is probable it comes from the extreme head of the valley which must be near fourteen miles above. After satisfying yourself with what is to be seen at the cow's mouth you may clamber without difficulty on to the glacier. As before said, it comes to a point in the centre over the river, but the angle is very slight, and you soon find yourself on its extreme breadth. This may be about a mile. By judging the height you have ascended above the bed of the river, and allowing for the fall it has in the short distance you may have come, you may form some idea of the depth of this immense mass of ice. It must be several hundred feet, and higher up the valley is probably more. The surface is very irregular, broken up into innumerable sharp ridges and hollows, in an endless variety of form and size, like miniature chains of mountains, making it in many places, both difficult and dangerous to walk over. It is strewn over with earth, large stones and fragments of rock, but these gradually disappear as you ascend. Some of the hollows contain ponds of cold blue-looking water of great depth. At a little distance the whole appears to be snow, but except occasional patches on the surface you find it all ice, and so hard that it is with difficulty you can break a piece of with a stone.

The scenery around even from below the glacier is extremely magnificent, but to see it in all its grandeur you must go a mile or two further up the right bank, and to the top of a little eminence to the right, from whence nothing interrupts the view, and a scene is laid before you which, to use a much hackneyed phrase, beggars all description: so wild and unearthly that earthly language can give no idea of its overpowering sublimity. The long lake-like field of ice which still stretches out before you up the valley seems now an insignificant object, and your gaze is centred on the majestic peaks on each side, clothed from base to summit with eternal snow, which though so near you feel to be unapproachable. Dim dreamy looking objects which appear belonging to another world. The giant spectres of the hills of a departed hemisphere. It is impossible to conceive any thing which could make one feel the nothingness of every thing human more than a scene like this. The boundless ocean in calm repose with the sunbeams sleeping on its placid bosom, or awakened into all its terrors by the mighty tempest; the wide arid desert; the still and solitary ruins of a fallen and deserted city of bygone ages, may all exert a peculiar influence in impressing this on our minds, but not one with the same effect.

There is still something worldly about them. You can imagine them peopled with worldly beings, and the busy hum and petty works of your fellow men breaking the silence and solitude of the scene. But here, nothing seems to be of the world you belong to; nothing to have ought in common with mortality. You are at once impressed with its immutability. You feel that thousands of years may have passed away and those white untrodden peaks have known no change. That thousands more may yet roll over them and they remain the same eternal solitudes. In their presence worldly affairs seem too insignificant to think about, and the mind is lost in contemplation of them alone. In still and silent grandeur they rear their spectral forms, the mightiest and sublimest works of nature!

If you ascend a little distance up the hill-side on the left bank you can see to the top of the valley, which seems to extend about twelve or fourteen miles further up, and is bounded by a range of hills which appear somewhat lower and of a rounder form than those on each side. All is snow except in places where the face of the peaks is quite perpendicular, and there the rock which shows through has a strange white appearance, far more striking than even the snow itself. The descent on the other side from the head of the valley, leads it is said to Mana direct, but I believe there is no one now living who has crossed. Some twenty years ago, the inhabitants of Sookee and Jallali, in one of their marauding expeditions attempted it, but without success, and returned with the loss of one of their number, who while cutting steps in the snow, missed his footing and in an instant was sliding like lightning down the smooth surface. "He went down like a shot," said an old man to me, who was one of the party, "and though we would see a long way down the slope, was out of sight in a moment."

As a shooting locality, the vicinity of the glacier is amongst the best in the higher regions, though it will only afford two or three day's sport, the ground being of limited extent. Being, however, so far from the villages it is difficult to get up provisions for the men, and you should have a sufficiency before leaving Gangootree and bring it with you. Musk deer are found in all the forests, to the very lowest patches of brushwood. Snow bears are common, but here have no particular favourite places of resort, rambling at random up and down the valley. Burrell are numerous on the left bank all the way up, and are often met with on the slope near the river. They sometimes cross over to the right bank near the glacier, and remain a few days, but none seem to be located on this side. The best place is the grassy slope and flat and the hill above, which has been mentioned as extending for the last few miles on the left bank

up to the glacier. Here several flocks may often be found. There is also some good ground up the little vallies of the two last streams which join below, but it is rather steep and rocky and difficult to walk over in many places. The white leopard would appear to be common in this neighbourhood, for their traces are always numerous, but I could never get a sight of one. The red ones do not come up so far. There is little occasion for troubling yourself with a smooth bore up here. There are but few birds. A solitary moonall, or a few chuckores may possibly be met with. The snow pheasant, which one would expect to find plentiful, is rare, and of snow partridges I have never seen a single individual above Byramghattee. The glacier is about 13,500 feet in elevation, and some of the peaks around must be several thousand feet higher than the measured one above Deraller, which is I believe 21,000.

Nearly opposite the temple at Gangootree, a pretty large stream, the Kedargunga, enters the river. At the head of this stream are some extensive grassy slopes abounding with burrell, and the birch forest; on the way up are full of musk deer, but there is no road, and the tangled and thorny bushes and briars with which the forest is crowded make it difficult of access. The distance is about eight miles. There is a pass across the snow from the head of this valley to Kedarnath, but it has not been crossed this many years.

About three miles lower down, a little below the bridge at Pattanga, is another and similar stream, and at its head is a similar grassy region, called Rhudagira. Here burrell are also very numerous, and a few days good shooting may be had. Within the last year or two a slight path has been made which makes it comparatively easy of access. The distance is about the same. As soon as you get out of the forest, you will find a few hundred yards above the stream on the right bank, a level flat, similar to that below the glacier above Gangootree. If they have not been disturbed, you will find burrell on this flat, and others on the hill above; you may find a few on the opposite bank which slopes gradually from the ridge to the stream, but this seems to be their favourite side. You will probably also meet with a snow bear near the edges of the forest. The pass from the head of this valley some say leads also to Kedarnath, while others say to Gunjee, a village belonging to Gurwhall, some marches on this side of that place. It is probable a descent might be made to both places. It is, like the last however, a journey of the past. There are two other smaller streams which enter the Ganges between this and Byramghattee, but the grassy regions they drain, known as Mecanee and Scura, are of smaller extent, and it is only occasionally burrell are found on them.

DUMDAR, NELA & GERORA

. Nearly level road

. Ascent and descent

+ Most likely places for burrell

ridge covered with snow

GERORA

Deo Simda

Jamne Bator

Phulung ka Mundool

Muckua

Deo allee

Gungis R

Phulung

Gungum

In our downward journey the first place worthy of attention is the valley of the Goomtec, called Nela. That of the Ursil is of smaller extent and may be hunted over in a day. From some cause or other the burrell sometimes forsake it entirely for weeks together, and where there are better grounds so near, it is hardly worth a visit. These vallies, Gerora, Nela and Dumdar are much of the same character, the respective streams rising from glaciers on the same range of snowy mountains, the opposite side being drained by the Touse and Buspa. The lower parts are wooded on both sides, chiefly with birch; and above are fine grassy slopes which extend to the snow. The following is the best way of shooting over the Nela valley. The evening previous to your start, encamp by the bridge over the Ursil at Kokoorā. The next day order your camp to be taken to the foot of the Fullaldaroo hill, and start yourself ahead. On getting to the crest of the ridge above your camp, a very steep pull of more than a mile, leave the road and go right up the hill through the birch forest to Manjee Kanta, a large flat just above, where you will most likely find burrell and perhaps a bear. You will meet with a few musk deer on the way. You may then cross the little stream, look over the next hill, and come down on your camp. In the morning order it to be brought some hours after you to Fullaldaroo, a few miles only, and go on yourself, as there may be burrell on the ground. It is a fine open hill side, of considerable extent, and a favourite resort of burrell: after looking well over the middle, go up along the edge of the ravine on the right, to near the snow and come down on that of the left. The remaining hills higher up and on the other side of the river you may either hunt over from here, or take your camp a mile or two further on. The sketch will give you some idea of the most like places for burrell, but of course they wander over every part. In Spring, bears are generally met with near the places where the sheep have been kept, and about damp spots where the vegetation has sprung up, at the borders of the jungle and the beds of the minor streams. After the rains they will be generally in the forest. From September, snow plicasants and partridges are plentiful, the former on the grassy slopes, and the latter when the vegetation begins to cease higher up the hill, though often together. In Spring, they are not nearly so numerous. The day before you leave the valley have your camp taken down to Bunkara, and go there after your shooting. The next, send it by Kokoorā to Seeangade or to Jallah, and if you can get across the rivers go yourself by Boldoree. You will have a good chance of finding burrell, musk deer, or a bear.

The valley of the Seeangade, Dumdar, is another favourite burrell ground. Take your camp at once up the Tangwa, from

whence you may hunt the whole. The hill right above the camp is one good place, and the ravine on the same side a little higher up, another. The hills opposite, up the two little streams, are generally sure finds, and the lower parts are likely for bears. On your return, if you can get a bridge made below, send your camp there, and crossing yourself at once, go up the opposite hill making a round to the left to come over Copla, and walking down along the ridge you will generally see burrell somewhere on the slant below. Musk deer, snow partridges and pheasants and moonalls are found here, as at Nela.

Koondara, the hill above Sookee, is the next burrell ground, and the last worthy of notice in this neighbourhood. From the village you go right up the hill, a pull of some miles, then across, and encamp at Mundoo. The first day's shooting should be right above the camp. This may be done on the same day you leave Sookee, by leaving the road when you get to the crest of the ridge, ascending the hill, making a round and coming down on the camp. The next day you will go up the ravine to the left, the bed of a glacier, hunting over the slopes on its left bank, and the third you may look over the hill opposite, Manjee Kanta. These two last places may be hunted over in one day, if game is found scarce. Musk deer are not here so plentiful as in the last grounds, but you will probably find a bear. Birds much the same. Tahr are often seen near the edge of the forest on Manjee Kanta.

The hill above Mecha on the opposite side of the river, part of which you see from Sookee, has a few burrell and tahr, but not in such numbers as to make it worth a visit, so we will go at once on to the Bengallee, or Kunowlee hill, famous for its magnificent tahr. I may remind you, if partial to bird shooting, that the fields around Sookee and above Jallah afford splendid sport at chuckores from the middle of September. From Sookee you can either go down the river to Bengallee, or cross over to the hill at once by Boo, and if you are at Koondara the latter is the shortest way, besides giving you a chance of getting a black or snow bear on the flat at Boo where you would encamp. There are two encampments on the Konowlee hill, Gungnane and Gotana. The first is about half way up on the Bengallee side; to a little distance above this, the hill is partially wooded, and rather thickly so to the left, but the tahr are generally found on the rocks and slopes above the forest. Gotana is just at the edge of the forest, on the side facing the Ganges. From this camp you may hunt down to the river, and on the rock in the direction of Sookee, which is the best place on the hill, and where tahr may always be found. Burrell are sometimes found high up on the Kunowlee hill. Goral, a few musk

deer, and at times a serow may be met with. Moonalls are plentiful, and in the cold weather snow pheasants and partridges. A black bear is generally found on some part of it. In the wood you pass through on leaving Bengallee, just before you get to the stream at the foot of the hill, woodcocks are numerous; and a little higher up, moonalls and a few argus. About the village are plenty of goral.

The Chowkee hill is another good tahr ground, while the forests below contain gerow, serow, musk deer, goral, a few black bears, and all the forest birds. Traces of tigers are often met with in the lower parts, though it is rare the animals are seen. It may be visited on the way up by crossing at Barrahoat, and either going up by Barragnddy or coming along the Ganges to Bina or Sowra. Being a pasture ground for sheep, there are different roads to it from almost every village in its neighbourhood. On your return from above, the best way to it is by keeping on the same side of the river from Dangulla, and going by Salung and Pelang. In spring, it should be visited on your road up, and after the rains, on your return from the higher regions; as, from the dense vegetation which springs up in summer, it is only fit to shoot over from October to May. It is the jutting end of a long ridge which runs from the snowy range above, and radiates into other minor ridges running from the point, and so irregular, that it would be difficult to give any correct idea of it by words. The summit and for about two miles down its many sides, is grassy and entirely free from bush or forest; in some parts rocky and precipitous, in others on a gentle slope. Below, on all sides is a dense forest. After the rains, the male and female tahr are found together on the rocks and slopes above the woods; but in Spring you will find there only females, the old males being in the dry and rocky parts of the forest below. There are three encampments on the hill, Chet-roona, Coos, and Chula. The first faces the south, and is about the best. The rocks to the west and N. west are sure finds, and the wood below is good for gerow. Coos is facing the east. Down the slope to the right of the ridge which runs upwards towards the snowy range you will generally find old male tahr, and in the morning or evening may see them from the crest of the ridge while out feeding. Chula faces the north, but is more likely for musk deer than for tahr. Many of the upper parts of the forest may be driven for the animals they contain, and if your men work willingly, some good sport may be had in this manner.

These are the best known and most extensive shooting grounds in the Ganges valley above Barrahaat, and most worthy of the sportsman's attention. There are many other spots where

good shooting may be had, for almost every hill affords something or other, but not worthy of particular remark. As a shooting route from Mussoorie to Gangootree, in Spring I would recommend the following. Cross the river at Barrahaat and come on the right bank to Jamka 10 miles. From there to Saba 8 miles, and from there up to Chetroona, on the Chowkee hill 14 miles. Spend two or three days about the hill, and go down to Pulga, 6 miles from Coos, where you may get a good evening's sport at goral. From here to Jiya, above Pelang, 8 miles. To Salung 9 miles. On this march you may get some good shooting at tahr and goral, by leaving the road on crossing the stream at the foot of the first hill, and hunting over the grassy slopes below it towards Salung. To Dangulla 14 miles. You may see a few goral or tahr on the road. From here visit the Kunowlee hill, shoot there a few days, and cross by Boo to Koondara. You may then visit Dumdard or Nela, and afterwards Gangootree.

It is not probable that many of my readers will make a trip into Thibet after the wild horses or *Ovis Ammon*, but I will give a brief outline of what such an excursion would be. At Derallee you must make your arrangements and get a supply of provisions for your men, for it is not likely you will get any thing from the Tartars. Your greatest difficulty will be in the carriage of this. Sheep travel slowly, and your best plan is, to make up as few loads as you can, dispensing with every thing not absolutely requisite, and for every loaded cooly you take, load another with supplies. You will then have sufficient for the camp for eighteen or twenty days. See that the men you take have all warm clothing, and a blanket to wrap themselves in at night. From Derallee you will go to Kireha, 15 miles. You cross the river at Jangla and shortly after have a rather steep ascent of a mile, then a few miles along the hill side and a slight descent to Gortogga, where you cross the Jad Gunga, and proceed a little above the river to your camp. The road lies through a cedar forest the whole way, and the ground being very rocky is but indifferent. There is no shooting.—To Nelang or Changso. Another rough march of 14 miles up the river, sometimes ascending a few hundred yards up the bank where the rocks interrupt the passage below. The left bank is a mass of precipitous rocks, rising in some places thousands of feet, all but perpendicularly above the river. You cross the river again at Nelang and encamp by the village. The Tartars will probably try to dissuade you from going further, and perhaps say they will not allow you to do so. Have nothing to say to them; they will not attempt to stay your progress by forcible measures. To Sonam, 14 miles. The country begins to be more open, but you lose the forest, except a few bushes, stunted cypress trees, and a species of willow near

the river. You see a few snowy peaks in the direction of Gangootre, the rest of the scene consists of naked rocks and slopes of various coloured earth. The road lies near the river and is tolerably good. At Sonam you will find wood rather scarce, but you may easily get a sufficiency for all purposes. Pullumsunder, 12 miles. The road continues up the little river, the country of the same character, but you soon lose sight altogether of trees and bushes. Burrell are often seen near the road, and you may probably get a few shots. At Pullumsunder you will get no wood except the dried stems of the small prickly shrubs which you must pull up by the roots. You are near 14,000 ft. in elevation. The hills here are rounder, of a gentler slope, and not so high as below. To the foot of the pass a little above Gunggoosunder, 6 miles. This short march will give your men a rest before crossing the pass, and yourself, too, if not inclined to go out after burrell. About two miles from your last camp you strike up a little ravine to the right, the other road leading to another pass. It is a pleasant walk, the ascent imperceptible, on a soft carpet like grass. Across the Jeela kanta pass to Choo, 10 miles. The ascent to the crest is about three miles. It is not steep, and the road good, but the rarefied air at this elevation makes it rather fatiguing to all, and very much so to those whom it affects with the headache and sickness common to these high regions. The pass is near 17,000 ft. There is no snow and a scant vegetation extends nearly to the summit. On the other side for a few miles the descent is gradual, when it turns down a steep declivity to the bed of a pretty large stream which runs into the Sutledge. Here you encamp. You may expect some of your men to be late, and you should see them all on the top of the hill, before you yourself commence the descent, or they may not arrive at all. Those affected much with the sickness will give in and lie down if left to themselves, while a little encouragement from yourself will enable them to get on. Any thing sour is a good remedy, and you should see that all get breakfast before starting. An empty stomach increases the effect tenfold. This march brings you on to your shooting ground. You have first to ford the stream, if very full a rather difficult affair, and after going on the road a few hundred yards, leave it, and turn up the bed of the first small stream you meet with on the right. For four miles you pass through a narrow gorge, making a considerable ascent when you come suddenly on some extensive table land, and low sloping hills. Here you will be immediately struck with the traces of the wild horses, their footprints completely covering the soft soil near the bed of the stream. Those of the *ovis ammon*, too will not fail attracting your attention though not so numerous. On emerging from

the narrow gorge you find a little stream entering from the right. About a mile further another, and two miles up this, close to the stream on the left bank, a large cave sufficient to contain all your establishment. This will be the best place to take up your quarters. From it you may hunt over the country around. Horses you will find every where; some singly, some in two's or three's or in large troops, but the ground being so open you will have to exert some ingenuity in getting within sure range. It is a pity to fire at and wound them at long ranges, leaving the poor animals to linger in agony. A few flocks of ovis ammon you are sure to meet with, and these will test your skill in stalking. Creeping within range of a flock of burrell or tahr on our side of the hills is mere child's play compared to stalking the O. ammon. They see you for miles, and when you are so fortunate as to see them first, it requires almost the powers of a savage to get within even a reasonable distance. Under ordinary circumstances to get a shot at these animals may be considered the acme of deer stalking. I have never been so fortunate as to get a male. May you have better luck. There are besides a few of the common burrell, snow pheasants, and a species of rock pigeon or sand grouse. The white leopard, and the fawn coloured one without spots, foxes and hares are found in this neighbourhood though but rarely seen. These undulating hills gradually descend on our hand towards the Sutledge, and on the other run up towards the great chain of the Himalayas. At the foot of the hill to the east about 10 miles off is Poling a little village on the road to Chap-rung.

Let us now return to the neighbourhood of Gangootree. You will probably wish to know something of the various routes from this quarter to other places of note. It will be sufficient here merely to mention them, as we shall probably have occasion to notice them more particularly at a future time. To Kedarnath, the pass opposite the temple at Gangootree has been mentioned. This may be considered as unknown. A second crosses at elevations of from 9 to 11,000 ft., the many ridges which branch from the range of snowy mountains between the two places. It is the best for shooting. The marches are; from Sookee to Hooree, 14 miles.—To Salung, 12 miles.—To Pelang, 12 miles.—Across the Chowkee hill to Pinsara, 16 miles.—Over the next ridge to Gewallee, 14 miles.—Across two more to Gangee, 18 miles.—Over the Pawallee hill to Tirjogee, 20 miles.—To Gowreeklund, and Kedarnath temple, two marches of 8 or 10 miles each. This route seems to have remained unknown to our travellers till the last few years. A third crosses from the Ganges at Soura or Bettarree, through the vallies of

Kattoor, Chula and Billing, and joins the former at the top of the Pawallee hill above Tirjogee. A fourth and the most common one leaves the Ganges at Barrahaat, and joins the last at Kattoor. To Mana and Buddrenath, except by Kedarnath, the only known pass leads from the Tartar village Nelang up the river which joins from the east a few miles above, and is described as a most difficult one of five days' journey. The Nelang pass to Thibit has been already noticed. To Koonawur, the nearest pass is up the Nela valley to Chiteool, five days' journey with loads and three without. It is between 16 and 17,000 ft. Nearly the whole of one day's march is on the snow, but it is by no means difficult. Another pass, the Changso Khago leads up the Choor gade river below Nelang. It is four days' journey from that place to Chiteool for an unloaded man. It is a very difficult one and upwards of 18,000 ft. The Koonawur people who often come to Nelang, prefer going round over the former and by Muckwa to crossing it. These two routes join at the head of the Baspa above Chiteool. Of the lower routes which cross the Jumna and Tonse, one is by Jummootree, through Burrassoor, and over the Roopin or Borenda to Saugla, and another viâ Kelso, crossing the Jumna lower down, up the Ramaserai valley and by Doda kooar and Beterree Mussoorie. To Jummootree, the direct road is from Sookee to Kursallee, across the Chya and Bamasoor passes, 13,000 and 13,500 ft., and is three good days' journey between the two places. Another goes down the Ganges to Barsoo, across the Diara hill to Kelso, 10,000 ft., and from there over Oonchala hill to Nisnee, about the same. This will be eight marches from Sookee to Kursallee. A third goes down to Barrahaat, and viâ Salma to Khotenoor on the Jumna. It is of course longer still.

To conclude this rambling paper, let me, as a brother sportsman, give you a few words of advice. To secure good sport, you will find the hearty co-operation of the villagers do more than hundreds of pages of any directions that could be given you. To obtain this—as well as your limited stay amongst them will permit—use them kindly, speak to them familiarly, and above all, see that they are paid the full amount of whatever is required for yourself and followers. In fixing the rate your men are to purchase supplies, lean to the side of the villagers, or let the vendors fix the rate themselves. It will never be unreasonable in this part of the country. Your shikaries and orderlies if not looked after will often take what they require without paying for it at all; saying that like the Rajah's chuprassies they are allowed to do so! These things you must see about yourself, and before you leave a place, ask the villagers if they have been paid for every thing. Hearing no complaints is no criterion that they

have been fairly dealt with. In out of the way places particularly, they will put up with the little loss in silence, if they can but get you away quickly. The treatment they receive precedes you from village to village, and the probable consequence of your visit is canvassed long before you reach the place. If you have come out for sport you will soon find the advantage of possessing their good opinion.

MOUNTAINEER.

COLONIALS VERSUS ARABS.

In these days of reform, I think the gentlemen sportsmen of the far East ought not to be behind their European friends. What I at present more particularly allude to is, the absurdity and unfairness of showing such favour to the breed of Arab horses on our Indian Turf. That it is absurd and unfair must be clear to every just reasoner. I willingly allow that if English horses were admitted on equal terms the racing would be confined entirely to Englishers, but this favour to Arabs militates much against obtaining a good class of horses from breeders in this country, N. S. Wales and the Cape. I have no desire on this occasion to enter into a disquisition on the merits of the far-famed steeds of the desert as *saddle* horses. I am a light weight myself, and as *hacks* I certainly prefer them to any class of horses I have been astride in this country. Few of them however are really *up to* more than 12 stone: by *up to* I mean fit to carry that weight "the pace" after a good hog, or jump the Gowripoor fences without that spluttering and splattering as they "take off" which I have observed to be so common among Arabs. And what an extravagant sum (certainly not under 1,600 Rs.) must one come down with before possessing such an animal. The old Sheik or Abdool Rymah may stroke their beards and give a smile of contempt at the idea of their favorites being mentioned in the same breath with the — *Walers* as the Sheik (*derisively* it may appear to some but to my eye, *jealously*) is pleased to designate them, but I have been taught as before in these matters by dearly bought experience, and I beg now, Mr Editor, in the pages of your *Review*, strongly to urge the present class of *Walers* on the notice of a discerning public, sporting as well as non-sporting. There is one bit of advice though I would here

give. It is this. Every one has, I dare say, observed the timidity of Walers on their being brought fresh from confinement on ship-board. This arises from the horrible treatment they there receive. They are for the most part shipped from Sydney, &c., quite unbroken, slung on board-ship and huddled together like so many sheep.* This timidity (I have a hundred instances before me) too often degenerates into *rice* through the brutality and carelessness of the native syces, and the want of proper attention on the part of the owner. No one in my estimation deserves to have a good horse in his stable (and what more faithful and hard working animal is there in creation) who will not himself make any exertion to see that horse's wants and comforts are attended to and that he is gently and kindly treated. Kindness judiciously applied will, with but very few exceptions, bring the most timid and the worst tempered round. I have at the present moment in my possession a Waler gelding, who, when I first bought him at auction, a bag of bones for 600 Rs., was so timid that he almost went mad with fright if I touched or went near him. Well, I was determined at once to set about a cure for this as otherwise he was a very promising nag, and has since proved himself a right good one. In three weeks with gentle coaxing, feeding from the hand, &c. he became as quiet as the quietest Arab, and took not the slightest notice of my pulling his tail and handling him all over. Let those who have been disappointed on buying a fine looking fresh Waler, and finding that by the time he got into anything like working condition, he was so timid and restless as to render him perfectly useless, just expend another Rs. 600 or Rs. 700, next cold weather, on a horse of the same description and try my system of *kind treatment*, and my word for it I shall have thanks upon thanks for my advice. I think I am within the mark when I say that half of the Walers that come to this country are spoilt by bullying and want of proper treatment. The Arabs are differently educated, which fully accounts for their erroneously supposed great natural docility. I will now put a question to the sporting public of India, more especially to my friend in the North West, whose prospectuses with their 7lbs. and 1 stone extra on particular classes of horses truly disgust me. What is the *boni fide* reason of this favour which you vouchsafe to Arabs? By such favour you are only putting a premium on an

* If this should meet the eye of any shipper of Australian horses to this country, let me strongly counsel him to have his cattle better looked after on board ship. If they were to be sold in anything like decent condition and not cut about and scratched as we see so many of them, their owner would be a gainer of more than 50 per cent.

inferior class of horses, and doing away with the great object of the Turf. The sooner such unmeaning and absurd partiality is thrown overboard the better. Poets no doubt have in all ages sung the praise of the Arab steed, but Poets have in general but little experience in the practical part of horse-dealing. It is this absurd system of protection that keeps the price of Arabs so high. I would not complain if they were to be had for Rs. 500 or Rs. 600 which is their full worth, but as it is now we allow the Sheik &c. to have their large commission and the livery stable-keepers their ruinous, (to the real owner*) profit for the purpose of fostering an avowedly inferior article, while the N. S. Wales breed is daily improving. The best blood that can be obtained from the mother country is now to be found there. I saw the other day 2 year olds mentioned as running their miles easily in 1-52!! In fact if we were to give them due encouragement, we should very soon see there a class of horses almost rivalling those of old England. As to country-breds I am sorry to say, *they* do not improve. True we had a clipper this year in Mr Forester's Pretender, but generally speaking breeding in this country is a failure. Solely, I believe, through want of judgmatical treatment. The stud cattle are known to be falling off most grievously. The reason of this I unhesitatingly believe is that the officers who are at the head of it, have not their heart and soul in their employment. A man to be useful in the stud department must have a genuine love for the noble animal—an eye to his good points and a pride in producing those good points.† Besides this the trammels of the Military Board must be removed.

For myself if I had the framing of race prospectuses I would gradually sink all difference in weight as regards particular classes of horses. By all means have races for English, races for Waters, races for Capers, races for Arabs, races for C. Bs. but in the name of fair-play don't in the grand Cup races heap weight on English and Colonials. Let every man please himself in regard in the class of the horse he prefers to train and run. Ought not the prize go to the swiftest? Then

* If ruinous to the real owners—who continues to send Arabs to the market!
—A. E.

† Rather a good story was related to me by a friend the other day. An Arab horse, *cow kneed* to a deformity, was purchased for 1,400 Rs., to serve in Hon'ble John's stud as a stallion. My friend expressed surprise at this apparent oversight on the part of the stud official, but that worthy's only answer was this—
"Oh—we easily counteract these things in the stud. When a stallion is so formed we put a mare to him with contrary shaped knees, and then we are sure to hit the happy medium!!!!"

why reverse this just order of things except you wish perpetually to keep before your eyes the old saying that "the race is not always to the swift." I feel shame at the thought that the truth of the saying is too often exemplified in this country. If Arabs are the best horses that can be brought to the post in India, let them prove it by their deeds—but I beseech you Indian sportsmen to give fair-play to Colonial and English breeders. Do so and you will soon see what a change there will be for the better in our Indian race horses, who add so much to relieve the dreary life we lead in India.

HARRY.

SHOTS FROM MY RIFLE.—NAINEE TAL TO THE JHEELUM.

At 5½ o'clock p. m. on the 1st of April, 1848, I left Moradabad for the lake in a doolee. Bill (the little terrier I lost, returning from Pinduree) at my feet, until tired of—to him—so novel a mode of conveyance, when he jumped out and ran along side for twenty or thirty miles! Reached Kalla Doongie bungalow at 5½ A. M. next morning, where I found my pony awaiting. Breakfasted at Kalla Patta in my tent, (having taken the precaution of sending it on for the purpose); but not until I had a mussuck of cold water, which refreshed me the more as I had walked between the two places, a distance of seven miles over shingle, and latterly up an ascent of some elevation. Left at about 10 o'clock on the same tat, which brought me to Mr S.'s Hotel at 1 p. m. Last half of the road hot; even through a solah topee and an umbrella I felt the sun very disagreeable to say the least. Nor did Billy enjoy it, poor dog. Found the rhododendron in full bloom, and gorgeously beautiful it certainly was with its bright scarlet bell-shaped blossoms, twenty or thirty in number at the ends of the branches with a frill of long green leaves at the base of each cluster. These and the various other flowers and blossoms intermixed with variegated trees of purple, yellow, copper and various shades of green hued foliage of the multiform trees, gave a very beautiful appearance to some of the hill sides, rendered conspicuous by a contrast with others of a bare and rugged character—to wit, Deo Patta and the face of Cheenah.

4th.—Took a walk with my gun and dog along the top of Sherka-danda; struck off to the back and after looking at Lurya

Kanta came round to the front brow above the lake. Saw a gooral above the new Almorah road but he did not wait to be shot at. I afterwards put up some koklas pheasants in pairs and singly. The calling of the cock bird brought me up to one brace, but firing at them with a No. 1 Ely's cartridge at too short a distance, I did not shoot them. The hill pheasants are difficult to spring, preferring running to flying, which fact excuses one from taking a pot shot. As by this time I was enveloped in clouds and could not see down the precipices, I returned.

5th.—Walked up to the top of Cheenah and down the back some way. Before reaching the top of the pass, and when still in sight of Cheenah peak, I saw two gooral; they broke away however without my getting a shot, till subsequently when I fired at one of them at three hundred yards across three kuds. He had a narrow escape. Got another, a snap shot at one of two kâkur, which I did not see till within forty yards. All the deer tribe of the hills when they hear any thing approaching stand, look, and listen till the object of their alarm has come in sight, when they scud away, generally with a cry of alarm. On several occasions have I fired at deer from ambush, whilst the object of pursuit, whether gooral or kâkur, remained standing, not knowing which way to fly from the threatening danger. Heard a jerow break cover; shortly afterwards I espied him walking leisurely away over a piece of green turf thousands of feet below me. After seeing a brace of koklas disappear down a rocky precipice, I succeeded in bagging a cock bird at a spring well behind the peak. Here I enjoyed a biscuit and a glass of sherry in a little of the cold, clear and delicious water. *En route* back, did not see any thing as mist was hanging about.

6th.—Out seven hours, walking all the way with the exception of from my rooms to Longview; from which place I proceeded to the Land-slip, going on up the kud on the right. Traversed the cliffs, overlooked the Fir-tree-Park and egressed at the third milestone on the Kalla Putta road, returning over the brow of Aya-Patta, overlooking the lake. Near the Land-slip I had a shot at a gooral at two hundred yards. She rolled a couple of hundred feet down a precipice when I bagged her; she was shot through the shoulder. Saw five more, two of them went up part of the slip some five hundred yards of apparently perpendicular rock; also a jerow and a brace of koklas. The jerow was a long way off and going into some dense jungle. The hollows on the top of Aya-Patta contained many hail-stones of a shower which fell the evening before. Many of the stones were as large as pullet's eggs.

7th.—Returning from Budha-kot five miles off, where I had been in the morning, I saw about twelve gooral and a brace

of koklas, ought to have had a couple of the former; they were not more than two hundred yards off and I had several shots. Passed a place called Muroree, a pretty spot and highly cultivated with grain and a kind of vetch, among which the slot of jerow were numerous. I also saw there marks of a recent visit to the khets by a bear. *Aprpos* of bears, a young one was killed by a native a few days back at "the swing;" he shot him at a close distance.

9th.—Having the previous day sent up my shouldaree, cooking utensils, provisions, furniture, &c., with a few servants, I followed.—Having reached my tent which was rather beyond the Peak of Cheenah and among some trees, I walked on whilst breakfast was being prepared. But a short time had elapsed ere I saw a gooral going away at a rapid pace, did not fire but looked for another in the same place which I had reason to suppose was there. Soon discovered one behind a rock—about half his body visible. Took a steady aim and heard the ball strike. Billy saw him and went after him for a couple of hundred yards, when he returned—his facebeaming with intelligence (as much as possible). Following him, he brought me to the spot where he had lost the chase on the brink of a precipice—where was formed a pool of blood. Finding he had managed to get out of reach, I returned to breakfast. In the evening I strolled out and saw some gooral and kakur, *en route* back from Muroree, four miles off. I also saw some pheasants. Just as he was disappearing over a precipice I fired at one of the gooral, shot him hard at fifty yards. During the day the thermometer ranged from 60° to 70° in the shade.

10th.—Early in the morning I knocked over a kakur at one hundred and fifty yards. He came down to drink in a small stream below and having quenched his thirst, was returning up the acclivity. Allowed him to get to the top, when I fired rolling him over; he fell two hundred feet or so back again to the stream. Bill reached it nearly at the same time and fastened on the throat of the deer. Sent him to the tent, and continued my route—as my shekarry thought—to Mulla Bugger. After going about six miles the fellow told me he had mistaken the road, so determining to make the best of it, feeling tired and heated, I went down below to the river Bhore. Had some refreshment; after which the gurgling of the stream lulled me to sleep in a small cave. The stream was rapid, but the water clear and cold. After my *siesta* a bathe in it was most refreshing. For upwards of an hour my dog was my only companion, the shekarry having gone on to a village for a guide and coolie to carry one of my guns. The women, one and all, in the village of Adhaura above, refused peremptorily to act in either capacity, although I held out

a rupee to them—generally sufficient inducement for them to comply with one's wishes. About half way I passed through some cultivation on table-lands. There I saw a quail and the buttons of a hare. Lower down I sprung a nide of kallich, out of which I got a cock bird. I know not how, but I missed a gooral at thirty yards; had he not been so close, I dare say I would have hit him. On reaching the tent, I was surprised at finding my wounded gooral of the night before had been found by the coolie, who took back the kukur in the morning. He traced him.

11th.—Recovered myself from the fatigues of a hard day's work, but my man not being sufficiently so, I did not go far before breakfast. When I awoke the koklas were calling all round the tent. Sprung a brace, and a cheer cock. Frightened some half dozen gooral, but got none. The large gad fly was particularly numerous and troublesome during the day time on Cheenah. The thermometer was as low as 50° during the night and did not rise above 80° in the sun. Much jungle was being burnt nightly on the hill sides. 'Twas a wild and grand sight at the dead of night to watch the progress of these fires; the bright red flames and dense smoke ascending, and to notice the different forms of the trunks of the large oak trees ignited, their branches crackling the while. Nothing could stay the progress of these fires, their food being so inflammable. Thin walls were visible as low down as Quota on the edge of the terrai. From a commanding spot the view of the snowy range and intervening country was of a clear morning peculiarly grand when the peaks were gradually being lit up by the rays of "the king of day." At which hour the thrush and black bird enlivened the woods with their songs, conveying to the listener thoughts of dear Home. Woodpeckers might be heard "tapping the hollow beech tree;" the cuckoo too in the dells, and the noble eagle seen soaring aloft; whilst numerous small birds in brilliant scarlet or yellow plumage were glittering in the sun or amongst the branches. Yet, whilst these beautiful objects attracted the attention, the flowers carpeting the turf were not doomed to be passed by unnoticed; the blossoms of some of the trees being fragrant and of lively colors and the plants shewing a great variety from a few of gigantic dimensions, to many smaller proportioned, of blue, white and yellow tinted flowers.

12th.—Shot a cheer cock, and missed a kakur though I made a good shot at him at two hundred and fifty yards. Saw a few gooral a long way off.

13th.—Struck my tent and came down by Mr S.'s house on S—ke—d. Impressed with an idea that it is worth while making Cheenah one's head quarters for a few days when tired of the

emmi occasioned by the sameness of the routine of every day at the lake. There are many localities beyond within an easy distance, which are high and well situated for game. The climate is bracing.

14th.—Th—l—l, (an ardent young sportsman and a good shot with either rifle or fowling piece, as well as a first rate companion who never fails in his resources for killing time) brought in a gooral—the only game I have heard of as having been brought in up to present date by other than self.

15th.—S., (my companion in my Pindur trip,) and I, just where the new Almora road turns off near Stoneleigh came upon some gooral suddenly. We each had pretty close shots. S. wounding his, but failing in bagging him. On L. R. we saw some five more, and I had a shot at 200 yards. We also sprung some cheer and heard others as well as a kakur.

19th.—We went out again trying A. P. going up by the rocks above M.'s house and home by Longview taking the land-slip *en route*. At the rocks we saw recent marks of a bear. If there live on this hill at any time these animals, they must take up their residence here, I should say, from the nature of the ground. *The rocks are large and having cliffs betwixt them; and, combined with the large trees they effectually exclude the rays of the sun, as well as the inquisitive eye of the passer-by. This is the place about which jerow would take up their abode too. Indeed not far off from it we watched a stag and three hinds for some time across a kud. S. got a shot at 80 or 100 yards, at a young kakur; and I, at one bird of a large hide of kallick pheasants sprung by Bill.

20th.—I saw a gooral on highest peak of S—ke—d; fired, but missed. Provoking to say, my man was behind with my second gun when three others got up. Heard a kakur below the Almora road. Went down 1½ or 2 miles—found him, but failed in making a bag. Here saw a gooral and some pheasants. A tiger has been brought in from a village four miles at the back of the Club and just off the Bumouree road. He had been committing extensive depredations in the flocks of a native; who at last succeeded in trapping him. Probably he was the same which walked off with three heifers on Major A's estate, killing them all though they were tied together!

21st.—Saw a gooral on the land-slip and heard two kakur in Fir-tree-Park towards Kurpa Tal. Coming back heard of a leopard at the 2d milestone.

25th.—T. having sent out his tent to near the village of Kureeah, and having asked me to accompany him, we started for that village early and got in for breakfast. Before we had passed Bhins-khet, we heard a kakur barking—got a sight of him

at 300 yards and made a good shot, but did not hit him. Shortly afterwards one of his brethren presented himself; he too had a narrow escape. T. on arrival thereat went beyond the tent. I saw several kakur and black partridges bringing in one of the latter. His men saw a jerow—supposed to be the same animal as their master fired at in the evening: “on which occasion he stunned him so as to allow him to reload and give him a second ball, which rolled him over; when he went up to him and was in the act of cutting his throat with his hunting knife; at which period the stag gave him a kick in the bread-basket, rolling him down a precipice—the jerow following the impetus given him by the kick.” T.’s story goes on:—“At the bottom they both regained their legs and the quarry made off. Had the puharies been up instead of running off or keeping back in the cowardly manner they did, they might have held down the deer by his antlers until the death-stroke was given.” The firing and the rushing, attracted me to the scene of action, when I found T. sitting on a rock and looking very disconsolate, with his clothes all torn. Left men to look after the animal, and retraced our steps homewards after our hero had sufficiently recovered from his bruises—towards which, a glass of grog tended by no means immaterially. Previously, I had tried my luck along the brow of a hill lying south, and back by the river which runs out of the lake. Saw three kakur, but being at the time on ground where I had no footing on which I could depend, I did not get a shot at any of them, as they were off before I could steady myself.

26th.—We went in opposite directions—I in a N. E. and then $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile to the north to a place where the villagers told me there were jerow, kakur and gooral. Saw a place also where two surrows were killed a year before. The kallich plentiful in all the ravines. T. left for the lake sore from the encounter with the jerow of the evening before. The coolies returned this morning, saying, they had followed him up three miles, but did not get him. The common flies were very numerous here, and a great nuisance, more particularly as we were irritable from the heat which was considerable—60° to 90° in the tent. The place we selected to encamp upon was a grassy table-land, which was the uppermost of many hoasting fine crops of corn; the edges of the terraces were covered with yellow raspberries and pomegranate trees. This evening I passed in the open and watching for a tiger or leopard, which I was told was expected to pay a certain cow-shed a visit. It was the same shed at which the tiger brought in some days ago slew a cow and wounded another—whose wound I myself saw,—a blow on the neck. Did not hear a single beast of any kind, however, save the timid kakur. Ear-

ly in the evening I brought down a cock kallich flying at 50 yards with ball.

28th.—Came up the Bumonee road to the lake before breakfast. *En route* Bill put up some kallidge pheasants. Heard that a tiger was near us a few days ago; he killed a tattoo.

4th May.—Saw ten gooral on the spurs between L—v and the round hill further on, wounded one of them.

6th.—Saw eight more on S—ke—d.

8th.—Shot one at Major A.'s estate at 100 yards; he lay for five minutes apparently dead, when he got up and ran some yards tumbling down a declivity really so. Shortly afterwards two more appeared standing on the top of a projecting rock further on; directed two friends to them and returned for my swim before breakfast.

10th.—Went along the cliffs on A.'s estate and home by the Dhobee's ghat, above which I lost a male kakur which I wounded and traced by his blood for a mile or more.

12th.—On the ridge on which there is a slate quarry on A.'s ground, saw some gooral and shot a cock cheer through the neck with ball at 50 yards.

13th.—Sent up a tent and tried Cheenah again. The first morning I saw nothing. Evening: went out and about sunset lay down on the top of the land-slip and watched some gooral coming up to feed. Saw about twelve. For full five minutes I kept my eye on one ascending steadily and cautiously, till when a hundred yards off; when, I fired and killed him with a ball through the neck. I also saw three jerows. About mid-day an interesting sight presented itself—a fine old gooral on the top of a rock 250 yards off engaged watching me in my tent. Whilst preparing to dethrone him he descended. It was the prettiest mark I ever saw.

14th.—Saw 14 and a kakur. Two gentlemen encamped at the head of the valley between Cheenah and Deo Patta. I subsequently heard they had pretty good sport, killing a surrow or two and several gooral in a few days. They saw as many as 40 in one day more than once. Evening: went along the sheep walk in the middle of the face of the land-slip. Saw 10 gooral on it, and the rocky spurs and grassy slopes which it leads to.

10th July.—Shot a gooral. He got up at 50 yards, and ran down about 150 more, when he pulled up. I shot him through the head at 200 yards.

14th.—Before sunrise, on the K. P. road. Tara, my slickarry, pointed out 3 kakur at 150 yards, two of them went off—the third remaining. I had a shot at that distance and rolled him over by a ball in the head. Strange to say though I ham-strung and tied his legs, *en route* home, so the coolie said, he disengaged

them and was almost getting off. Went on to D. P. where I started a few gooral and saw marks of a bear. Two have lately been seen on Cheenah.

24th.—Bagged another deer—a gooral at 200 yards, shot him through the shoulder and had a good chance at 30 yards with my fowling piece, but it missed fire. Saw in all nine below the cliffs.

1st August.—Another gooral below the round hill, and first saw him with three others about 2,000 feet below me. Took an hour to get down—when I got a shot at 80 or 100 yards. He was standing sentry on the very rock on which I first saw him. On going up to bag him, I found he had managed to gain a small thick bush a little way off under which he was lying. Got up to a very few yards of him, determining he should not escape, but I could not command the elements—rain was falling heavily, and my gun, the nipple being wet, would not go off; some 10 or a dozen caps were snapped, but in vain. At length I desisted trying, and as he had not moved all this time, I thought I might creep up and give him his death-blow with my hunting knife. But no, he would not let me up, but made off. Having searched for an hour or so in vain I left my man, and was gratified in the evening by his bringing him in. Shame on me! When I examined my rifle I found I had omitted to put in the powder, which was the reason of its not going off!

8th.—Went up the Cheenah Pass, and after reaching the top, down the other side, and along the land-slip and grass covered hills behind. Had four shots. Hit the first gooral I fired at, but did not get him; however, I got two others, a young and old one at 100 yards. One of them was sleeping, and after I fired never got up again.

25th to 30th.—Out at Kupnlta with T. and E. It is situated about 12 miles from the lake, and immediately off the old Almora road. On the right hand side and on a spur overlooking the river and a wide expanse of cultivation, millet, rice, wheat, &c. the first day T. got a gooral, the only one seen. In the evening I came upon a large covey of chikore, bagging however only a brace. T. got $\frac{1}{2}$ brace of young kallich.

On the 30th.—T. went to B. K. (where B. and C. shot half a dozen gooral and kakur; and saw some bears early in the season), leaving E. on old ground; who subsequently went on to near Bumoulee, where he saw some of the bruin tribe and wounded a small one. T. returned some days afterwards, having seen a few serrow, and a sounder or two of pigs.

15th September.—Jaac, 5 miles from the tal on old Almora road.—Party: T.; H.; C.; and self. This place lies a little on the tal side of Budla-kote and below the latter. The hill sides are rocky and having good grass cover. They hold a few gooral

above towards the fir trees, and below, pigs and serrow, as well as pheasants in the kuds.

16th.—Fulkiana, 5 miles. A good deal of table land here, where kakur and chikore feed of a morning or evening in the cultivation—millet, pulses and grain. A few miles lower down the S—ke—d river flows into the Kossilla.

17th.—Seumulkee, some miles on. The camp was pitched under a semul tree some 30 feet in circumference at the base of the trunk—at a guess. On the road I shot 3 brace of chikore, and C. in the evening got 2 brace, I another. The latter also tried some of the best pools of the river, Kossillah, with large salmon flies, some of which were walked off with by fish of unusual size. I got a shot at a gooral above a large village behind our tent in some very good ground above a sheet of wheat cultivation.

18th.—C., H. and I moved to the other side of the river and ascended about 2,000 feet to Bumoulee. Hearing there were some bears in the neighbourhood, in the evening we, with a great deal of difficulty, went down a dangerous kud or ravine, at the termination of which was a cave, which one or more evidently had occupied at one time. From this we, at the risk of our lives—I never crossed or climbed such places—got up above on the opposite side and went up along it. When we had gained about three-fourths of the ravine an alarm was raised ahead. Several bears were on foot. Now commenced such a scene as I never before witnessed—ourselves running up, guns in hand—hot and out of breath, the villagers yelling like savages and an old she-bear and cubs making up the ravine with as much speed as their clumsiness would admit of. At length she was marked down in a thick bush, rendered almost impregnable from several years' growth of creepers. Upon this stronghold the people directed a merciless fire of large stones, forcing her at length to bolt. We had all of us taken up a position about 50 yards off, and as she appeared, gave her a volley from our guns. She answered each blow with a loud and by no means musical grunt. The cubs got off owing to the decline of day. Madam succeeded in gaining a small stream below, where she sought concealment in some dense cover; but on going down, she would or could not show fight: a shot at a few paces—and her misery closed. About twelve men were required to carry her in. She proved in fine case, and we indulged in dreams of bears-grease, but—to such an extent were we done by our men—only, got a bottle or two instead of a dozen or twenty, which she ought to have yielded. This was the only bear which I heard of as having been brought in, in the vicinity of the lake, during my stay. There may have been some after.

19th.—H. got a brace of chickore. I came over without having bagged anything; he had lost a kakur badly wounded. He was naturally annoyed at not having been present at the death of the bear, but congratulated us.

Leopards were crying all night long.

20th.—The party divided and dispersed—H. and C. to North, S. T. and self to Bagaun on Almora road. Found it a pretty road, though tiresome, narrow and steep.

21st.—Caught a brace of mahascer of middle size, losing a casting line with a couple of white trout flies, run off with, by a large fish. There is a suspension bridge here. From this we went on to Almora, where after some time T. had a good day at Hawul Bang, with the quail; killing I think 73 head in as many minutes. Mr F. of Almora also made an unusually large bag the same or following day. Besides quail, woodcocks, snipe, chickore and black partridges are common at this delightful spot in their seasons. Messrs W. and F. are the sportsmen *par excellence* of Almora;—at least so I understand.

Numerical list of game killed in the vicinity of Nainee Tal, per *on dits*, during my stay:—

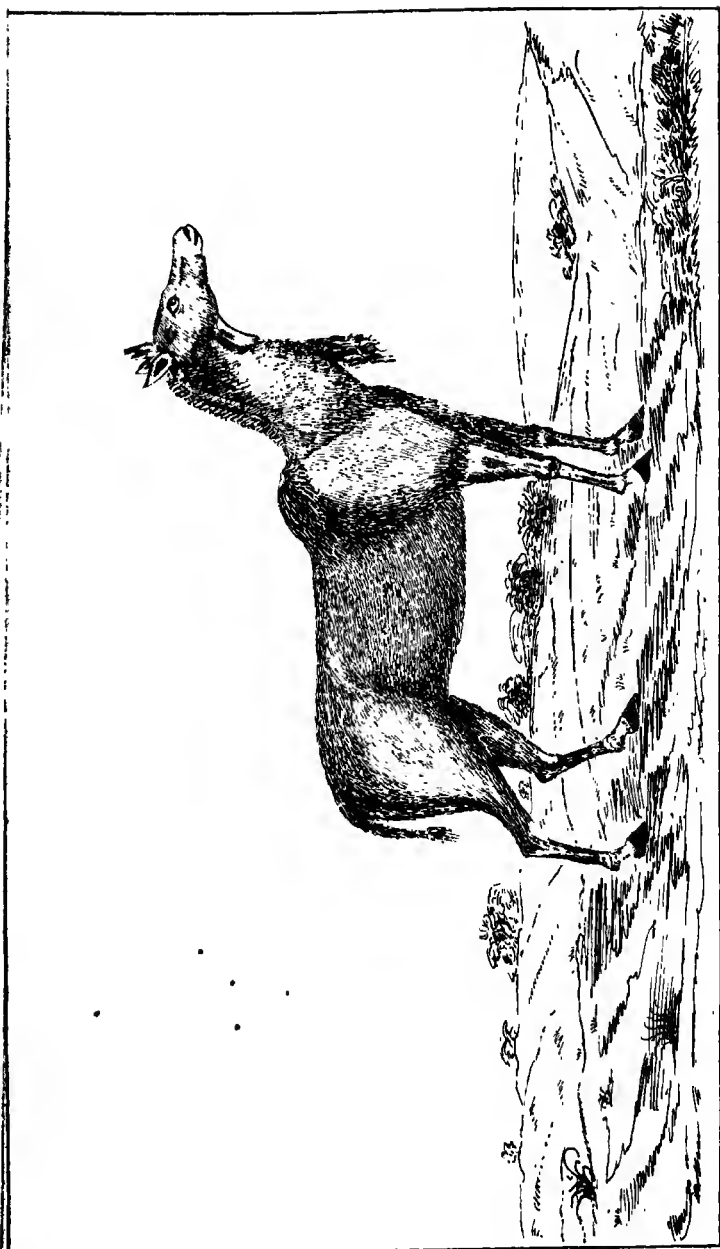
Capt. B. 1 tiger; 3 jerow; 4 serrow and upwards of a dozen gooral and kakur. The latter small fry he scorned, confining himself to noble game. His chums, Messrs F. and C. 1 leopard and upwards of a dozen gooral, kakur, and serrows each; the leopard to the former. Myself 10 gooral and kakur; accounts of the death of which I have given above. Several other gentlemen went out occasionally to while away time or enjoy the pastime, bringing in as many divided as $\frac{1}{2}$ the above—at a guess. In all about 100 head of deer, by, say 15 different *guns*. Of course in my every day rambles I met with the same deer over and over again to the end of the chapter; nevertheless, I would fain believe that I have proved to him who may have done me the honor of perusing the above pages from my journal, that it may be worth his while to go out now and then, gun in hand, for a stroll before breakfast, or, of an evening at Nainee Tal; or, into the interior for a few days for change of air and scene.

I was told at N. T. by one of his own corps, that the year before, a certain Queen's officer made a trip into the heart of the hills in the cold weather, and in one short month slew one hundred and fifty head of deer of kinds, besides considerably above twelve bears. But this was from Mussoorie. I imagine, with a host of beaters one *might* be as successful starting from the lake. I most likely shall not visit Nainee Tal again; so, addressing her in the words of our favourite poet, "Fare thee well—and if for ever, still for ever fare thee well." I will, craving the patience of my reader, descend to the plains.

To peaceful Moradabad, and from thence journey to the never-to-be-forgotten Chilleeanwallah, and Goojrat the ever-memorable (where the heavy guns were so lately booming) and bid him adieu at our new station. I left the former station six months ago. I would not, even *could* I, dwell on its capabilities, as they are generally well known. The station being on the edge of the terrai, the vicinity is prolific in all kinds of game, from the elephant to the button quail, including rhinoceros, tigers, saumber, spotted and hog deer, antelope, pigs, leopards, bears, peafowl, florican, partridge, snipe, &c. &c. Come we now to Umballa *viâ* Saharunpoore. Along the road to the former place, there is little shooting except at the Jumna, left bank, where a snipe jheel is an inducement to go out. At the latter station there are water-fowl, snipe, quail, &c. in the season in the immediate vicinity. Leaving Umballah, Puteallah, two marches on, comes next in the list of good shooting places. Here commences a dak and thorn jungle, holding neelgye, antelope, &c. Twelve miles further on I shot one of the latter at 80 yards, running; and fifteen miles ahead saw some of the former, wounding one, a fine male, at 150 yards. The next halting place—though there is no jungle, is as good a place as I have ever seen. Before reaching it we passed thousands of antelope in large herds in ploughed fields. In the evening of that day I knocked over three; one of them at 100 yards, but he got up again and went off as if untouched. Returning, I came across a young thing of six or seven weeks old lying (or perhaps squatting to avoid observation) at the base of a sand hillock. He let me up to 50 yards of him, when I sent a ball right through him. I now sent a coolie to hag him, but (such is the tenacity of life of this tribe,) he got off out of his hands. I ran a mile at least and might eventually have secured him, but he disappeared in some undulatory ground. Subsequently I got another of about one or two months. Had I not been exasperated at losing the others, I would have been indeed sorry to shoot such an innocent little thing, but perhaps it was all for the best—a worst fate seemed to await it. Two foxes were eying it (it had no parent at hand); and as it seemed unconscious of their intentions, evidently, it would have fallen a victim. Till I fired at it I mistook the two reynards for fawns too, not observing their brushes. Hereabout the larger sand grouse were plentiful; also blue rock-pigeons. All along the next march there were antelope. I was not my own master, else might have got one or two. However, halting at a place called Wudnee, I find by my note book I shot a buck there. Went out alone at two o'clock, and returned at 8, finding the mess in a state of excitement at my non-appearance. My ex-

planation was—I had to carry the game $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles on my back until I got a coolie. I had wandered out alone; 'twas dark before I bagged him, and had it not been for two children who guided me to a village, the cold ground might have been my bed that night. These enumerated, were all the deer I bagged on the march up. At Misreewalla, near Ferozepore, I saw some chikore and a small bustard.

On the other side the Sultej 'twas considered unsafe going out, as the jungles were reported to harbour hordes of Sikh plunderers: between the Sultej and Ravee, Utter Sing was pillaging. In the Doab between the latter and the Chenaub till the enemy were driven across, 'twould have been madness to go far. However one could hardly have been remunerated, except perhaps at Jubber, where there were antelope, bustard, hares and black partridges in a dense thorn jungle. At Ramnugger, after the coast was cleared—people ventured out up and down the river. Five small bustard were killed by one of the 69th; also some grey curlew. There were about twelve of the former which kept in a pack, and frequented the same ground for some time. A few hares also were killed by one of the 22d, and some geese and other waterfowl. I shot a grey goose with ball at 100 yards. They fed of a morning in the cultivation. A gallant commandant of Irregular cavalry was very persevering in going out after the numerous flights of a kind of crane; he shot between one and two dozen I believe, and dubbed them *coolen*. *Entre nous*, I am pretty certain they were not the kind of bird which, bearing that name, are described in a back No. of *Maga*, by JUMNA. I saw some of the *real* coolen, with the crest, but was not successful in bagging any. I recollect shooting one of the former birds on the march up, and after keeping him some days, had him served up at table, when to my vexation he tasted as bad as he looked. I understood it to be the coolen: now that bird is declared to be delicious! A mahaseer, a long time after I left, was landed here; he proved to be 60lbs. in weight. They would not rise to the fly. Between Ramnugger and the Jheelum there was a good deal of dak and thorn jungle, rank grass and a little jow, with, interspersed, a little sugar-cane and other crops. The game observed were—antelope, ravine deer, bustard and hares. All these ought to be found on the low range of hills at the extremity of which Russool is built. The trans-Jheelum, or salt range of hills, looked inviting, being covered with jungle and ravines. Here mahaseer rose to the fly. At Goojrat I shot a small bustard. I marked him down one day when out riding; cantered to camp and went back to the same spot, about a couple of miles out, and shot him. There were only three seen altogether I



NYLGHAW.

think. A few antelope, water-fowl and a kind of black-legged plover were the remaining denizens of the little jungle and surrounding expanse of plain and cultivation.

A very few hares (in a dak jungle a mile off), a few smaller land grouse, and a ridiculously small number of quail are all the game our new station can boast of—now that the water-fowl have gone out of season. There may be more quail at the latter end of the season when the khets are decreased; also more hares and some jackals and foxes for the greyhounds. My friend T. (of Nainee Tal celebrity) shot two of the large bustards the other day at Emenabad, both with one ball. One weighed 19½lbs. the other 13½lbs. The shooting of all kinds at Rawul Pindee is reported to be superior. I should like much to explore the country between the Jheelum and Peshawur, with my gun and rod to while away time. Hoping I may yet have an opportunity of enjoying the pastimes afforded by these implements—to which we are much indebted, as helping to make one's existence bearable in this sunny clime—in the north of our newly acquired territory, where the climate is more congenial to “an exile of Erin,” and the hills and clear and pebbly rivers remind of “sweet home,” I will bid my readers adieu—for a season.

FIELDSMAN.

NEAR WUZEERABAD.

ANTELOPE PICTA ● THE NYLGHAU.

This is the next largest deer, standing generally about 11 hands.

A full grown male is known by being of a deep slaty blue colour, whereas the female and a young male are generally of, a tawny red, the colour changing to the latter till it arrives at maturity. From the forepart of the neck hangs a bunch of long hair, and a similar tuft terminates the tail; the horns are short and nearly straight, having a slight curve backwards.

They are very common throughout the districts of Oude, Gwalior, Bundelkund, and the Punjaub, roving about in patches of light jungle, in immense herds: they are very powerful and vicious.

They cannot be considered as affording any sport: the natives of India view them as adapted only for Royalty, and keep them exclusively for Princes.

PURDY.

NEILGHERRY SPORTS.

In the year 1845 I started from S—— on sick certificate for the hills, with a prospect of two years' shooting before me. After a march of seven hundred miles, I reached Conoor. Never shall I forget the rapture with which I viewed an endless range of green hills, studded here and there with woods which appeared very preserves for game of every kind. At Ootacamund I established my head quarters—and immediately set to work to get up a pack of dogs, shikarries, &c., as it is perfectly useless attempting to bag game on the hills without a good number of spaniels and half-bred dogs, the spaniels for woodcock, the half-breds for saumbur. I generally kept in my kennel from 15 to 30 dogs of all sorts; some good, some indifferent.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

This is very pretty shooting, and by no means fatiguing, as you can ride from sholah to sholah. You commence by sending the beaters and dogs to the top of the sholah, your shikarry having posted you, gives a whistle, the dogs are uncoupled, and the beat commences, a bark is heard—you may be certain it is a jungle fowl as they are always at the top—and here he comes at the rate of sixty miles an hour; another sharp bark, ah! that is my pet Fan, I should know her bark among a thousand. "Woodcock, Saib!" cries the sharp-eyed shikarry: as you turn a cock darts behind a tree and lies back: this is a troublesome business, as you have to send the beaters and dogs back and beat down again; if the cock be shy, you may have to repeat the beat a dozen times before you can get a shot, it is of little use going inside, the trees are too thick for shooting in. I have heard some say, that the cock is an easy bird to kill. Generally speaking, I have found that you require to be very quick indeed, especially amongst trees. At the bottom of the sholahs is often a swamp, extending for a quarter to half a mile in length; if you beat it, you are likely to get from three to five couple of snipe. By five in the evening the dogs, beaters and yourself are pretty well tired; you examine your bag,—a fair day's sport will be two couple of woodcocks, five couple of snipe, a brace or two of jungle fowl, and perhaps a hare. A sharp canter of half a dozen miles brings you to Ooty, where a bright fire, a good dinner, and some mulled port is ready for you. I think the climate of the hills the finest I ever was in, and when you take into consideration the variety of sport and the magnificent scenery, there are

few places in the world to be compared with them. The woodcock generally lie in the middle of a sholah where the ground is moist; they are rarely found in a dry sholah, in fact you can sell in a moment if a sholah is likely to hold a cock or not. As in England, the cock-year after year are to be found in particular places, and you may be certain that if one year you find one or two cocks in a sholah, there they will be the next year. It is the same with the snipe in the swamps. In February the woodcock and snipe are particularly fat and excellent eating. By the beginning of March the cocks are all gone, with perhaps a few solitary exceptions; they have not been known to breed on the hills. The woodcock comes in about the 10th of October, the snipe about the 6th of August; the best bag of snipe is to be made at the end of September, of woodcock about February; there are three flights of woodcock in the season: the solitary snipe is sometimes met with, it is the true *Scolopax media*—and is fine eating. I bagged about half a dozen whilst on the hills. Duck are never met with, but one teal was shot by poor M—n, and was considered by him to be something extraordinary. The largest bag of woodcock that I made was four couple in one day; the year before six couple had been shot, but woodcock are by no means so plentiful now as they were ten years ago. The largest bag of snipe that that I made was ten couple. I have heard of twenty couple in a day—but much doubt it: the sholahs on the khondas are very good for cock. One day old General H—— was out there beating for cock, when instead of a cock out marched a fine bison, much to his astonishment. In that very sholah two years afterwards, I killed an elephant; in fact the story of the man who shot the snipe and the elephant right and left, the snipe with ball and the *hathé* with snipe shot might almost be realized on the khondas, where you have every sort of game from the snipe to the elephant. The first snipe and the first woodcock are eagerly contested for. In 1846, H. and C. made a bet about the first snipe. H. sent his people about to all the swamps for many days, but devil a snipe could they find—one morning C. took the field himself and came to a small swamp, surrounded by H.'s people, C. smelt a rat, went into the swamp and killed the first snipe. Five minutes afterwards up came H. in a great rage. You have shot my snipe quoth H. But I have won my bet quoth C. But H. had his revenge, for he kept a lot of fellows beating all the sholahs on Dodabet for a month or two, until a cock was marked down, when he went up and shot it. The best places for woodcocks are Dodabet, Pykarrah avalanche and the Khondas, and A*

* Word illegible.

SAUMBUR SHOOTING.

This is the shooting that I like; the fatigue in running into a wounded buck is great, but then the excitement! Great judgment is required in posting yourself—if you know the run of the game, you may often get them to break within ten yards of your post. The burgher countries are the best for saumbur, as there is plenty of grain for their food, and the cover is uncommonly strong, consisting of high fern brambles, &c. In saumbur shooting you require about thirty beaters, and strong half-bred spaniels or terriers. But, again, your dogs must not be too stanch; they must come to heel after running a saumbur for two miles; if they are not in the habit of doing so, you are sure to lose them in the low country, for an unwounded saumbur invariably makes for the low country if it is within three or four miles. I once lost a little terrier dog for three weeks. I was out shooting thirty miles from Ooty, when he followed a wounded saumbur down to the low country: I was obliged to return to Ooty the next morning and gave him up for lost—he was found at my hut, having had nothing to eat for three weeks, but the skin of a bison's head, which luckily for him I had left there—the best saumbur dog that I had was half-hound, half-spaniel, called Pyah. I picked him up in the bazaar at Ooty for eight rupees, and sold him on leaving for twenty-five, which was about one-fifth of his real value; he would hardly notice feathered game, but a saumbur was his delight; he would worry him for hours, and his scenting powers were uncommonly keen. Now for a day's shooting.

Having sent men out at daylight to mark the saumbur down—start after breakfast. On arriving at the ground, send your men and dogs to the top of the hill or sholah, post yourself near a likely path, about half way down. Having given the signal, a low whistle, a tremendous yelling ensues,—suddenly it ceases, a single yelp is heard! Pyah for a thousand, and he never lies! Gradually the yelp is changed to a sharp bark and then swells into a grand chorus; a crash is heard, and a splendid buck breaks not thirty yards from you. Bang! he goes off on three legs, his fore-arm is broken: now is the time to see what stuff you are made of, as the buck disappears over the brow of the next hill with Pyah and two or three stanch ones at his heels. On gaining the brow you have a splendid view, the buck going on three legs and swinging the fourth about as if he was playing with it—you see you have work before you, away you dash—but it is soon bellows to mend, and first one dog comes to heel, then another, and after another half mile, all have given him up but Pyah—you rest a moment, then up again, and after a hard tug you round

the end of the valley. By that piece of water the buck stands at bay; he does not see you, his attention is taken up by the dog, one shot and over he rolls—but go not too near his horns in his dying agonies, as they have an unpleasant way of tossing them about, and a prod from a horn is not easily cured. But here comes the pluckiest of Dog boys; with what coolness he rushes in and cuts the brute's throat: the dogs are now rewarded with a few pieces of raw meat, and the coolies carry off the remainder, having first carefully skinned him and kept the head for master, as it makes capital soup: the flesh is of no use, it is a great deal too strong to be pleasant. Nevertheless, the coolies cut it into strips and dry it—and appear to like it. It is by no means easy to bag a saumbur at first, as they will carry away an unlimited amount of bullets unless hit in the right place, the fore-arm is the best. I once bagged a saumbur, out of whose hock a two ounce ball was taken. I remembered, that, within half a mile of the place where he fell, I had six months before fired at a buck as he crossed me in a canter about 150 yards off. I thought he was hit at the time, but did not follow him up as I had no dogs with me. I have known a saumbur frequent the same wood for months. During the south-wester monsoon the khondas are full of saumbur; they come up to shed their horns, and also to avoid innumerable leeches that pester them below. The burghers sometimes shoot the saumbur by sitting up at night in a tree, first having placed some salt on the ground, as it is well known that saumbur will go miles to find salt. The best places for saumbur shooting are Maloor, Chinnu Conoor, and the khondas. The saumbur's greatest enemies are the wild dog and the tiger; the latter invariably singles out the largest bucks. Once beating a valley famous for saumbur, I was surprised by a blank. Shortly afterwards I came upon half a dozen wild dogs, which fully accounted for the absence of the saumbur. The dogs were very handsome, standing as high as a wolf, of a bright red colour, and a black bushy tail. I have seen others of a brindled colour, with long curled tails; in fact I believe there are several different kinds. The red dogs were remarkably bold in their demeanour, never running away, but just trotting out of shot. I watched them for two hours and they would not leave the valley. The doe saumbur strike violently with their fore-feet and sometimes manage to kill a dog. I have seen buck saumbur with horns nearly four feet in length; their necks are very thick and strong, surrounded by a species of ruff which appears like split whalebone, so coarse is the hair. Wounded saumbur invariably make for the water, when done up.

J. N.

THE DAUNCE OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS THROUGH HELL.

BY WILLIAM DUNBAR.

1465-1520.

DONE INTO MODERN ENGLISH, BY ABEL EAST.*

"The little that is known of Dunbar has been gleaned from the complaints in his own poetry, and from the abuse of his contemporary Kennedy, which is chiefly directed against his poverty. From the colophon of one of his poems, dated at Oxford, it has been suggested, as a conjecture, that he studied at that university. By his own account he travelled through France and England as a novice of the Franciscan order; and, in that capacity, confesses that he was guilty of sins, probably professional frauds, from the stain of which the holy water could not cleanse him. On his return to Scotland he commemorated the nuptials of James IV. with Margaret Tudor, in his poem of the Thistle and Rose, but we find that James turned a deaf ear to his remonstrances for a benefice, and that the queen exerted her influence in his behalf ineffectually. Yet, from the verses on his dancing in the queen's chamber, it appears that he was received at court on familiar terms."—*Campbell's British Poets.*

* Some slight liberty has been taken with the author in one or two impracticable lines, and in one or two unintelligible ones. The glossary appended to the Poem (Campbell's edition of 1819) has of course been freely used. As a specimen of the original we may here quote one or two passages :

"Next him in dance came Cuvatyce,
Rute of all evill and grund of vyce,
That nevir coud be content,
Catyvis, wrechis, and ockeraris
Hud-pykis, hurdars, and gadderaris,
All with that warlo went,
Out of their throttis they shot on udder
Het molten gold, methocht, a fudder,
As fyre flaucht maist fervent ;
 &c. &c. &c.
Syne Sweirness at the second bidding
Come lyk a sow out of a midding,
Full slepy wes his grunyie.
Mony sweir bumbard belly-huddroun,
Mony slute daw and slepy duddroun,
Him servit ay with sounyie.
 &c. &c. &c.

I.

Of February the fifteenth night,
 And long before the morning's light,
 I fell into a trance ;
 And then I saw both Heaven and Hell,—
 Methought among the fiends fell,
 The Devil called a dance ;
 Of sinners that were never shriven,
 Against the feast of Eastern's even,
 To make their observance :
 He bade gallants prepare a masque,—
 To get up polkas was the task
 Of one just come from France.

II.

Let's see, quoth he, now who begins ?
 With that the seven foul deadly sins
 Began to move amain ;
 And foremost in the dance was PRIDE,
 With hair comb'd back and cap aside,
 And look of cold disdain ;
 And round about him, like a wheel,
 • Hung all in rumples to the heel
 His cassock as a train ;
 Many proud tricksters with him tripped,
 And as through scalding fire they skipped,
 They grin'd with hideous pain.

III.

Holy harlots in haughty guise,
 Came in full flushed with leering eyes,
 But never the Devil laught—
 Till priests pass'd by with poles clean shorn,
 Then all the fiends ha ! ha'd ! in scorn,
 As though they had been daft.

IV.

Then IRE came in with noise and strife,
 With ready hand upon his knife,
 Unsheathed the threat'ning blade—
 Boasters and braggarts, bullies, there
 • Came after him by pair and pair,
 In suits of war arrayed ;
 With coats of mail and caps of steel,
 And legs chain-armour'd to the heel,
 They told their gory trade ;
 And some their neighbours struck with brands,
 And others showed their reeking hands
 In fresh-shed blood embayed.

V.

Next ENVY followed in the dance,
 Fill'd full of wrath; his look askance
 Showed malice and despite;
 With secret hate the traitor trembled;
 Him followed rogues who well dissembled,
 With phrases fair and trite;
 And flatterers to people's faces,
 And backbiters of sundry races,
 To lie that had delight,
 With those who give to slander wings—
 Alas that courts of noble Kings
 Should know such worthless wight !

VI.

Then COVETOUSNESS came in a trice,
 Root of all ill and ground of vice,
 That ne'er could be content;
 Caitives, extortioners, and those
 In whom the love of mammon glows,
 All with that worldling went.
 Out of their throats methought they shot
 Gold on each other, molten hot,
 Like fire-flakes finding vent;
 And as the wretches empty grew,
 Fiends filled their hungry maws anew,
 With coin by Moloch sent.

VII.

Then SLOTH came forth at second call,
 Like sow from dunghill—greeting all
 With sleepy grunt, and slack
 Of step came lazy gluttons—full—
 And drowsy, sleepy sluggards, dull—
 And followed in his track :
 He drew them forward in a chain,
 And Belial with a bridle-rein
 Lashed each unwilling back :
 In dance they were so slow of feet,
 They gave them in the fire a heat
 To quicken them—a knock !

VIII.

Then LECHERY that loathsome corse,
 Came lewdly on like rampant horse,
 And Idleness him led;
 There was with him an ugly crew,
 The stinking tenants of a stew
 That had in sin been dead :

When they were entered in the dance
 They were full strange of countenance
 Blar-eyed and burning red ;
 With humid locks and lustful air,
 And naked legs and shoulders bare,
 The bevy onward sped.

IX.

Then GLUTTONY with greedy womb,
 Insatiable as the tomb,
 To dance him did address ;
 Followed by many a wasteful sot,
 With can and bottle glass and pot,
 All surfeit and excess :
 Unwieldy-bellied drunkards drew
 Their bloated forms the measure through,
 In sweat and nastiness ;
 Drink ! still they cried—another tap !
 The Fieuds gave them hot lead to lap
 Yet craved they not the less !

X.

No minstrels played to cheer the rout,
 For gleemen there were all shut out,
 By day and eke by night,
 Except a minstrel who slew a nun—
 'Twas thus his heritage he won,
 And entered by writ of right.

XI.

Then the Devil called for a Highland reel !
 And a fiend ran out to fetch Mac Quhele
 From a far northward nook,
 But ere the coronach he could shout,
 Clansmen so compassed him about,
 In Hell great room they took :
 Like termagants—all tag and tatter—
 In Gaelic they began to chatter,
 As rooks and ravens croak ;
 The Devil so deafened was with their yell,
 That in the deepest pit of Hell,
 He smothered them in smoke.

A. E.

TREATMENT FOR GRIPES AND INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS IN HORSES.

ASSISTANT SURGEON E. HARE, IN ANSWER TO J. WESTERN, V. S.

I have written in a style of "inordinate vanity," purposely that I might rouse attention and indignation, and raise a controversy to decide an important question. My plan has succeeded: I have raised an opponent, who, as the *Delhi* says, "brought to Calcutta a great character from Madras," who has in his indignation "treated me much more roughly than he would a horse." This, reader, I have intentionally subjected myself to in your service. Naturally a most modest and retiring individual, I have gone and laughed at the great men of veterinary science, purposely that the true treatment of this important disease might be illustrated, and yourself at the expense of my wounded feelings, saved the loss of many a valuable horse. If I had written modestly, no one would have taken the trouble to reply, but I have elicited for you with my own smarting, all the arguments against my system, from the great character from Madras, from the Oracle of Cook and Co.'s Stable! Therefore do not despise my labours, accomplished with so much personal suffering. Do not read this paper on a hot day after tiffin, with your brain clouded with beer and smoking, but study it in the cool morning; put "the horse" by your side for reference, and particularly if doubtful on any medical point, ask the surgeon of your regiment, who will be able to tell you the commonly received truth. You can thus decide for yourself, and save many many of your horses.

Mr Western having a great character from Madras to support him, can, and does speak *entirely* on his own authority; I being but an obscure individual, will shelter myself in the shadow of the great professors, Youatt, White, and Hind, and assert nothing unsupported by them.*

P. 81. Mr Western objects to my rule that medicines differ in degree only, not in kind in their action on man and on the horse; and instances calomel, which is not given to a horse, he says, as a purgative *per se*, but only as an excellent adjunct to others. This so far from an objection, is a striking proof of the exactness of the rule, for thus precisely do we give calomel to man, witness the black draught in the morning, to carry it off as they say. When do we ever give calomel uncombined as a purgative *per se*.

* Library U. Knowledge "The Horse," by Professor Youatt, 1831.

Mr Western says, I make a great mistake in saying tart emetic causes nausea. Professor Youatt makes the same, for he asserts, p. 384, that tart. emetic "is a very useful nauseant." Let him fight it out with the Professor. Mr W. says, ipecacuanha is not a nauseant and is inert in the horse. It may be so, but this is a difference of degree only, not kind. He cannot produce a medicine which purges a man, and constipates a horse, which soothes the one, and irritates the other. A drug may not have so powerful effect, it may even be inert, but its action will be found to differ in degree only, not in kind.

A horse cannot vomit, from its anatomical shape; but how has the dumb horse told Mr W. that it feels no nausea from ipecacuanha. Let him give a good dose before the horse eats his corn, and see if it improves his appetite.

He next says, sulphur does not act on the pores of the skin of a horse. The Professors do not agree with him. Youatt, p. 372, speaks of "the peculiar effect of sulphur on the skin" in hide bound. Again, p. 373, "There are however some medicines, as antimony and sulphur, which have an *evident* and *very* considerable effect on the skin in opening the pores and exciting its vessels to action." P. 380. He gives it in a ball internally for mange, to act therefore on the skin and kill the insect there.

But Mr Western's most novel assertions are on spirit of turpentine. He says it will blister where the hair grows, and not on the smooth skin, and in the funny story he tells us about the old gentleman and his coat, he says it produced a fine blister on the back of his neck. I cannot say quite positively that it does not raise a blister on the horse, but according to Duncan, Thompson and Pareira, the latest and best authorities, it never *blisters* in man at all, hair or no hair. It is simply a powerful rubefacient and counter-irritant, producing redness, excoriation, and if continued long enough ulcers, but never a blister. Now either Pareira, &c. are wrong, or the old gentleman could not have had this "fine blister" on his neck. I must think therefore that Mr W. forgets, and did not see it himself, but some waggish friend told it him, and was joking.

The distinction between its effects where the hair grows, and where it does not, is entirely a discovery of his own. Every one else is quite ignorant of such a difference.

But he says, tart. emetic will produce a *fine blister* on the skin and not on the stomach; Pareira, p. 670 says, it produces *pimples* (pustules) not a blister on the skin, and a *similar* pustular eruption in the mouth, œsophagus and intestines. These learned gentlemen contradict each other sadly: who is right in the action of these *very* common medicines in daily use?

Mr Western talks a good deal of turpentine blistering* the external skin but not the internal mucous membrane. He evidently does not know that there is a tough cuticle on the skin, which enables a blister to rise under it, by retaining in a bag the serum which exudes, whereas in a mucous membrane there being no cuticle, no real blister can be raised, even by spanish flies; but the delicate epithelium (as it is called) bursts, and the water runs off as quickly as it is elicited, leaving nothing but an excoriation behind it. But still we say in common parlance, that hot pudding and scalding tea blister the mouth, (*i. e.*) excoriate it, and it was in this sense that I called turpentine a blister to the stomach, never for a moment supposing that any one could be ignorant of the impossibility of raising a real blister on the stomach, even with cantharides.

But is spirit of turpentine a *mild* medicine? Pereira, (p. 1050) says, "on both vertebrated and invertebrated animals it operates as a poison, two drachms thrown into the vein of a horse caused putrid fever and death." Hind, p. 107, calls it "a hot and burning remedy:" 4 oz. spirit turpentine, he says, "have been given for worms, but such a dose must go near to destroy not only worms but the horse into the bargain, and if the doctor mistakes for worms some more serious disorder, the horse dies of this monstrous medicine as sure as fate."† The active ingredient in St. John Long's liniment, with which he produced such horrible sloughing sores and killed so many poor girls, was this same mild spirit of turpentine,‡ and will Mr W. assert that "a new-born infant may be sponged with it with impunity." Let any one rub a little on a few inches of the back of his hand, and see what pain and inflammation it causes, and will Mr W. say that he can safely sponge with it, the whole body of a new-born child, and assert this as a well known fact! Why turpentine is one of the most painful and quickest counter-irritants we have. Thus much for Mr Western's knowledge of the action of our commonest medicines, in which he differs, it seems, altogether from all the best authorities of the day—which I ask is the ignorant party?

Again; how wonderfully does Mr W.'s *eye sight* differ from all others in anatomy. In page 254 I mention what I thought an undisputed fact. "The stomach of the horse is very small, not half the size of man's compared with its body, and yet its food is more bulky, and far less concentrated; very little of the process of digestion, therefore, can be performed in the stomach." He remarks on this (p. 82.) "With submission to this studious ana-

* Which is a mistake, for it does not, see ante.

† Yet this is Percival's and Youatt's dose for colic.

‡ Pereira, p. 1056.

tomist, (*i. e.* myself,) I humbly differ from him. There is a great deal of digestion going on in the stomach, which is evident to an anatomist by the fact, that from the small intestines which immediately succeed the stomach, arise the greater number of those vessels (lacteals) destined to abstract from the food its nutritious properties." Now here he imagines a fact for his own purposes. It is not a fact that the greater number of the lacteals arise immediately below the stomach, but the direct contrary is true; viz. that the lacteals arise principally in the *large* intestines, where I and every one else say that the digestion of the horse is chiefly performed (*i. e.*) 66 feet distant from the stomach.*

Read what John Hind says, p. 120. "For the information of those who would practise the veterinary art, it may be useful to observe that in man digestion is principally performed in the stomach, in the horse very little. Man having no cæcum like the horse to receive the heavier parts of the food, his lacteals begin higher up than those of the horse, which (*i. e.* the horse's lacteals) lie *wholly* on the *large* intestines." Again he says "in man the work of digestion is nearly *finished* when the bile is mixed with the food (that is immediately on its leaving the stomach), but the horse passes his food into the intestines, *before* it has well assumed an homogeneous appearance." Scarcely as I say, (p. 254) "reduced to a pulpy form." Now turn to White, vol. 1, p. 17. "The stomach of a horse is small in proportion to his bulk. Digestion is far from being perfect in the stomach of a horse, and appears to be completed in the large intestines, cæcum, and colon. This contrivance seems absolutely necessary in the horse, when we consider the wonderful speed and exertion for which nature designed him. The ox and sheep have four stomachs, the smallest of which even in the sheep, is as large as that of the horse."

Again, p. 19. "In the horse food is retained but a short time in the stomach. Digestion appears to be chiefly effected in the cœcum, which in the horse is remarkably large and capacious. From these curious contrivances, the horse's stomach is never so loaded with food as to hinder the action of the lungs, and impede his velocity." He then goes on to say, p. 21. "From what we have said of the peculiarity in the digestive organs of the horse, the reason of his having no gall bladder, will readily appear. In man and many animals the food is retained a considerable time in the stomach, during which the bilious fluid is not wanted, therefore nature has provided a reservoir, the gall bladder; but in the horse a constant flow of bile is necessary (the food not being retained in the stomach, and

* Youatt, p. 203.

therefore a gall bladder would be useless." Youatt, p. 198, gives precisely the same reason for the small stomach of a horse, and describing, p. 205, the large intestine as divided into transverse cells, and of huge size says—"The intention of this is evident, to retard the progress of the food, and to give a more extensive surface, on which the lacteals may open, and therefore in the colon, all the chyle is finally separated and taken up." Again, p. 204, "and in order that, during this detention (in the large intestines) all the nutriment may be extracted, the cœcum and its cells are largely supplied 'with absorbents (lacteals).'" Now, why has Mr Western asserted as a fact, "that the greater number of the lacteals arise from the small intestines immediately succeeding the stomach," when the truth as witnessed by all these is, that they do *not* arise principally there, but in the large intestines, 66 feet distant, which are *made large* purposely to give more space for their orifices. I cannot believe Mr Western ignorant of the reason of the small stomach of a horse, of his want of a gall bladder, and of his huge cœcum and large intestines. I cannot believe that he has never heard of this beautiful adaptation of the internal economy of a horse, to the wants of his nature, without which he would be no flecter, or different from a cow or a sheep. Why this is one of the most glorious, of the many wonders of anatomy, which cheered Galen to overcome his prejudices, and the disgust of his country-men against anatomy, and made him exclaim that there must be a God in nature! This peculiarity too of the stomach and digestion of a horse, is the true cause of, and the key to, the difference in degree of the action of medicines, purgatives, emetics, &c., and is Mr Western, who is daily paid to administer these medicines, without this key to open the knowledge of their action! I cannot believe it: I must think that he imagined this fact, to blind the eyes of his unprofessional readers, and hang on it his arguments to overwhelm me. I am anxious to avoid harshness, in my judgment, of Mr Western's motives, but join with the above his story of the fine blister from turpentine, on the old gentleman's neck (he says he saw it) when it is well known that turpentine will not blister. Again he says, that the rectum is 12 feet long, when as I will prove it is barely 3. He asserts, p. 82, that I suppose the seat of gripes to be in the rectum, which is utterly untrue, for I *know* the direct contrary and where have I ever said so? Again he maintains, p. 83, that I am ignorant of the existence of a valve to the cœcum, when I have actually written a book about it*. I will not accuse Mr W. unjustly; let the reader draw his own conclusions.

* See my pamphlet on Dysentery.

But see how he commences by throwing dust in the eyes of his readers, and on the point himself of misrepresenting, thus cunningly says of me, p. 80. "Misrepresentation may be made to read pleasantly enough, and so may assertion putting on the character of the sarcastic." Again, he accuses me of directly misrepresenting Youatt, p. 86, and says, that every one knows who has given physic to a horse, that it will act in 24, not 36 hours. The fact is perfectly true that a dose of physic will act in 24 hours, but he purposely omits the accompanying circumstances of that fact, that the horse before this physic is prepared for days previously, with bran mashes, till his dung is quite softened, and that the ball is given in *one* full 5 dram-dose, whereas in a horse suddenly taken with inflammation, he is not so prepared. And the aloes are given by Youatt in divided doses of 2 drams only, with a 6 hours' interval between each. Now it is quite impossible that Mr W. did not see these essential differences, and therefore why does he conceal them, but because he thinks that the general reader will not recollect them, and conclude that I am the misrepresenter, and not himself. I most confidently assert that a dose, even a full, not *divided* dose, of aloes given without preparation by mashes, to a horse with inflammation, and overloaded bowels, (which is the disease of which my paper describes the treatment) will not act before 36 hours, even if the inflammation had not in its own nature a powerfully constipating* effect, which it is known to have. I may be proved ignorant, and a silly theorist, and myself laugh willingly at my own errors, but if I publicly and wilfully misrepresent like this, how can I appear without shame in society again.

However I must do Mr Western the justice to say, that some of his extraordinary assertions are not entirely wilful, but no doubt partly owing to want of sufficient knowledge. See for instance where he says, p. 87, that catarrh is not a disease of the lungs (and air passages) but of the head!! I will not waste my time in answering this, except by quoting the old verses used to impress the distinction, on the memory of *boys* long before Sydenham's time.

* I will assert nothing without proof from the best authority. Druit says p. 389, "The author hopes that it is unnecessary to warn his readers against the fatal and abominable custom of giving purgatives in cases of inflammation of the bowels. It is quite true that the bowels will be *obstinately costive*, but this costiveness arises from their being inflamed and unable to propel their contents onwards and the proper remedies for it are such as will relieve the inflammation, bleeding, leeches, &c., opium."

Si fluit ad pectus, dicatur Rheuma Catarrhus, ad Fauces branchus, ad nares esto coryza.*

I cannot, if I tried, describe to a non-professional man the *extreme* ignorance this assertion displays. Again he says of the anatomy of the intestines p. 82. "That the rectum is 10 to 12 feet long, not funnel-shaped according to the sketch furnished by me, but of almost an uniform calibre from end to end." (My sketch is an exact copy, as far as the funnel-shape goes, of Youatt's, p. 202. Here it is again. Fig. 1 which completed with the twistings of the colon attached, is more correctly thus Fig. 2. And he goes on to say, "that the rectum is drawn into folds cross-wise in its whole length." Now compare this with Youatt's plate, p. 202, and his description of it (p. 204-5). "Along the outside of the cœcum he says, run 3 strong bands, puckering it up, and forming it into cross-wise cells. The colon has also 3 bands like the cœcum, which divide it internally into the same description of cells. The intention of this is evident, to retard the progress of the food, and therefore in the colon all the chyle (nutriment) is finally separated and taken up." But of the *rectum* he says,—"At the termination of the colon. The rectum straight gut (from rectus straight) commences. It has NONE of these bands (and therefore cells), because all the nutriment being extracted, the passage of the excrement should be hastened and not detained." Again you see Mr W. does not know another beautiful anatomical contrivance in his patient's intestine and asserts the direct contrary to Youatt, saying that the rectum is divided into

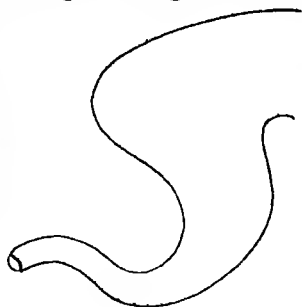


Fig. 1.

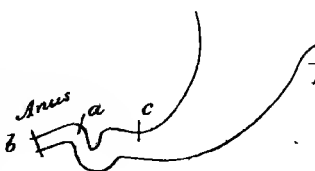


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

* If the cold attack the chest it is called catarrh, if the throat branchus, if the nose (i. e. cold in the head) coryza.

cells, and not smooth. But the reason of his inventing these cross-wise folds in the rectum, is evident enough, for he makes use of them immediately, p. 82, "to clasp pellets of dung so hard, as to resist the utmost force of a strong man's two hands," and therefore of course my long tube, and he says, he has "*seen*" this. Now what can be said of such an assertion as this, when it is known that the rectum is quite smooth and, as Youatt says, there are no cells in it, and yet Mr Western says he has *seen* a strong man tugging at them!

Again, Youatt says, the rectum is the straight portion of the gut at the termination of the colon (*viz. a to b.*) Hind says p. 120, "Towards its termination the colon makes a short turn (from *c.* to *d.*) as if to prevent the too easy escape of the dung into the rectum." Therefore, the rectum commences at the end of this twist of the colon, the proper name* for which is the sigmoid flexure of the colon. Now reader refer to Youatt's plate of the intestines, p. 202, and see whether my sketch be not even less funnel-shaped than his, and decide on the possibility of there being 10 or 12 feet of rectum* (straight gut) between (*b*) the anus and (*a*) where the colon flexures end.

The direct conclusion is, that either Professor Youatt or Mr Western has never seen the inside of the animal they are daily paid for prescribing for. Let the reader decide who this is.

On the basis of such Anatomy as his, Mr W. has the boldness to assert, the impossibility of my method of emptying the bowels by injections. Youatt says, p. 208, "we cannot administer strong purgatives in inflammation of the bowels, although they are usually confined—but with Reid's pump sufficient may be injected, to penetrate beyond the rectum and reach to the colon and cæcum, and dispose them to evacuate their contents." Again, p. 338, "clysters are useful, and too often neglected means of hastening the evacuation of the bowels, when the disease requires their speedy action. The old ox bladder and wooden pipe may still be employed, and a considerable quantity of fluid thrown into the intestine; but the clyster pump of Mr Reid is far preferable, as enabling the practitioner to inject a greater quantity

* Youatt's plate is so singularly faithful to nature, that it has even copied what does not appear when the bowel is confined to its proper shape, by its attachment to the surrounding integument. When the bowel is fixed in the body of the horse, there is of course as described in Youatt's text, a short straight portion of the rectum between the points *a* and *b*. At *a* the sigmoid flexure of the colon ends, and in Youatt's plate the arms (*b*) being removed from its attachment to the external skin, has coiled itself up (as in Fig. 3 compared with Fig. 2.) And the engraver has misplaced the letter *b*. in Youatt's plate, not knowing where to find the straight part; *viz.* the rectum described in the Text of Youatt's book. So carefully true was he to the real intestine he was drawing.

of fluid, and in less time. Warm water may be employed, it will act as a fomentation to the inflamed and irritable surface of the bowels, and will have no inconsiderable effect even as an aperient." Even therefore the ox bladder and Reid's small pump produce "no inconsiderable effect," and does he assert the uselessness of mine?

Youatt here makes no mention of the necessity of raking the bowel 10 or 12 feet to produce this good effect, neither does White, but the direct contrary, when he says, p. 3447, "the costiveness produced by the above practice occasion these symptoms. The horse appears to be in pain, often makes fruitless efforts to dung, sometimes there is a suppression of urine; some degree of fever takes place, and at length colic pains. (These are a graphic description of gripes as found in India.) All these symptoms may be *speedily* removed by drawing out the excrement with the hand, afterward throwing up a clyster, and giving the oily laxative." He says, then, it may be speedily done with the hand only and small clyster pipe. Again, p. 338, "If by these means we succeed in procuring an evacuation of hard dung, there is reason to expect recovery, particularly when after emptying the gut by a clyster, or by the hand, a fresh quantity is soon after found in it." There is no necessity then, it seems, to pass the hand, or my tube 12 feet into the bowel, the harder lumps being removed from below, the softer mass above comes down, and may be easily removed in its turn, to make way for more still above it. The only difference is, that my apparatus being more powerful makes it still more possible.

Thus much for Mr Western's anatomy, and knowledge of the action of drugs; now for his pathology and acquaintance with the symptoms and results of inflammation. He asserts, that the effusion of lymph, from the serous coat of the inflamed intestines, producing adhesion of their surfaces, is an unfortunate error, a theoretical rhapsody, and sheer nonsense. This a medical reader will stare at in astonishment, and will class with the similar passage where he says, p. 87, "Just after this too, Mr Hare calls catarrh a disease of the chest, whereas it exists in the head!! but I need not weary myself with the enumeration of all the follies of Mr Hare's unfortunate production."

In the vast mass of profound ignorance, united to bold self-confident assertion, with which medical writings abound, can two passages equal to these be found! Is it possible?

John Hunter then was a fool, for he spent his life in adding proof to proof of this result of inflammation in all animals, even the cold-blooded frog, &c. Hind is a fool, for he says, p. 241, "that *adhesion* of the gut is a cause of colic." Again, p. 238, he asserts the same and refers backs to p. 60-62, where he has

a regular dissertation on intestinal adhesion. White is a fool, for p. 28 he says, inflammation (in the horse) has four modes of termination: revolution, suppuration, effusion of coagulable lymph, and gangrene. Again, p. 308, speaking of the serous cavities of joints (and the abdomen is also a serous cavity) he says "after a time coagulating lymph is thrown out and becoming solid obliterates the cavity." Youatt too is the same, for he says, p. 193, "The throwing out of some fluid which is capable of coagulation is the result, or natural termination of inflammation." We are all fools, for we *all* firmly believe the same rhapsody, and base on it our treatment and theory of inflammation. Except lymph be affused, how can a wound of the abdomen heal. Has he never seen lymph clouding with its white film, the serous lining of the cornea, in inflammation of the eye. This is one termination of inflammation, and on our right knowledge of these terminations, all our treatment of disease is based. See also what he knows of the symptoms of its other termination, mortification. He says, that the case of the horse, page 84, was one of scrotal hernia, and that the *temporary* cessation of pain, was not owing to the bleeding and opium, but to the mortification of the strangulated bowel, which took place at that time. Drnitt on strangulated hernia, p. 395, says:—"After a variable time the constricted parts begin to mortify, the skin becomes cold, the pulse very rapid and tremulous, but the pain ceases, and the patient having perhaps expressed himself altogether relieved, soon afterward dies." Now compare the above with the agony endured by this horse, *after* he says mortification had taken place. Except a medical man, you can scarcely conceive, reader, the absurdity of a horse after mortification of the intestine had taken place, having the *strength* to roll with such violence, as to rupture himself a second time. As Drnitt describes he would on the contrary have become cold and faint, and rapidly sunk without the slightest feeling of pain. Now turn to (p. 84) and read his page of abuse on the strength of such an ignorant hypothesis as this. So much for his pathology! Now for his chemistry, which completes the various branches of knowledge in our mutual professions. He says, p. 83:—"The Professors relieve with chloride of lime by the stomach, flatulent colic in the large intestine, and however it may excite the risible faculties of Mr Hare, the decomposition of the flatus does take place to the relief of the animal." Let us examine its possibility. One would think from what he says here, that this is another of the wonders that he has *seen*.

Youatt, p. 204, says, "the cæcum holds 4 gallons, and the colon no less than 12," so that the whole large intestine the scat of flatulent colic will hold when stretched by the gas, as it is

almost to bursting, more than 16 gallons— $\frac{1}{4}$ is about the correct average, but say to avoid all possibility of exaggeration, that $\frac{1}{2}$ of the contents of the large intestine in flatulent colic are solid and fluid matters, and the remaining half only gas. This leaves 8 gallons of gas to be absorbed by the lime. Pareira, p. 589, says, 10 grains of chloride of lime yield from 3 to 4 cubic inches of chlorine, say $3\frac{1}{2}$. There are 277 cubic inches in a gallon, and therefore to yield 8 gallons of chlorine, 14oz. of chloride of lime are required (8 gallons of chlorine are necessary because chlorine and hydrogen combine in equal volumes and there are 8 gallons of hydrogen to decompose above.*) But “the chlorine in chloride of lime is readily displaced by the different acids even the carbonic, whose affinities are the weakest of all,” and this 14oz. has to travel through the stomach and 66 feet† of small intestine, filled with muriatic, acetic, lactic, and carbonic acids. We must therefore at least double this dose of 14oz. to produce our required 8 gallons of chlorine in the colon. Now what effect would 28 or even 14oz. produce on a horse, when as Pareira says, p. 589, “chloride of lime is an irritant and caustic, 3 to 6 grains in man, will produce pain, heat of stomach and purging.” Well, supposing the stomach escapes the caustic poison, and that the chloride of lime arrives all safe at the colon, in sufficient quantity to produce the required 8 gallons of chlorine, these unite with the 8 gallons of hydrogen, and form muriatic acid gas. This gas, as Youatt rightly says, is absorbed by the water in the bowels, and then‡ forms true *liquid* muriatic acid not the *gas*, and there will thus be formed $9\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches§ of the purest and strongest acid that can be made; of which 10 drops is a full dose for man, largely diluted. And this large quantity of acid results, too, by conceding that only $\frac{1}{2}$ the contents of the intestine are gas, which is the least possible quantity; $\frac{3}{4}$ is the more correct average.

Again, another way for proving it absurd. The lime has to travel 66 feet of small intestine before it can arrive at the large where the gas is. During the 24 to 36 hours required for this

* Libr. U. Knowledge. Chemistry, p. 96.

† Youatt, p. 293.

‡ Mr Western does not know this; viz. that the gas absorbed by water is the way in which the liquid acid is formed, and says, I misrepresent Youatt by saying so.

§ 8 Gallons of chlorine united with 8 gallons of hydrogen produce 16 gallons of muriatic acid gas (for they unite in equal volumes without condensation) which 16 cubic inches

gallons = $277 \times 16 = 4432$ cubic inches of gas. 1 cubic inch of water (Ure, p. 870) absorbs 480 inches of gas, to produce the strongest muriatic acid that can be made. (The strong medicinal acid is 3 per cent. weaker than this) therefore we shall have from 4432 inches, $9\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches, as in the text, of the strongest possible acid.

journey, how can the horse survive, bursting as he is with flatulent colic. But—

3rdly.—Supposing it all arrived without decomposition by the way, will it combine with the hydrogen? What says the chemist,* “*pure chlorine and hydrogen mixed together and excluded from the light of day remain without change.*” How then are these gases not pure, and combined also with other substances, to unite in the dark intestine. This last fact is quite sufficient in itself, to prove the absurdity of Youatt’s plan. It is in fact great waste of time to argue about it, but I do so to prove what reliance can be placed upon Mr W.’s positive assertion, that this decomposition of the flatus does take place to the relief of the animal; and then he quibbles on my use of the word stomach for the abdomen generally, for which I have every right, writing as I did to general readers, and says I misrepresent.

My meaning is plain enough; viz. that the horse would have a lot of muriatic acid in his guts, whether in the large intestine or in the true stomach, matters little I fancy as far as his life is concerned. If in the large intestine, no “travelling back 30 or 40 feet” to the stomach is required to kill him.

Mr. W. writes, p. 83:—“How I would ask in the name of common sense, can the intestines become gorged with undigested food, when digestion according to Mr Hare, is principally performed there.” Common sense answers readily enough. In the same way Mr Western, that the stomach in man, which is in him the principal organ of digestion, very often indeed becomes gorged with undigested food, which produces spontaneous vomiting, requires an emetic, or the glutton dies.

Again, he says, p. 82:—“I should like then in all modesty to know how our studious anatomical friend Hare, is with opium passed into the rectum, to affect the intestine in trouble, 30 feet distant.” Is it possible that Mr Western is ignorant of the powerful sedative and antispasmodic effect, which opium introduced into the rectum, has on the whole nervous system of the body, even the head which is still more distant than this 30 feet. Dr Graves says, p. 779:—“That he found 30 drops of laudanum, injected 3 times a day into the rectum, produced rest when 10 grains of opium by the mouth failed. Actual contact is not required: we might *a priori* confidently affirm that his knowledge of all the bases of medicine, thus differing from all others, would produce a corresponding effect on Mr Western’s practice, and so accordingly we find it, in the only hint he has given us of it. P. 86, he says:—“If inflammation exists, the bowels must be freely opened—therefore it must be done by purgatives. *Strong*

* Chemistry as above, p. 24.

doses of aloes then *are* necessary, and opium is not given to guard the intestine from the fearfully irritating effects of the aloes, as Mr Hare erroneously asserts." Youatt on the contrary says:—"In inflammation although the bowels are usually confined, we *cannot* administer a strong purgative, the intestines are already in far too irritable a state." Again he says, p. 208:—"we can appeal to the experience of every veterinary surgeon, that a *strong* dose of physic, given in inflammation of the bowels, would be certain poison." Therefore in practice, as in theory, Mr W. differs from Youatt, "and all the experience of others," and gives as a necessary *remedy*, what they say is a certain *poison*.

These then are all the objections which Mr Western can bring against my system. Let the reader judge of their value, and allow me a few words more, before we part. Youatt says, p. 206, "in some horses there seems to be a constitutional predisposition to gripes. They cannot be hardly worked or exposed to unusual cold, without a fit of it, and in many cases mark the cause. When these horses have died, stones have been found in some part of the alimentary canal." Again, p. 207, "We have mentioned calculi in the intestines, as a cause of colic in horses that are subject to frequent attacks of it. Some indigestible substance lodges in the cæcum or colon, half-digested vegetable matter, gradually accumulates around this, and a ball weighing many pounds is some times formed. This will produce colic, or by its pressure produce inflammation." Therefore undigested matters in the large intestine (for the earthy nucleus in the centre of the mass makes no manner of difference) will render a horse liable to constant attacks of pure colic (spasm of the smaller intestines) on the slightest causes, with the certainty of the irritating matter cannot be removed, of death at last from inflammation. The earthy concretions are fortunately rare and the vegetable accumulations can be removed by the syringe, and the irritation they have excited soothed with opium, but if the irritating matter be allowed to remain, and if to cure the spasm (colic) caused by it, still more highly irritating matter turpentine and aloes be added, what *can* result but furious and uncontrollable inflammation. And mind, the symptoms with which this begins, are pure unmixed spasm (colic), without a sign of inflammation, therefore according to the present rules, the spirit turpentine and aloes are sure to be given, with death as certainly the result. Any irritation in the bowels may produce colic, as green food, cold water, irritating gas, or a dose of physic. For these *temporary* causes, without doubt turpentine, gin, pepper, &c., are efficient remedies, perhaps turpentine the best of all. But the first is by far the most frequent cause of colic in India, and the second the *temporary* causes, we cannot always detect. The first symptoms

of both it seems are precisely the same, and the danger of mistake deadly. Do I not therefore deserve thanks from every one in India, for shewing a treatment by which the colic may as well, in fact far more certainly be stopped, at the same time that the inflammation if threatening, will be checked likewise, instead of as by the old system fearfully aggravated.

Emptying the bowels of all their contents with hot water, which has a powerful relaxing effect on the skin and the whole body, united with opium, and sometimes a small bleeding, are the most effectual remedies for colic; far more so than gin, or turpentine; and they are at the same time, the very best means we possess, for checking inflammation, which turpentine, gin, aloes, &c. directly increase. I cannot believe that any one will still continue to give them.

This risk also is not in my imagination only, but see what practical experience without exception says of it.

White, p. 87, "On this account medicines of a stimulating quality, are the most effectual remedies, therefore the common flatulent colic is easily cured by grooms and farriers who seldom give any other kind of medicines. The *greatest caution* however is necessary on this occasion, and I have known many valuable horses destroyed by adopting hastily this mode of treatment. There is a species of flatulent colic, which is treated in the common way is sure to terminate fatally, though it is not at first of an inflammatory nature."—p. 344, "The costiveness produced by the above practice, occasions symptoms which *often deceive* the inexperienced" and then, he describes those of pure colic. Again John Hind, p. 238, "colic is another *prolific source* of inflammation of the intestines. As is the drinking cold water copiously, while in a state of perspiration, or after a trying journey, which is always attended with spasmodic colic at first, and inflammation* sooner or later, according to the temperature of the individual. The necessity of getting rid of the lesser attack, before it acquires a permanent and dangerous aspect must be obvious; and as the treatment proper for either is at *total variance* with the other, the one requiring war with stimulants, the other a cooling and reducing treatment, our first duty is to ascertain precisely the nature of the attack for a *mistake* on this point, would and DOES FREQUENTLY prove fatal—Ay in human as well as in horse medicine." True enough this mistake did

* Why then does Mr W. call them different diseases? pure colic (spasm) is doubtless perfectly distinct in its symptoms from inflammation, but yet you see they are often, but first and last stages of the same disease. They are different enough at the two extremes, but who shall distinguish them in the means, where they run into each other.

often occur in human medicine, from the extreme difficulty in mixed cases of distinguishing the symptoms, but we have now a system of treatment which avoids this danger of mistake, and this is the very treatment I wish to introduce for the horse. Alison says, p. 614, "Colic has a strong affinity to abdominal inflammation, and is sometimes distinguished from it with difficulty, particularly as we know that active inflammation may occur there without frequency of pulse, and on the other hand that there may be pretty acute tenderness of the abdomen from flatulent distension, without inflammation."

Dr. Macintosh, p. 269 says, "The pulse is not to be depended upon in inflammation of the bowels, it very often beats at the natural standard." So that the main diagnostic symptoms the pulse, and pain on pressure, fail us often in man; how much more then in the dumb horse, who cannot tell us the nicety of his feelings, as man can.

E. HARE, *Assist. Surgeon.*

SPORTING PROPENSITIES.

How is it that some men are sportsmen from their infancy? Is the propensity natural! do we inherit it? or do we acquire it from the force of example? It certainly appears most natural to some of us, whilst others, either from the idea that they ought to enjoy what appears so exciting to their neighbours, waste their time and their coin in vain attempts to succeed in any department appertaining to sport. I know men at this moment who keep first rate horses, who daily go to the stable to admire them, who exult in showing them to their friends, and whose chief pride seems to be in having them walked out in flash clothing for the admiration of the public. I know one man whom I should imagine never had a pony in his youth, and never could have passed half an hour in a stable till he came to India, and who now keeps a racing stud, and whose sole occupation appears to be training not only his own, but almost any horse he can get hold of, and this man manages to pick up a fair share of public money, generally slipping in for the small purses. But is this man a sportsman? He never bets! or makes a shooting match; he can feed, physic, blister, bleed, polish up an old screw and accommodate a friend by either buying, selling or swapping, and is just the sort of fellow to take the eye out of any aspiring young

griff, and rear the tender thought, albeit he cannot teach his young idea how to shoot. And although he will come to see your sick horse, and perhaps spare you a dose of aloes, yet those who know him well, are quite aware that all he does pays in the end. This man is *not* a sportsman.

Now I have seen lads arrive in this country whom one would suppose had never been out of school or away from their mother's apron-string. They will bring out a gun and even begin their lessons on board ship to the great danger of their fellow-passengers; they will blaze away from morning till night at Cape pigeon, albatross or any living thing; delight in cleaning the gun themselves, sniffing with natural enjoyment the foul powder on their fingers; they will take the lock to pieces letting the spring ring and fly about the cabin without the most remote idea of the process by which it is to be put together; again spending hours in oiling and screwing and wiping the toy which their instinct has taught them to love. These lads will be the intimate friend of the butcher on board, they will find their way to the long boat, learn the name of every dog in the ship, and if there be horses on board, they will be seen talking to the groom or taking sly opportunities of feeding the horse with any thing they can find to give him; these lads will be the first to jump into the boat on a calm day, and although they may have never handled an oar in their lives, they at once *try* and care no more for blistering their hands than they do for browning their faces in the sun—let them arrive in Calcutta and see them on the voyage up the country. I remember many years ago writing to a youngster to come up dâk to join his corps—his reply was 'he could not sacrifice the sport on the river!'—Oh, what a chapter could be written on the sports of the Ganges as understood and enjoyed by griffs in the good old days when we were young. Well do I remember toiling the whole day in the month of June, shooting parrots, minahs, paddy birds, vultures, tame pigeons, pariahs dogs, *anything*, all 'for sport.' I remember being taken by a rascally old European pensioner at Monghyr, (who had boarded our budgerow for grog) miles into the country to show us *game*; may heaven forgive that old sinner; he brought us to a large mango tope surrounded with high bamboos swarming with minahs going to roast—'Now then, fire away gentlemen them's fine eating!' Poor Griffs, we filled a bag and sent him away from the boats in the evening without another glass of grog. We had already learnt from experience that *them* was not game and not fine eating, and we had also learnt that river turtle were not fine eating nor village sucking pigs, for we had tried both. But ah, the delight with which I saw a quail in India for the first time, it was shot on the ground by one of the party and recognized by John F. who had been

educated in France; he swore to it, and we believed him, and the following day we all went fagging after quail and would fire at nothing less. I don't think I saw another for a year afterwards—we did not know where to look for them, but we did great execution to the ducks occasionally, real wild ducks too I assure you. I cannot pass over this happy flight of my griffinhood without recording a piece of folly which has astonished me ever since. We were three in a budgerow sailing in the middle of the Ganges against its fearful current somewhere about Pier Pointee, with another budgerow containing another batch of griffs, nor far behind us, when the alarm was given about 8 A. M., that a horse boat was sinking containing two Arabs belonging to my elum poor Tom E.: (he is dead long ago,) he was an aspiring griff and had expended his letter of credit and probably something more on these his first horses—we were out of bed and on the deck of the budgerow in no time, and beheld in agony the chopper of the boat crowded with servants and boatmen screaming in distress—What could we do? what did we? why in spite of the remonstrances of the third member of our mess W. (now retired) we jumped overboard half naked as we were, without hats, shoes or I believe any thing but our shirts—nobody but a man who has fallen overboard at sea or been in such a situation as our's can conceive the rapidity with which the vessel you have left seems to fly away from you, especially when you are going down stream and the boat up. We passed and hailed the other budgerow like lightning, and I can well remember my fears that we should not be able to secure a hold of the sinking boat—we did however get on board though I forgot how, and the scene was one difficult to describe. The horses had struggled loose and happily the people had succeeded in breaking away and casting adrift the chopper of the boat. There were some spare trunks with clothes, books, &c. in the boat, good English trunks fortunately, and these had been half emptied by the demand upon their contents during the voyage—they began to float as the boat filled, and as she began rapidly to sink, the horses jumped overboard and the syces with them, and were far away down the river in a very short time—splash succeeded splash as some frightened nigger left the sinking craft with anything or nothing to lay hold of, and Tom and I began to look at each other with some dismay; suddenly we agreed each to take a handle of the largest trunk, which being about half empty was luckily in a good state of ballast and we had the good sense to understand this and launching it with care as the boat sank to the water's edge, we commenced our perilous voyage down, down the boiling flood of the great Gunga in the month of June. It is impossible to say at this distance of time how many miles we went, but this I remem-

ber, we soon passed the horses which were struggling with a man seated upon one, and another holding on, crying piteously, with his arms around the neck of the other. Tom and I shouted to them and pointed to the side of the river to take, and agreeing not to fag ourselves, swam steadily down stream with an easy inclination towards the shore which we reached, I suppose about half a mile below the horses which had landed safely with their grooms, but now commenced our greatest troubles. If we had been in any danger, I declare I don't think either of us were aware of it—there was nobody near to assist us. We did not well know what was in the trunk and had no means of breaking it open—we abandoned it, and started up the side of the river in search of the horses, and soon found what we had to expect and what to suffer; the sun was piercingly hot, the ground was dry and hard or deep mud, and the coarse grass and jow jungle cut our feet and legs most cruelly. When we came to the horses we found the syces crying, whether for the loss of their friends or their little property I neither knew nor cared; we had some thing else to think of, our first manoeuvre was to take the dirty clothes from the syces, and put them on our heads. We had had enough of walking with bare feet, so each mounted a nag—we were neat figures, for I now remember we had on neither trousers nor pijamas, and thus we started with our wet shirts sticking to us; the ground was sadly broken and we had to swim the horses over several tributary streams, making the poor niggers hold on by the tails as we took the water, and once or twice we were very nearly swept away into the Ganges. To cut short a long day and a long night story, we got to our budgerow just about dark—no persuasion of the gentleman in either boat would induce the manjees to drop down stream after us. They merely sailed to the nearest bank and there were lugged and began to cook their dinner, and thus were we left to find our boat the best way we could. We were a good deal cut about the nether parts, but strange to say, neither of us suffered much from the exposure. Some five or six of the servants and boatmen were drowned on this occasion, and our escape has, as I have said, astonished me ever since. But I must not withhold from my readers the best part of this story, in my opinion a glorious sequel to our adventure. We all six spent the evening together, and it was a subject of deep cogitation what was to be done with the poor horses. We had no more idea of the possibility of their travelling by land to Dinapore than we had of their flying. No one of the party I am certain for a moment consulted his own comfort or convenience, the only thought was what could be done for poor Tom E. in this dilemma. Our first care was to search our baggage and provide blankets for the poor beasts, and it was

then and there decided that the biggest of our budgerows should be by some means turned into a horse boat, and the following morning to the horror of the niggers we began our operations by transferring our things to the one in which six of us were to live, and having cleared out every thing, the great puzzle was, how to contrive to get the nags into the dining room—they could not get in at the windows that was decided, and as to getting down those steps and in at that little doorway, when we came to think seriously upon the subject, it was agreed that would not do, and yet the thing *must be done* then and there, and the committee decided that the only practicable method was to cut away the bulk head, so at it we went with every tool and implement we could find, and in the midst of our labours down came the mungee and all his crew. They had long been looking on at our bewilderment, and never having seen a budgerow turned into a horse boat, I conclude they had been satisfied that we should discover the impossibility of the thing and give up the attempt, but when we began to smash away and break things down, they came in a body to the rescue and some rather rough work ensued, until two of the party stood by with double barrelled guns to keep them off. We succeeded and the dining room of a sixteen-oared budgerow was turned into a stable, six griffs were packed in the other, and we joyfully set sail for Dinapore; and a large flag which we had contrived to make on the voyage was hoisted and a merry party did that flag waive over as ever stemmed the current of the Ganges. The two boats kept well together and in due time we arrived at Dinapore: on approaching the place, we heard great guns booming forth, but the meaning of such a salute never gave us the least concern, though our juvenile curiosity was somewhat excited by a crowd of well-dressed military gentlemen and sundry “muckle cocked hats,” as a Scotch friend of mine used to call them. As our boat touched the shore, these gentlemen approached, and we certainly became somewhat alarmed when the cocked hats began to ascend the plank, and we crouched together in our confined space with an indefinable sensation of fear of we knew not what, and thus we were discovered, stared at and then left alone—the party then visited the other budgerow, but as they found a horse’s head peeping out of the jill-mill window, and the tail of another on a level with the fore-castle, they declined entering *that*, and we were left to puzzle over the visit and wonder what the laughing and giggling could be about. Reader, we were supposed to be Major-General Marley and suit who was expected. We were received with a proper salute and a deputation of all the big wigs of Dinapore!! and have I not reason to remember it, and am I not justified in recording the fact in this paper? As I must live a very long time before I

can ever hope to be so honored again, and as I assure you it created a very great sensation at the time, it deserves to be recorded.

Whilst discussing the unmistakeable bent of youngsters who are naturally sportsmen, I said ‘see them on the voyage up the country.’ Matters are differently managed now-a-days, but I think some of the captains of the river steamers could even now a tale or two unfold to corroborate the fact, that the sportsmen in embryo is a different species from the creature who afterwards thinks he should like to be one. Let the griffs of the right sort but see a rat hole on the parade whilst at drill—no sooner is he free than you will find him out with his terriers and if there is a pond or a river at hand, behold a party of them persecuting a poor duck; see them with their bran new saddles and bridles on any description of beast, spear in hand, chasing a pariah dog; only ask one of them to go out shooting with you, to the envy of the rest, and see how the lad will fag, how he will take to snipe jheel with his glazed wellingtons and straps. These are the boys that soon become fit for any thing; their whole soul is in sport of whatever kind; they take to it naturally; they can handle a gun, a bat, a spear, a cue, an oar, aye and a horse too, whether on the flat or across country, and long may old England breed such lads say I!

I was discoursing somewhat in the above strain and upholding sportmen and sport of the right kind at a party in which two of us were English, one was Scotch, and one was Irish. We had been also discussing the difference between a true sportsman and a gambler, and how far gambling to a certain extent was consistent with true sport, and the Scotchman had argued well and wisely about the absurdity of some youngsters buying race horses which they could not afford to pay for, and betting money when they had none to lose. Moreover he *thocht* it better for many a lad to be quit of such doings, but he could not see as there was any great harm in a youngster taking to shooten if so be he could only handle the thing easily, and for myself, said Sandy—for Sandy McPhun was his name—I’m unco fond a easting the flee!

What the devil do ye mean by that? said Pat Conolly. ·

Feshing, ye gamarel, do you know ken what it is to fesh, do ye no ken a flee?

Oh, be dad! Is it fishing y’d be talking about,—jist pass me that elaret and I’ll prove to you that I wance tried that same sport or intinded to try at any rate, and by the same token I’ll prove to you, that barring the accident I was dev’lish near turning out a sportsman myself.

Bravo Conolly! come Pat do let us hear.

I never knew you had been a sportsman, said I.

I never tould you I was, but I would have been barring the accident.

Well do tell us.

Well so I will, but its dhry work talking.

Gulping down another glass of claret, Pat began as nearly as I can remember as follows :—

The Major was saying awhile ago that some men were born sportsmen. I'll be d—d if I was! but a fellow gets sick and bored to death at hearing chaps come in from their shooting or fishing parties, eternally sticking pigs, catching big thundering whales, or knocking over tigers as big as elephants. May the devil admire me if I believe won half the lies they tell, sure its ating and dhinking the entire time they are its my belief. Was any of ye ever at Nusserahbad gentlemen, because that's the place as ever I first went to fish; some of the lads made up a party between musters, and as I was mortal sick of parades—as I am now by that same token—I was ast would I jine, and I said yes. I'll engage I never went fishing again or shooting either. You talk o yer d—d flees Doctor McPhun iv y'd seen the phids of otta the lads took as big as the biggest lumpers in Ireland and the flies they stuck in their hats, yellow things as big as canary birds for 'twas Maliseer we were going to pull out. The place was many miles from the station, and to judge by the pace the boys went, as they must have been a mighty dale fonder of the fun than I was, I let em go with my blessing. You know what that is, and took it asy, sure enough I was in plenty of time. Anyway it wouldn't av mattered if I'd been too late entirely. Come pass the claret McPhun.

Here Pat seemed inclined to shirk the rest of the story, but we were by no means inclined to let him off so easily, and persisted in hearing the end of the story.

Shure I tould it ye all before long ago!

Not a bit of you Pat, come out with it.

Well then where was I? did I get to the water, sure I did; now I remember;—but stop first, did you know any wan of you that born devil for mischief Dan Fagan, sure he never let any man quiet. Well, then, I found the boys fishing in right earnest. Dan had got hold of a whopper, I seen him lep and splash out o' water twice as high as the falls of Ballyshannon,—was ye ever at Ballyshannon? och! its there the salmon leps.

Hoot, hoot, nian, wha cares about Ballyshannon when yr talking o' the Banaas, said Sandy.

Well then did ye ever see a salmon lep, sure its not asy to stand quiet and its little help you can give and the water betwixt you, you see there was a sthrip of the river

betwixt me and the place on the rocks the boys was fishing. Murther in Oirish Pat! cried Dan, will ye stand there and not come and help me, sure you're the boy to come fishing says Dan, by the pipers he'll be off says he! Will I cross the water here says I? In coorse ye will says he, be quick says he! or I'll lose the fish—what bothered me was to see the other chaps sitting down asy, but Dan gave me no time and I rode into the sthrame and sure its be the blessing of God I ever got out agin, for my horse sunk in up to his ears, my sate was in the wather too and the poor baste was sinking with me entirely. Jump off you spalpeen roard that divil Dan, its quicksand yr in. Be dad I'll be dhrowned says I, you will says he, laughin at the time and be d—d to him; faith I see little to laugh at in it, for I rowled in the wather, but the divil a ha'p'orth could I hould my legs under me, for sure I was sinking. Swim says Dan, and with that I was flat on my face and by the blessing of Providence I found a firm bottom and with the help of some niggers and my long whip, the poor horse was saved too.

And what did you do then Conolly? I asked.

Do! faith—I went to the tent and was soon followed by Dan and his fish and other spalpeens who did nothing but laugh at me all the morning; they wanted me to go and thry the fish after breakfast, but I'd had enough of such spoorting for my life, and could never bear the sight of a rod from that day and the divil a bit better luck did I ever have at the shooting neither, tho' same of ye are so fond of it.

Did you ever try it Conolly?

Thry it? sure I did, wanst!

When? do tell us.

Will I tell ye that too; and ye only laugh at me! sure it was that divil Dan Fagan was at the bottom of that too, but the poor lad he's dead now, or I wouldn't forgive him to this day—

But do tell us Conolly how was it?

Well then pass the liquor Doetor, you are as fond of it sure as if it was all your own, and ye wanted to take it to bed with ye.

I'm muckle obleeged to ye Captain Conolly, but may be ye'll tell us about yer shooting, for I could never manage that mysel.

Whell then, I'd made up my mind to countermareh and only waited till my poor horse should be fit to carry me, for he'd refused his male in the morning and wouldn't take his male in the afternoon, and the divil a wan of the boys would lend me a nag, for they swore I shouldn't go back. I'd been sulking about the tent all day waiting till the syces would rub and scrub the poor creature into appetite, and I'd given him some warm beer and ginger in it.

May be that was to get him in wiud, interrupted McPhun.

Faith, of ye bother me ye'll put me out, will ye be asy now till I tell ye or will ye tell it yourself?—Pat was getting warm so we coaxed him into a good humor with another glass of claret and he proceeded—

Well then I was thinking how would I get away and had half made up my mind to take master Dan's grey Arab and ride away, when a set of ugly niggers came runnig up to me, grinning like monkeys and chattering after the same fashion—well ye know I'm no great hand at the Moors, now and what would I be twenty years ago, faith doether it was as puzzling as your Scotch lingo.

Or may be gerane Irish Captain Conolly ! drawled in the doctor—we all laughed and Paddy continued.

Well sure whilst I was trying to make out the say of the niggers in comes the boys from fishing and soon made out that a tiger was marked down somewhere not far off—sure them niggers is such liars says Dan, and we'll send out a goat to-night and see is he there—faith I'd be glad if he wasn't I thought to myself, but I was ashamed to say it out, and I made up my mind to be off to cantonments any way before morning. But we got to dinner and what with the beer and the material afther it, and the storys the boys was telling of what they'd do, I got my dander up and promised to stay and go wid them and Dan give me the loan of a gun. Well sure enough the goat was killed and the niggers came crowding to the tent in the morning for all the world like savages ye see in picturs in Captain Cook's voyages, with long spears and only a bit of rag to cover their dacency—sure tailors must be scarcee in them parts!—but we'd little time for dhraming, for Masther Dan came the eommanding officer and marshalled all off like sodiers going to dhrill.

But did you go on foot ? I asked.

On foot is it ! sure would we go on horse back and would an elephant go in them places ? But there was uane, an I'll engage y'd be glad of it if ye'd seen the place, all ravines and rocks and big bushes, and faith ye woulnt be afraid if ye seen the brave way the niggers went ahead an as much as Dan could do to stop the yelling and tom-tomung. Well, after scrambling over stones and tearing me legs wid the thorns we come to the place and Dan stuck us up in different positions, some on the top of stones and some on trees, and the niggers set to beat the jangle up to where we was—that devil Dan had stuck me in the fork of a tree within six foot of the ground, but I wasn't goin to stay there and then he went away. I climbed higher up, but I'd enough to do to hold on, and tho' I wasn't then afraid of the tiger, I had my fears about being shot

ly some baste else, however, the tiger broke away—two on em, and may the devil admire me if I was'n't glad of it. But that chap Dan cussed an swore and said it was all the nigger's fault, and he made us come down an followed on through a long belt of low jungle. I was so cramped with being up the tree that I didn't see the fun of this, but if I must own it I was afraid of being thought a coward, and as all the niggers seemed brave, I let'm go first and followed on. Dan made the niggers go first for fear they should run away, the thing was to get into the open country and then the niggers was to beat up to us again, one on em politely carried my gun and on we went for about a mile, when by de holy we heard such a growl and a roar close to us as I wish I may never hear again, and before I could stop to listen, I was knocked down by the rush, and whether it was the tiger or the black chaps devil a wan of me knows, but I was pitched head first into a prickly bush and left there like John Free at Bhurtpore. Do ye know John Free? May be you know him Major?

Oh yes I know him, but never mind him, now tell us what became of the tiger and how you got out of the bush.

The devil a man there that day could tell what became of the tiger, for every mothers son of em run like rabbits in a warren, or rats in a barn with a ferret at their tails.

But how did you get out of the bush?

Faith I didn't get out at all, I was taken out, and that only four hours afterwards when they found I was missing an wouldn't come, and then they came two and two, with both barrels cocked, calling out now and then Pat Connolly, and then whispering poor Pat, I'm afraid he's gone. It was that blackguard Dan I heard say that, but when they come nigh to where I was I could hardly help laughing, and I gave a growl as like a tiger as I could, and be dad they were near off again. If I had'nt called to Dan by name, I'd have been there to this day, and may me own another disown me if ever they catch me out shootings again." But Major, may be ye'll spake to the Doether to be letten me have some claret, the devil a dhrop he let me have this hour, and I'm as dhry as a lime-burner's splasher-dasher.

Well Conolly that was certainly a perilous adventure, and as you were not fond of sporting originally, I don't wonder at your getting disgusted. But I fancy you are not the only one who has found more trouble than enjoyment in the sports of the field.

I'd be vara glad to know what Mr Simpson could say to that, for I don't remember ever to have seen him wi a gun in his han, though he's unco fond a wearin a shooter coat.

I must here interrupt our friend McPhun to give my readers some account of my friend Simpson, as he was quite a character

in his way: he was one of your quiet steady listeners, and I had some curiosity to know what he would say to the Doctor's sarcastic remark. I had known Simpson since he came into the country. We called him the old griff when he joined, for he came out at rather an advanced age, tho' a more simple, guileless fellow you could not meet. It had often been a matter of conjecture who he was; he never talked of his friends or his home; he had evidently not been intended originally for the army, nor did he give you the idea of one of those smart, college-bred, fast fellows, who had discarded the notion of church or bar for the honours of a red coat. Of one thing there was no doubt, he was a thorough cockney, tho' not a high-bred one, and it had been whispered that the best days of his youth had been spent at the desk as an attorney's clerk, but something had gone wrong or something had gone right, as the case may be, and James Simpson, as Pat Conolly said, had left his country for his country's good, and been made a Cadet off. When I first saw him, he gave me the idea of a would-be dandy, an hermetically sealed specimen; his coats and trousers were unmistakable "reach me downs" from Doudney or Moses; his hat was brown with the sea air and his boots were always too large for him as though he had suffered from corns; he never wore uniform if he could help it, and only in his red jacket and forage cap did he look like a griff. They were too bright and new and always carefully called for by his bearer at the tea-shop after parade, in exchange for the everlasting hat and coat: these soon got shabby; the hat he covered with white linen; he had no extravagant propensities, belonged to his mess, subscribed to every thing, yet always managed to keep out of debt: his only peculiarities at first discovered were, that he never went to the billiard table; never drank, never sang a song, and never sat up except as a point of duty on a public night, and then he would sit for hours smoking his cigar without uttering a word. Strange as it may appear, it soon became evident that Simpson's great ambition was to be a sportsman; he was constantly making up shooting costume, borrowing any man's coat for a pattern without reference to peculiarity of size or figure, consequently the dress never became him; it always looked awkward, unnatural, incomplete, too long or too short in the skirt or sleeves, or too high in the collar; his leather gaiters, which he sported occasionally were always too tight in the leg, and too long in the straps, and he always completed the singularity of his appearance by wearing white cotton gloves in keeping with the white cover to his hat. At a cricket match he would always be dressed as though he was one of the players: (always excepting the cotton gloves) he had attempted to play once or twice, but then he was so awkward, got so knocked about, and was so laughed at, that he soon gave it up—for with all Simpon's good

nature he was very shy, very sensitive and very vain—altogether the sort of man who never saw the fun of being laughed at—he delighted in long walks or long rides, but it must be on the high road, for he couldn't have climbed over the mess table or jumped over his hat. As to riding it was his great vanity, his hobby; he rode a huge, ugly, pompous brute called Napoleon with a fine mouth—well up in the air—and action like a rocking horse, and Simpson's delight was to put him into his best canter, and go along smacking a great hunting whip, followed by a pack of yelping little terriers to which he used to *whistle!* from a bone suspended from his button-hole. On one or two occasions he was seduced out coursing; he seemed to enjoy the thing vastly and exerted himself, smacking his whip at every bush that came in his way, and when the halloo was given, he went away in a frantic state of excitement; but alas! he was always observed to pull up if any impediment, such as a ditch, wall or bank came in his way, and was invariably found safe at home when the fun was over. If he was ever accused of considering discretion the better part of valour, the blame was laid to that brute Napoleon "who never would look where he was going."

At — we had a boat club to which Simpson subscribed as a matter of course: he was very fond of aquatics; however here again the poor fellow was out of his element; he never could manage to feather his oar, would lift it too high out of water, was continually hitting people in the back, and he never could be induced to take off his cotton gloves or pull without his coat; he was fond of horses, yet never had a good one; his eye was always taken with a high crest and a long cock up tail; his buggy was like his old everlasting hat, looked as if it had never been new, yet it was kept so clean that it never looked worse for wear. I remember his buying a curriele, intending to drive his own mares, and they became the perfect nuisance of cautionsments; at one time going about separately, then as a pair with all sorts of logs and contrivances calculated to frighten other people's horses, cutting up the roads and kicking up a dust; he never drove the curriele and what became of it I do not recollect. And now we will leave him to tell his own shooting adventures in his own quiet way.

You are quite right there McPhun. I *am* very fond of wearing a shooting coat and I only wish I could be oftener seen with a gun in my hand; but to tell you the truth, though I have tried more than once, I never could make good use of one. I never had a gun in my hand till I came to this country and then I found it too late to begin. I fancy it is like swimming or skating, and many other things men must begin young.

But did you ever shoot a bird in yer life, tell me *that?* said the persevering McPhun.

Yes ! I bought a gun from a shop at Ferozepore for 55 Rs. and I got all the apparatus, shot belt, powder flask, and every thing from a boxwallah in the bazaar, and determined to go out shooting early the next morning. My great ambition was to bring home some game. I made up my mind not to fire at anything else, and starting very early, I got out of cantonments without any body seeing me, taking one little terrier and my bearer. I put up many birds that I did not know, but I knew they were neither partridge nor quail, because I had seen them brought in by others. Nettle put up more than one hare, and altho' she ran after them and I always fired, somehow or other, we couldn't kill one ; and I saw more than a dozen partridges, but could not hit them and so the sport continued all day. At last as it was getting dark and time to come home : I put up some quail and fired again, nothing fell, but the bearer saw one of them go down behind a hedge, and I thought now was my only chance, so I tied up Nettle and took off my hat and went on my hands and knees, crawling along the hedge side and the bearer following me in the same way : when I came to the place I looked and looked, but could see nothing ; presently the bearer pulled my coat and whispered, *sahib sahib, whoe, blitu hie, whoe, whoe*. At last I saw a little bird and I'm sure it was a quail, but I thought I was not near enough, so I slunk up quite close and poked the gun through the hedge. I took, you may be sure, a good long aim, and fired ; the gun kicked me in the face, so I could not tell whether I had killed it or whether it had flown away, but the bearer and I ran round to where we could cross the hedge, and when we came to the place we began to search in all directions, but, could find nothing ; yet I was sure I must have hit it for I shut one eye and covered the sight and every thing—at last when I had given it up, the bearer who was at some little distance called out *milla sahib, milla !* I ran up to him and to my horror he held up the little leg of some little bird with only a bit of skin hanging to it. I had blown the poor little thing all to pieces. It was now getting late, so I mounted my pony and rode home, intending to go out shooting again the next day.

Well had you any better luck next day ?

I did not go ; that fool of a bearer spoilt all, for he went strutting through the cantonments with the gun and apparatus, and was stopped by some of the lads going to mess who knew him, and were quite astonished to see him with a gun. The fool told them I had been out to shikar and when asked if I had killed any thing, said *ah sahib, eh chirriá mará*, and produced the leg of the little bird. I was so bullied about it at mess and by all the station that I made up my mind never to go out again, and sold my gun for a gold mohur.

But did you never try again I asked? well remembering a story on the march.

Yes, once that fellow Jaques of our's bothered me to go out and lent me a new double-barrelled gun: there was plenty of game that day and he knocked them down right and left. I fired away too, but the only thing I hit was one of the beaters running to pick up Jaques' bird. I was so disgusted that I went to camp and sent the poor fellow to hospital. It came on to rain and we halted two days, for every thing was wet; when it cleared up, Jaques came and asked me to go out again, but I would not go and whilst he was talking in the tent he saw his gun in the corner, and taking it up flew into a deuce of a rage, because it had not been cleaned. It was all covered with rust and he was very angry and going to take it away, but I persuaded him that I would have it cleaned nicely, so when he was gone I showed it to the bearer and gave him a great rowing and he promised to *khoob saf hur it*, so I went out to take a walk. When I came back I saw all the lads standing in the centre street of camp, and when I came up Jaques flew at me in the deuce of a rage: the bearer had taken the gun to the siklegur and the rascal had scraped the barrels as bright as a new sword. I was so annoyed I made up my mind never to touch a gun again and I never have.

An I think you were no that far wrong, but will ye be so ceevil as to tell us what became o' the poor man ye shot? he didna dee I hope.

No! Sandy my boy, I rejoice to say he was very little hurt and a few rupces soon set him to rights, but as to my giving up shooting, I think I've heard something about your first attempt as a sportsman, being at any rate no better than my own, so suppose you tell us your first sporting experiment and how it happens you never go out shooting now-a-days.

That's vara like saying I that am no a sportsman ava, but I'll tell ye for a' that and ye may judge for yersel. The beginnin was no vara cheeriu na mair nor yer ain, tho' I did na wound a man sae bad as to require the siller to cure him, but it was no fault o' mine. Weel, I cam up the Ganges wi three chaps o' ma aine pro-fession; they were certainly sportsmen, for they went out shooten every day and thought it fine fun, altho' they never brought home anything, the game was ower wild or there was nane i' the place or somethin o' that sort. I often wanted to try ma han at it, but a never felt ower sure aboot the cocks an triggers. Ma Chum got an attack o' fever, so here was a grand opportunity o gettin his gun for the day. I asked him to load ane of the barrels, as I thought it best to begin quietly like, an away a went: what the deil there was aboot me a never could understand; a' the flunkies stood round me glowering as if they had

never seen a man an a gun afore, an the three chields in the bud-grow were laughin fit to cry : a got a wee bit nervous, but thought it best to prepare by cockin the gun, but the owner o' it on seein this, sings out—as impudent as ye like—What the deil are ye aboot mon, did any body ever see the like o' that ! dont cock bath mon, ane would think you never had a gun in yer han afore ; put doon the left hammer. Yer no far wrang my birkey thinks I to mysel, but its easier said than done. I tried it however, an off went the gun—siek a splore there was ! I'll never forget it a' the days o' my life. Ma khansama fell doon to a' appearance deed ; there was na a bit o' his hat left and just a wee puckle hair on the back o' his heed ; twa or three ithers were our ilk ithier like mad and as for my ane feelins, a dose o' tartar emetic would ha been a luxury compared we 'em, but the gun kick-et most awfu—oot run the medicos, ane o' em fell into the water I'm happy to say to help the wounded, but they found nathin hurt, whereupon every mother's son, black an white, includin the man wi' the singet heed laughed till they cried again, a saw na fun in the business mysel, it was vara near bein an awfu accident, but I'll take some grog the noo, as I feel dry when I think it. But I'll niver handle a gun again us long as ma name's Sandy McPhan.

It was now getting late and the party broke up, so I will take the opportunity of bidding my readers good night.

ROHILLA.

A VISIT TO KORUNTAH DHEE.

I had lately an opportunity, whilst enjoying the kind hospitality of the Superintendant of the Central Stud, of witnessing morning and evening that interesting sight, the purchase of yearling colts for the government service. The scene presented such lively and novel features, that I was induced to make a rough sketch of it on the spot, I have now succeeded at my leisure in making a more finished picture which I send to you : if you like it and have a hand equal to the task, you can get it lithographed on a scale reduced to the size of the pages of your Magazine.*

* We very much regret that this admirable picture—"The Achmet Colt Up" is beyond our artistic means. It would be impossible to reduce it, so as to bring it within the compass of a page.—A. E.

A rough pen sketch also descriptive of the scene may not be unacceptable as an accompaniment.

Time soon after sunrise in the month of April, the purchase having been commenced at day-break in order to get through it before the day is too hot,—a point this by the way which I had lost sight of when I inadvertently “graced” the table with a case bottle and tumbler: your draftsman can omit this, it being an afternoon’s “accessory.”

Scene, grove of mangoe trees near the stables at Koruntah Dhee. At the table are seated the Superintendent and Depot Officers, and before each are huge books with tabular entries. In the mid-distance is shambling away a brown, unthrifty looking mare with a colt at her heel, which some one compared to “a gilet pie, all legs and wings.” This unpromising yearling has been rejected on the ground, that the dam had been neglected to the detriment of her progeny which had been so thrown back from want of proper nurture and care as to render it quite unfit to be “passed”—the weed was therefore declared *nu pussund*, or rejected.

The negligent Zemindar in whose charge the brood mare was, is thus punished for his abuse of trust. He retires disappointed, and “crest-fallen” like his charge, after a loud utterance of sundry and divers excuses which are as idle as they are unheeded. As he leaves the ground he is stopped by a gentleman, who thinks he sees likely points in the rejected one, and makes overtures towards getting it into his stable: it will probably pass into his hands for 40 or 50 rupees.

But make way for the next, a different stamp of animal altogether, and see what reward the careful Zemindar will get for the attention and care he has bestowed on his charge.

A very fine colt upon my word, and what a shapping mare the Dam is; well kept and full of fire and condition. She does not at all understand why her young one is so unceremoniously taken from her side, and chafes at the rough handling which the rebellious antics of the playful and powerful young *rejector* necessitate. Nobly she shows, as she goes upon end in her eager impatience to get to her young: she has very nearly got Ram Singh off his legs, but he is a stout yeoman and holds her right well. She means him no harm and will not get away from him; with him she only associates kindness and good treatment; he has petted her and is attached to her, as bear witness the charms and amulets with which her neck is encircled: the colt is now well held by two of the Stud farriers, stalwart fellows with muscular limbs and active as cats: and wild as are the struggles of some of the colts, they can rarely shake off the grip of the athletes, I may almost call for them from their appearance: it is

the first time that many of the colts have known coercion or restraint of any kind and desperately do some of them resist, but in general unavailingly. How these farriers save their shins and feet is matter of marvel, but at the end of the day, there they are unseathed, fresh and in good wind, and able to hand along and shew the paces of these unruly youngsters: they receive a percentage on every foal belonging to their "circle" which is "passed;" their aid in bringing the stock up well is thus enlisted.

The Veterinary Surgeon now goes up and commences his scrutiny; in his right hand is a bit of a sapling, the very sight or at all events shake of which keeps the crowd in order if they press forward inconveniently; it is by no means a useless appendage either, the service being one of considerable danger at times, and many a narrow escape can he tell of from two playful heel of colt or mare; on one of these mornings he carried home the impress of a biggish mare's hoof on the back of his sporting jacket.

The examination is satisfactory, and the young thing's action shews "corky." "Purchaseable," he quietly pronounces, as he retires a few paces, and gives his attention to his cheroot until the next in succession is run up.

The Superintendent fully approves.

"Condition?" he enquires,—for where business is properly done, and by Englishmen—there is little superfluous talk, words are economized.

"Good"—"good"—"good," replies the depot officer.

This is a report going over the several musters of the cattle taken in the district, on each occasion the mare's condition has received a good mark.

"Looks like an Achmet," says the Veterinary Surgeon, whose experience enables him generally to make a pretty good guess at the Sire.

He proves on reference to be an Achmet colt, dam by an Arab.

"Ek sou tees," calls out the Superintendent with stentorian lungs, and not too much either, "one hundred and thirty" rupees for such a promising colt by such a Sire.*

* Achmet was a celebrated horse in England, and I am indebted to a friend for the following little *mémoire* of him. He was bred by Lord Jersey, is by Sultan out of Cobweb by Phantom. In 1837 he won the thirteenth Riddlesworth Stakes of 200 sovs. each, twenty-one subscribers: at Newmarket Craven, the same meeting he won a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, half forfeit. Five subs. beating Quick-silver and Adrien: the same meeting he received forfeit for the Bruton Street Stakes of 100 sovs. each, p. ft. four subs. At the Newmarket first Spring Meeting the same year he won the 2,000 guineas Stakes beating Mustec by Lottery or Mulatto,

One hundred and thirty rupees is the largest sum which is paid by Government for a colt.

The Zemindar gives up his colt, makes a queer kind of a rustic salaam and grinning round to his *bhace bunds*, who seem heartily to participate in his good fortune retires, patting his fine mare, to him a most valuable charge, for she has brought him the full price for her produce four successive years, and is to him as the pig to the Irish peasant, if it were not a shame to compare the highest to the lowest in the scale of animal creation; but she "pays the rint," and the Zemindar is thus repaid for the care and good feeding to which such good produce is in a great measure attributable.

Of these brood mares there is an annual distribution amongst the Zemindars. At the same time old and unprofitable mares are withdrawn and younger blood sent out to replace them: to men who have shewn themselves trust-worthy, more than one mare may be given out, and those who have not done justice to their charge are deprived of it and a mark is set against their names; again, mares are withdrawn as unprofitable when it is satisfactorily shewn that unfavorable results are not to be ascribed to carelessness or neglect on the part of the Zemindar.

And now clear the road again, here comes the next mare and foal, a dun, wildish looking dam and a bay colt as obstreperous as a Zebra; that rapid retrograde movement clears the crowd one way, but the farmer's lad has a stout hold. Some one now touches the colt behind with a long light bamboo like a fishing rod: that's enough for him; off he goes, up on end, with a plunge forward and then away like a deer: the lad clings by his side as he bolts off on his wild career, and now both emerge from a cloud of dust which has been caused by the higgledy-piggledy scattering of a mass of spectators who were squatting in the way of the line he seemed to wish to take to gain his "Lares."

He is brought back in due course; in the mean time other colts are passed, rejected or sent back for further tending, and this goes on till 9 or 10 A. M., when the sun's rays begin to penetrate unpleasantly through and under the tress, and peculiar sensations suggest that the fast should be broken. Not less than an hundred and fifty colts have been presented this morning, and it certainly did not appear to me that ten per cent. were rejected.

The morning's work is, however, not over yet: a batch of young mares are picketed in a grove hard-by and to these the

dam by Whisker out of Mercutio's dam; Lord Exeter's b. c. Troilus 3rd. Many others started but were not placed. Achmet is brother to Bay Middleton, a winner of the Derby and has now become the property of the E. I. Company. He is the sire of Pretender, who distinguished himself so much last Sonapore Meeting.

Superintendent's attention is directed : they have just arrived from the Poosah depot in Tirhoot, and owe their fine condition to Apperley's care, he having charge of all the filly stock that are reared there. This batch is now sent up to be passed and distributed amongst the Zemindars in the district. Very few were rejected on the occasion I was present, and these chiefly for want of size and substance, or for malformations that seemed likely to have hereditary effect. The rejected make excellent "mounts" for the Irregular Cavalry, and as far as my experience has gone, and I have driven mares for many years as harness cattle, for bottom, temper and speed combined they are unrivalled with reference of course to their cost ; they are generally sold at from 154 to 250 Rs. Almost all the hack-work in Calcutta is done by them.

It is now near 11 o'clock, and heads must be turned homewards in earnest, the sun is getting very vicious. Now commences the clamor of the "rusties" who beset the Superintendent as he walks to his buggy with a thousand claims, for the most part unreasonable : some who have proved themselves untrustworthy cry out loudly to be tried again, and to have one of the new mares given over to them, others to have their mares changed, as they have not brought them fair profit, or are like the mules so confounded obstinate that they won't breed, and so on : all these claims and complaints will be listened to in their proper time and place and they know it well, but it is of no use to remind the clamorous crew of assailants of this. A word in reply but increases the outcry tenfold, so silent resignation is the only refuge for the Superintendent till he gets behind his long stepping chesnut Waler.

And now a bath and breakfast, and at 3 dinner : no sooner is the cloth off the table than the work is to be resumed at Buxar on the other side of the water. A quarter of an hour's row in an open boat, and on the other side precisely the same scene presents itself as the morning ; except that there are this afternoon the Zemindars' filly produce for purchase. Some of these are rejected in like manner and from like causes with the colts ; those passed are branded with B. or K. as the case may be, whether of the Buxar or Korunta Dhee side, and the last figure of the year in which they are purchased on one side, and their roster number as per purchase roll on the other : the fillies are then sent down in strings to Poosah ; those which attain good size and substance come up again in two years for distribution in the district, and the smaller ones are sent to the annual Sonapore fair near Patna, and sold by auction as under sized or unfit for stud purposes, fetching perhaps from 150 to 200 rupees, in some years more. Batches of these are bought by the Livery Stable-keepers, and find their way to Calcutta ; in fact these mares are

scattered all over the country. I have had in my possession a pair of these now five years, and I scarcely remember a day when either has been sick or sorry; but I do remember many a day that one of them has taken me a longer stage and with better heart than many a bigger one would, and they are as playful as kittens at their work too.

One glance at the nursery, where I looked into a long range of building filled from end to end with the fresh purchased colts, their brands just impressed. I suppose there could not have been less than 150 in one unbroken line in the stable I peeped into: this is their golden age, they are allowed to disport themselves loose in paddocks for two years more, when they will be removed to the Ghazceppore Depot, where for another year they will luxuriate on good food and fill out accordingly: here too will assemble the annual committee to pass such as may be deemed fit for military purposes into the stud as "remounts." They will then be transferred to the remount depot at Kernaul, when during the fourth and fifth year of their age they will undergo the elementary process of handling and partial breaking in. On attaining 5 years of age, they will be brought before another committee and allotted to the several mounted branches of the service, and from that day their sorrows begin!

And now home where the fatigues of the day—and to those engaged they are not light—are forgotten in the agreeable refinements of our kind host's house and—it must not be omitted as a soothing influence—a bottle of his deliciously cooled claret.

The day is passed, and to-morrow's dawn brings the same work. It was a refreshing sight one morning to see in this country a number of three parts bred horses just arrived from England, fine strong bony brutes that looked as if they ought to give substance to the stock; they were like a lot of Yorkshire coach horses: as usual the coarseness of the head was noticeable as contrasted with the Arabs and others, but there was muscle and strength that would have run away with a loaded omnibus up Regent-street: they looked like "home."

And now to bring this little outline sketch as it were to a close: to others you must look for an elaborate or statistical account of the stud, its internal economy, &c., this is merely intended to explain and give an interest to the drawing I send, and was hurriedly written solely with that object, so you must only regard it as a slight record of "externals" as they met my eye: the few facts I have stated are I believe in the main correct.

P. C. T.

SPORTING GALLERY.—No. XVIII.

ABDOOL RAYMAN.

Our artist, Mr C. Grant, has always been eminently successful with Oriental subjects; perhaps his likeness of Sheik Ibrahim, in our last number, was his crowning work. It induced us to look for another turbaned sitter and we had only to go across the way, from the Stables of Messrs. Cook and Co. to those of Messrs. Hunter and Co. What the Sheik is to the former, Abdool Rayman is to the latter—the presiding genius of Arab horseflesh; at whose word or sign a visitor may be indulged with the inspection, one by one if he pleases, of a string of the “desert-born”—as our poets say—which would leave him without excuse for laying out five and twenty thousand rupees or so, if he wanted to invest such sum in the Arab market. Abdool speaks English very well, not a small recommendation, as a dealer, to the majority of customers. About forty-seven years of age, he has been engaged in his present calling over thirty years. He was born at Bussorah, where his father was a general merchant. Not caring for the miscellaneous Abdool at the age of sixteen determined to devote himself to the one business which he has followed ever since. He first proceeded to Bombay with a batch of horses and for four years traded to and fro. He then took up his residence at Madras where he tarried about seven years. But he preferred the Ducks to the Mulls and returned to their island where he remained for sixteen years, selecting horses and sending them on his own account to the well known Syd Yasseen. On Syd Yasseen’s death he came to Calcutta, where he has remained ever since. Abdool has imported some horses of good fame;—amongst them, Absentee, Selim, Pioneer, Oranmore, Frolic, Mishap, Gauntlet, Snowdrop, Talisman, Guarantee and, though last not least, Wahaby, the winner of last year’s Derby, the Maiden Arab Purse, the Trades’ Plate and other races. He reckons among his steady patrons some of the first of our Turf men, with whom he has always maintained a high character. He would claim, with the Sheik, a place in our Gallery if for no other reason than that he is, like his great rival, liberal with his purse in strengthening the prospectuses of our Race Meetings. It may be suggested that it is their interest to do so—but it is not everybody that shows he knows his interest in so satisfactory a manner. The Dealers’ Purse may be said to be the money of Sheik Ibrahim and Abdool Rayman, and as we wished the former an hundred years of successful dealing we will not do less than wish the latter a century.—A. E.



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RECOLLECTIONS OF HIMALAYAN SPORT.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE WITH A TIGRESS.

In the winter of 1845-46, on leaving the higher regions where I had been during the Autumnal months hunting musk deer, I came down as usual to the middle hills and took up quarters on a little flat near some bullock sheds, about a mile up a well-wooded hill side, and the same from the nearest villages. It might be termed the foot of the snowy range; for the hill runs without any interruption right up to the great range between Gangootree and Kadernauth, and a good day's walk takes one up to the grassy region above the forest. The place was central with regard to all the best shooting grounds in the neighbourhood, and not wishing to move from place to place, I made it head quarters for the winter, building two or three little huts on the flat for myself and men, and was soon hard at work at the birds; sometimes shooting on the hill and returning to the huts at night, and at others going out to some more distant spot for three or four days together. On the whole I was very successful, and before winter was over, the hut set apart for the reception of the prepared skins was nearly full, and made a very fair show. Upwards of five hundred birds, principally pheasants and partridges, but with a few eagles, falcons, owls, and the handsomest of the smaller tribes, were hanging in rows to the long sticks fixed for the purpose. At least twice as many more had been thrown aside, given to the villagers, or consigned to the kitchen in their feathers, as not fit for stuffing, or not required. Several large bears had yielded upwards of a hundred quart bottles of grease, and four leopards, with some scores of the deer tribe had paid the forfeit of existence. Let it not be supposed, however, that I committed all this havoc myself. I may honestly confess to a great portion of it, but I had a shikarie shooting, and several men employed setting snares all the winter. Of the few little adventures I met with during my sojourn in this quarter, the one I am about to relate is perhaps most worthy of recording.

Early in March, when I began to arrange the sets of birds and wrap them in paper, I found sufficient work to keep me at home for several days. About the same time the bullocks were taken from the adjacent sheds to another part of the hill; all but one, an old superannuated lame buffalo, which being useless, was left by its owner to shift for itself. Having no one to tend it and perhaps not liking solitude, it came to our huts and soon became a perfect nuisance in the day, treading on skins laid

out to dry, and at night pulling off the grass thatch from the huts. All attempts to drive it away were in vain, and I sent a message to its owner, saying, if he did not fetch it I should be obliged to destroy it. He replied that it was useless to him, and being lame could not walk to the other sheds, and that I might do as I pleased; but being a brahmin he would not tell me plainly to shoot it. I took his implied consent however, and in the evening on its proceeding as usual to pull off the thatch, I drove it a little distance and put a bullet through its brain. The chumars stripped off and took away the skin the next day, but I would not have the carcase removed; fancying that amongst the vultures which would soon collect a few eagles might also come, and possibly some new species or one I had not got. The former birds soon made their appearance, and one by one began to drop as if from the clouds and alight on the tops of the neighbouring trees; but scared by the near vicinity of the huts and people moving about still at some distance, and the feast remained untouched. In the morning I went to look for any eagle that might be about, and passing the carcase was surprised to see half of it eaten. I examined the ground carefully for the footprints of any large animal, but the dried leaves prevented me from making out anything satisfactory, and concluded it must have been some of the village dogs. During the day the vultures getting bolder occasionally alighted on the carcase and would have devoured it all, but a large Thibet dog kept sentry near, and not liking the interlopers, drove them away. The next morning it was not only nearly eaten, but turned completely over, yet still there were no traces discernable to show what it was. Certain however now, it must be some wild animal, I made up my mind to watch at night for its coming, and set a man to prevent the dogs and vultures making an end of what remained.

The night came on rainy and dark, and I did not go out till the moon rose about ten o'clock, and the clouds cleared away a little. Slowly and carefully approaching the spot, what was my surprise to find the carcase removed altogether. The moon gave but a faint light through the heavy clouds, and here it was rendered still more indistinct by the large and densely foliaged oak trees around. Groping about, however, I found the carcase some twenty yards away, but the animal was gone. Thinking it would soon return I posted myself behind the trunk of one of the large trees, and watched patiently an hour or two, but nothing made its appearance; when concluding that whatever it was, it had eaten sufficient for that night and would not again return, I went home to bed. At daylight, on going to see if this surmise had turned out correct, I was mortified enough to find the carcase had been again removed and nearly all eaten, scarce anything being left

but the bones. There was a chance, however, of the animal's coming again the next night for what little was left, and determined to get a shot at it if possible, I made preparations accordingly. About ten yards from the spot where the carcase was now left, was a little wild pear bush which branched into three forks a few feet from the ground, and with a few twigs and small branches in this fork I made a nest, placing them on the side facing the carcase so thickly as almost to conceal a person crouching behind. It never entered my imagination to conceive that this nightly visiter might be a tiger, and that it would perhaps be advisable to have my seat a little further from the ground. Not one had been seen in the vicinity during the winter, and I had almost forgot there was such an animal in existence. I made certain of its being either a leopard or a bear, and of course dreamt not of the least danger. The only gun I happened to have at home was an old double one, the right barrel of which was burst and totally useless. This however on a dark night, where no aim could be taken, was just as good as a rifle, and to make more certain I put two bullets in the serviceable barrel, and just before dusk, with a young lad I was teaching to stuff birds, crept into the nest.

It soon began to grow dark, and being again cloudy, when night fairly set in, it became so pitch so that I found I could not see the skeleton of the old buffalo, or even the trunk of the nearest tree. This was a dilemma, but fancying that when the animal came, being so near, I might be guided by the glare of its eyes, or perceive it by its moving sufficiently to chance a shot, I determined to wait. For near an hour I listened patiently, but no sound announced the advent of the expected visiter, and getting tired of my cramped position, while the night grew still darker, and a few drops of rain portended a shower, I was thinking of going home, when without the least sound of a footstep, crash went the bones. My readers may guess with what anxiety I tried to gaze through the impenetrable blackness, but nothing could be seen; while for a full quarter of an hour we could hear plainly enough the cracking and munching of the bones. What would I not have given for a moment's moonlight! Once or twice I fancied I could distinguish some object and was half inclined to chance a random shot; but again there was a probability of its remaining till the moon rose, when I should be able to see clearly.

This state of annoying suspense was broken at length by the carcase being lifted up and carried bodily away. It was however dropped a little way off, and the cracking and munching of the bones again resumed. This continued for sometime when all became again still. I listened attentively but nothing could now be heard, and after a little while concluding the animal had

gone away altogether, I began speaking to my companion ; and we naturally expressed mutual regrets at our bad fortune. I now felt much annoyed at myself for not firing a random shot before the carcase was carried away, right at the place where I could judge well enough it was laid, for fancy whispered it might have been a lucky one and hit the animal. All hope now seemed over and we were discussing the advisability of going home, though still reluctant to leave, when I was startled by the deep drawn breath of some animal snuffing within a few feet of my face. So strong and powerful, and so different from any thing I had ever heard, it struck me at once what it was ; and so sudden and unexpected, it sent a cold shiver through my body, and I thought I felt my heart almost jump into my mouth. I cannot describe the sensation. It was not exactly fear, but a painfully intense feeling of breathless anxiety. The gun had been mechanically cocked and half-raised to the shoulder, but close to us it was so pitch dark from the overhanging branches that I could see nothing. I verily believe neither me or my companion drew one single breath for the few moments that, with finger on the trigger, I strained my eye-balls almost to bursting to pierce the fearful blackness. There was another deep snuff, which seemed to draw the very air from around my face, and at the moment I thought I could see something paler than the black space which an instant before was there. There was no time for hesitation, and closing the stock to my shoulder, I fired. A stifled moan and the dropping of some heavy body told that the shot had taken effect, but that it was not fatal we were soon made aware by the heavy breathing which followed. Fearful of attracting the attention of the animal, I remained motionless in the same position I had fired, without attempting to reload the gun, which I dropped silently on my knee. In all probability this saved us from some unpleasant rencontre, for the tigress as it turned out was only shot through the hind quarters, and was laid within a few feet ; and we not being much higher from the ground than herself, she might, if so inclined, have pulled us out of the bush without any difficulty. The breathing, and a few moans, which led me to hope the animal was dying, continued some time, but though so near I could see nothing, and I was not at all sorry when I heard her crawling slowly away, and all became again quiet. I now breathed freely, reloaded the gun, and listened attentively for some time, but nothing was to be heard, when I concluded she was either dead, or had crawled away mortally wounded, to die at some distance from the spot, as most animals will do. We kept still however till the moon had risen on the opposite hill side and sufficient light was shed to enable us to distinguish objects near, but nothing was to be seen. After looking carefully

around as well as the indistinct light would permit, we prepared to get out of the bush and go home, but before doing so it struck me to give a shout, which was answered by a loud angry growl, apparently from within twenty or thirty yards. On this intimation that the animal was still alive and close by, we deemed it prudent to remain, as the noise we should unavoidably make might draw its attention towards us. The night was still cloudy, but when the moon had fairly risen on the spot, we could see pretty clearly some distance around. I gave another shout, but this time all remained quiet, and getting out of the bush as noiselessly as possible we went home to the huts, congratulating ourselves on having got so well out of our rather unpleasant position.

Early in the morning, accompanied by another of my men and the large Thibet dog, we went eagerly enough to the scene of our night's exploit, fully expecting to find the animal dead. There was a large pool of blood close by the bush where it had first dropped, and another a little distance where it had laid down the second time. The dog took up the scent immediately, and followed it about eighty yards to some large masses of broken rock. On going behind one of these he gave a sudden bark, and bounded back followed by the animal, a large tigress. I had a fair shot within a few yards, and she dropped to it, but not having brought another charge of powder and ball I did not wait to see whether she would get up again or not, but gave the word to run, and in a few seconds we were back again at the huts. While reloading two villagers happened to pass by, and thus reinforced we again sallied out. We soon found our friend lying behind one of the rocks, and as she rose slowly up, one of the villagers made her a salaam, *gedee, sing rajah*, and I sent a bullet through her head which finished her career. On examination I found the two bullets I had fired in the night had struck her in the fore part of the hind leg, breaking the bone, and the flash had singed the fur all down her side from the shoulder. The one I fired when she followed the dog had hit her near the spine, and would no doubt have proved fatal in a short time. She was full-grown, and from the light colour of the fur and scanty stripes I fancy aged, measuring 9 feet 8 inches in length. On opening her we found three young ones not much bigger than mice, but with the claws completely developed, and hard and sharp.

It is a generally received opinion amongst sportsmen, that tigers will not remain in the same vicinity with wild dogs. That this is not without exception I had most satisfactory proof a few days after the above occurrence, by shooting another very fine tigress close to a spot where a pack of these animals were located

and the bitches breeding; which circumstance must have confined them for some time to the immediate neighbourhood; while another, which was afterwards caught in a leopard trap and turned out to be a male, was seen several times during the following week on the same hill, about which it kept for near a month. The spot the dogs had chosen was near the crest of the ridge above our huts, in a steep and rocky part of the oak forest where the ground was full of holes and caverns. My shikarie happening to pass by, killed and brought home two of them, a male and female, and the teats of the latter being quite full of milk, it was evident she had but lately pupped, and I determined to have a hunt for the young ones. The shikarie said he had done his best to find them, but there were so many different holes, all of which bore unmistakeable traces of being tenanted, that it was impossible he could tell in which they were; while the distance these caverns ran beneath the ground which was nothing but a half buried mass of broken rocks, would render the digging them out a most herculean task, even if at all practicable. Confident a little perseverance would ensure success I set out next morning, and had nearly reached the place when one of the two men with me suddenly put the rifle he was carrying into my hand, and pointing upwards exclaimed, *bagh, bagh*. We were climbing up a very steep part of the hill, through a dense oak forest, almost free from underwood; and standing on a jutting piece of rock, about a hundred yards right above us was the tigress, attentively watching our approach. With her breast full towards us she was a beautiful shot, but thinking he meant a leopard, and looking about for the spotted creature, a second or two elapsed before I caught sight of her, and as I put the rifle to my shoulder she turned. Just to the right the bend of the ground formed a kind of narrow ravine, which ran right up the hill in a direct line with us both; the tigress had taken the direction of this ravine, and running to the edge I was just in time to see her walking leisurely across. She was still in almost a direct line above, and about the same distance. A sharp whistle stopped her, and as she turned to look round, a bullet from the favourite little weapon went through her shoulder. She gave one mighty bound from the bank, and rolled dead almost close to us. She was a young and very beautiful animal, as long but not quite so bulky as the other, and had two young ones in her womb.

After skinning the tigress, a few minute's walk brought us to the abode of the wild dogs, but our first visit was not attended with any successful result. Only one hog made its appearance, on the top of a rock some distance above, and that but for a moment, disappearing almost instantaneously. Within a circum-

ference of several hundred yards, beneath almost every mass of broken rock, was an outlet to some cavern, and all appeared to be, or have lately been, occupied by some of the animals; while well trodden paths crossing from one to another made it apparent they were either visited in turn or inhabited indiscriminately. Broken pieces of bone, and the hair or fur of various animals, amongst which that of musk deer was most conspicuous, were strewed about; but the only thing which seemed to point out a cavern in which were young ones, was, that from the mouth of one of the largest, a narrow track led to a spot ten or twelve yards distant, where a portion of the skin and bones of a goral were laid. It struck me that this goral had been brought for the young ones, and the track been formed by their passing for several days backwards and forwards to it. It, however, as well as a little space round the entrance of the hole, was trodden down so firm and hard as to bear no trace of a foot-print, which would at once have confirmed the conjecture. The only thing we could do was to strew some fine earth about the entrances of all the most likely looking places, and after doing so we returned home.

Next morning, with the requisites for passing two or three days on the spot and a crowbar for digging out the pups, we reached just in time to see two of the dogs bring down and kill a goral close by, which they left immediately on seeing us. Our pains on the preceding day had been fruitless, for though one or two places where we had strewed the earth bore the marks of the adults, not one tiny foot-print could we find. The day passed without any further discovery, but the following morning, stealing noiselessly about the spot, I had the satisfaction of seeing two of the little pups in front of one of the smaller holes we had scarcely noticed, into which they ran as soon as they perceived me. The crowbar was put to work, but after half the day's incessant labour, we found that to dig them out was impossible, large masses of rock obstructing our progress, while a stick some yards in length thrust up the hole without reaching the end, gave us no idea how far we should have to penetrate. After some consultation in what manner now to proceed, we resolved to set a snare in the opening we had formed, and wait patiently till the little inmates came out of their own accord, first making certain there was no other outlet. This done, a man was set to watch near; but perhaps frightened at our digging, the remainder of that day and the night passed away without their forthcoming. One of the men suggested to put something in front of the hole as a bait, and I shot a moonall for that purpose, and whether or not tempted by this, one of the little pups soon afterwards came out and was caught in the snare. This was speedily released.

and taken to our bivouac, but some hours passed away without another following. I then removed the moonall and tied the one we had caught in its place; its cries soon brought out a second which was also caught in the snare, and two others followed almost as fast as we could release them. They were apparently about three weeks or a month old, and readily eat flesh of any kind. The four were taken to the huts and soon became quite tame and familiar, but from after-experience I found that they are domesticated far more readily when kept separate. They are the most voracious things I ever saw, and when a little grown the quantity of flesh they will devour is perfectly astonishing. The tearing furious haste with which they seem to eat, and the tenacity with which they cling to any thing after once getting hold are also remarkable features. One I caught afterwards and which would follow me any where like a dog, when not bigger than a small Blenheim spaniel, passing a flock of sheep, ran at one of the largest, seized it by the belly, and was dragged for half a mile through the fields, but would not leave go its hold. It became as tame as any wild animal could possibly be, would come instantly when called, and accompanied me when journeying from place to place like any other dog. When feeding, it would not allow itself to be touched, but at other times it was playful and very fond of being caressed. I had some difficulty in getting it to eat any thing but flesh, but perseverance effected this, and I sometimes fed it for a week together on cakes or rice. I had not an opportunity of tracing the development of its character, for when about six months old, it caught the distemper from the village dogs and died.

From observations I made on this occasion and the year following when the wild dogs again bred near the same place, I am led to believe that the females always pup where many are collected together, and remain in the vicinity till the young ones are able to follow them in their wandering career. This is further confirmed by the testimony of the villagers, who have occasionally found their breeding places under almost similar circumstances. Where their holes are numerous and at no great distance from each other, they would appear to take their pups from one to another almost as soon as they can run, probably to be nearer some animal they may have killed. It would also appear that at this time they hunt animals purposely for their young, and unable to carry a heavy carcase any distance over such rough ground, they perseveringly hunt it from place to place, till they force it to the spot where their young are deposited before they kill it. If this supposition be correct,—and from the various animals that had been killed about the caverns from which I got the pups, some of them in a great measure almost foreign to the

spot, I have every reason to believe it is so,—what an interesting sight it would be could we see the pack bring an animal from some place perhaps miles away, and witness the various manœuvres by which they forced it to this particular spot: how far surpassing any thing we can conceive of a pack of dogs merely running down and killing an animal in the spot where they can first bring it to bay. There is little doubt the wild dog may be completely domesticated, and with the instinctive power implanted by the Creator, is it going beyond the bounds of probability to suppose, that they might be taught to hunt animals in the same manner to one particular spot, at the pleasure of their master.

A MOUNTAINEER.

A BRUSH WITH A WILD BUFFALOE.

Having succeeded in obtaining a fortnight's leave, I left this terribly hot place, M—— and on arriving at my destination, Bal—— was told, that if I had brought my horse with me, I might very likely be able to get some pigsticking near the station; not having done so, however, I was obliged to moderate my transports till he had time to follow me down from head quarters. A few days after making his appearance, C. and myself resolved to try our luck, and started about half-past 3 A. M. on an elephant, with our horses, spears, &c. &c. following in the rear, and soon arrived at a spot where we were in hopes of falling in with some of the "unclean animal:" however, devil a pig we saw, though we waited patiently for at least an hour in one place, so at last resolved to "move on" (as the *Peelers* say at home,) and having with us, a couple of C.'s splendid black greyhounds, try if we could not at least find an unfortunate jackall. The sun was now just beginning to show, and I almost repented that I had been induced to leave my bed quite so early as I had not retired the night before, at that "witching hour" that people (Heaven knows why) call good time,—just as if one time is not as good as another, so long as you are not, what Paddy would call, in time to be too late for dinner. But talking of dinner puts me in mind of mutton, so, as the French say, let us return to our's.

Well, as I said before, I was getting deucedly tired and rather sleepy, when all of a sudden I saw C. point to something in the distance and tell the mahout to stop. I now

perceived that what he was looking at, was a large spotted deer : as I had no gun with me he said that I had better go on with the hatteree and rest of the suite, while he tried, under cover of some low bushes, to get a shot at my gentleman. I followed his directions and after having gone about a mile, got off the elephant and mounted my horse, so that I might be ready for any game that passed my way. I was just thinking it time to return in quest of C. when, at a distance, and in the direction where I had lost sight of him, I perceived an immense cloud of dust, and soon found that it was caused by some very large animals, charging down at full speed towards us. After about a minute's *glowering* at them, the mahout called out that it was a herd of wild buffaloes, and almost immediately afterwards, by us they came full tilt, carrying their tails most beautifully, and looking far from amiable. Seizing my spear away I started after them, but almost directly lost sight of the brutes behind some thick jungle : on reaching the open maidan, I again (as I thought) espied them at some distance off, but fancy my disgust on coming up with the herd, near a few solitary huts, when told, that they were TAME, and belonged to the people who were now witnesses of my excessive greenness, in mistaking such comparatively small cattle for the real, Simon Pures. However, the savages on my making them understand what I really was after, showed me the direction that they had seen the "wild uns" take a few minutes before I came up ; so sharp was the word, and away I sailed again in hot pursuit, and to my great delight soon had them in view, about a mile a-head. Knowing that I could trust to my nag for speed, pluck, and bottom I now took a pull on him, and was shortly as near to them as was safe : you might, (as they say of hounds) have covered the lot with a table cloth, though they were all doing their best, and a precious good pace their best is, as I have no doubt you know Mr Editor. However, I was sure that *all* could not keep it up at that rate very long ; and so it proved, for after about another mile, I saw that three or four of them began to show symptoms of bellows to mend, and dropped a little behind the rest : one particularly seemed inclined to take it easy and as this was just what I wanted, (so that I might have him all to myself, without the others to interfere with our tournament,) I humoured his whim, and slackened my pace also. When the herd had got about 200 yards in advance of us, I began to prepare for action, and giving Jack (my gallant little nag) a slight touch of the spur, was in a moment by his side. On receiving the first taste of punishment, (near the tail,) he did not show fight as I had expected he would have done : on the repetition of the dose, he did not take it quite so kindly, but charged

sideways at me, and it was only by the greatest good luck that I had been able, to withdraw the spear in time to receive him. The shock was no trifle as you may imagine, and I thought for a moment that it was all over with both Jack and myself; however, we were not to die this time, and were soon in full chase again. I now resolved to try a new dodge, and see if I could not manage to give him a dig *en passant* and shoot by, before he had time to be down on me. This manœuvre I accomplished, and caught my gentleman a regular *searcher*, which I fancy must have hurt his spine, as he staggered a good deal on receiving it, and bellowed out most fearfully. I pulled up as soon as I could after giving him the go-by, and succeeded in wounding him again as he passed, though not seriously. I now kept just at his quarters and gave him a taste of the steel, whenever I got a good opportunity. Beginning to get more confidence, and though not without some fear I confess, I again resolved to try and give it him in front, and just under the fore arm, if possible; unfortunately I was not so lucky this time as the last, and only contrived to graze him on the shoulder, high up, and the spear from the concussion against the bone, nearly flew out of my hand. He charged most furiously, and I only escaped through the pluck of my horse, who answering to the spur, sprung right by the brute, but only just in time to save his distance, and, in all probability, his master's neck. The blood was now streaming from the buffaloe in several places, and he seemed to be nearly exhausted. I let him run on for about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile without attempting to touch him, but finding that he did not mean to give up, without some more help, I resolved to give him a finisher.

For the last time I was once more by his side, and collecting all my strength, and sitting a little round in the saddle, caught him just in the right place, and much to my joy the blood oozed out frothy, and also began to pour from his nostrils: he stumbled heavily, but still kept on and took three or four more thrusts, before, he fell to rise no more.

On examining him after he was dead, he proved to be a fine young male, not quite full grown, but a most formidable looking animal all the same, and not at all the sort of customer that, (I think) I shall ever try to *stick* again.

As I was going home, I met C. who was coming in search of me: he had had a shot at the herd before I fell in with them, but at too great a distance for his shot to prove effective. As he wished to have a *dekh* at my bit of game, we returned to the place where I had left it: the jackalls were already hard at work with his carcase, one of them paid for his greediness however, by loosing his life, as C. had the dogs with him, who after a short

run, put him out of his misery. So ended my first day's sport, with the spear, and as it is also my first attempt with the *pen*, I trust you will excuse the very badly written description I have given you of it.

BANDYLAND.

M — , June 17, 1849.

MEMOS OF THE RACE STAND.

ABEL EAST, ESQ.

MY DEAR ABEL,—Did it never occur to your imaginative editorial mind, that "Memos of the Race Stand" or "Notes of Turf Experience" might possibly prove as interesting to your readers as "Birds of the Himalayas," or long journeys through jungles, &c. &c. I have often wondered that nothing in the shape of a notice of former years, or of the different changes which year by year have followed each other in the Sporting circles of this place, has ever appeared in the pages of the Review. The wish to see this want supplied—has induced me, notwithstanding the chance of being considered a bore by the young hands, to send you a few of my reminiscences, with the feeling that there are still plenty of the Turfites of olden days yet above the Turf, who will not be sorry to be carried back in imagination to the days when we were young.

If the walls of the old Stand could speak, what tales would they not tell of the days of T—, O—, and G—, &c., when the demon of gambling had full sway and after each dinner the hazard table was spread and morning found the party still rattling the dice! With these times however I have nothing to do—my connection with sport commencing with the revival of the Races in 1835, when, young in heart as in years, I formed one of the band of sportsmen old and young, assembled at the Stand to forward the good work and to rejoice in the revival of the Turf, which like all else in their day had succumbed to the influence of evil times, but was then to be restored under the auspices of that generous benefactor to every amusement, the late Lord Metcalfe. Well do I remember the joyous dinner, the first that had gladdened the old walls for two years! Many of the kindred spirits then assembled are still with us—some have run their final race—others have deserted their old companions for the homes of their youth—some falling off from the good cause have taken to tea and

bibles, instead of coffee and chicroots—and others compelled by the *res angusta domi* have been reduced to be lookers-on—when once they were foremost in the field. Gallant D——d, who can forget your handsome, good humoured face, when as our first Secretary you solicited subscriptions with a “take no refusal” air. S——s then, as now, father of the Turf was present, and the twin kings of Kishnaghur H—— and W——, the gentle and mild W—— H——y, W——t the trim, and well-dressed E—— M——n, Bob J——s and the Captain H——n, B—— the uncertain, and last but first of all in liberality, sporting feeling and qualities, uniting the frankness of the sailor with the polished address of the man of the world, came one whose loss was long and deeply felt by all ranks here. Need I name C——l. Peace to the manes of those who have gone, and may they who remain on the Turf be long above it!

But I am getting sentimental over my old stories. We used then as now to assemble at the Stand. I think I see now the small but neat figure of C——l standing up in the buggy—which at the corner of the Stand compound held the fair form of his lady—looking through his glass at Pirate and Comet taking a gallop; while his *élèves*, N——n and L——t, were taking the time, one with the watch, the other giving the posts. I could fancy W——t walking through the rails to lead in Absentee after finishing his gallop and earnestly questioning Joe as to how he went with him? The erect form of S——s might be seen close to the pillars of the Stand discussing with Cozy as to the training Humayoon—and in another corner E. M——n and H——s speculating if Polyphema, or Morgiana would do most credit to her breeder and “honest” J—— W——, cigar in mouth and stick in hand listening with quiet indifference to his fussy, fidgetty confederate B——; who would not be satisfied till Gash had been thrice warned not to go too fast with Kahnea. Further back would be A——n G——e and old Mack, mutually pleasing themselves with praises of Glendower, and Bob J——s and the Captain lamenting the untimely fate of Thunderbolt and the loss of tin from his staggers; and P——n then known as Mr Hardwicke afterward better as The Squire, might be seen discussing with G——h the dead heat between Jim Crow and Blackball. Such was the usual parties at the old Stand, enlivened occasionally by the sight of W. H——y and his hounds returning from their morning’s exercise, or by the drag and four chesnuts scientifically trotted by the best Coachman in India, Tom H——d. Racing progressed at railway pace: stables became larger and stakes higher each year, but the same or nearly the same lot frequented the Course, and my memory does not remind me of any important changes. The usual uncertainty

prevailed: one year it was all for Pirate—another all for Absentee and Glendower, and such was then the system, or rather no system of training—that a race would be frequently won solely according to the condition of the horse on that particular day. The timing of races was indifferent and the owner whose horse was good for two miles in 4 min. or at least 3-58, booked the first maiden race as a certainty and had strong hopes of the Welter, then the prize of all.

A change however was shortly to come over matters, and the year 1838 may be said to have originated an entirely new improved system. The arrival from Madras of all the cracks of the South—Fieschi, Corrimonie, Sweetlips and Samnite gave a new stimulus to the Turf here, and the advent of G——e B——n from the scene of his triumphs in Upper India and S——t and A. G——t from Madras produced an excitement among the Turfmen here—to shew themselves not unworthy of their competitors. Great was the assemblage at the Stand and it seemed as if racing men had fairly taken the bit between their own teeth and were off at score. Visitors from Madras, Bombay and Upper India poured in. G——e B——n in his “lucky hat” with his confederate R. T——s on Energy—Pat S——t, the energetic; the mighty Thug-queller E——l; the sporting W. F——n, and last not least, little Jim C——s, were added to the list of stables going. Well I remember how B——n with the invincible Fieschi carried off every thing, and how Ross and Hall contested every race in a style then unknown here. The next year added Exile to the lot of cracks, and alas! witnessed the untimely death of his owner, C——l, which created a gap in the sporting world difficult indeed to fill up. The sale of his stud furnishes some notion of the price of horses at that time. Exile at his cost price of 10,000 Rs. went to W. F. F. and the remainder of the lot, chiefly maidens, were bought by G. B——n and T——s at the small price of Rs. 300 for each pair of ears, some Rs. 30,000 altogether! The great Stables this year were B——n's under R. Ross; F——n's under Hall and White, with other smaller lots and B——n was again the great winner. In 1840, B——n retired, Fieschi and others going into W——'s stable and this year was remarkable for the numerous meetings; Jessore in November, at which meeting Chusan made his first appearance; then the two Calcutta meetings, Kishnaghur and Burdwan following. With the assistance of Chusan and Glendower, F——n was the great winner at Jessore and Calcutta, the first named horses winning no less than thirteen races running, but W—— carried off every thing at Kishnaghur, and his being the only stable at Burdwan of course he walked down for all the stakes there and took all he could get.

This year introduced to the Turf one who small in stature, had the heart of a giant, little Jim C——s, who commenced with a good lot under the management of Joe Jones, but did not meet with the success his spirit and pluck well deserved. Poor fellow! —the Turf was evidently destined to be his destruction, for he ended a most disastrous campaign by running against the 2½ mile post while riding a trial on Goosewing, one of W——s lot, fracturing his skull so severely that he only survived the accident a few hours.

The two succeeding seasons of 1841 and 1842 were chiefly remarkable for the introduction of the large confederacies and consequent enormous strings of horses, a practice which for the time did considerable injury to the Turf, inasmuch as it debarred from the amusement all those who were unable to measure horses with the gigantic confederates, or forced them to join with others, thus reducing the number of competitors and the chance of sport for the discerning public. Nevertheless these years showed good racing, and the number of betting men and frequenters of the Stand were not lessened. The Grand Master, purchased from Bombay at the high figure of Rs. 10,000 made his debut, but did not sustain on this side of India the credit he had obtained in Duckland. There was much good and hardly contested racing between Walmer and Chusan—Bedouin and the Cape Farmer John; and old Cozey brought out the famous Tea Pot, an ungainly country-bred who nevertheless continued to beat all the best Arabs. One of our best sportsmen also appeared about this time, long John B., with a string of maidens selected *en route* at Bombay, of which, however, only one proved worthy of notice, the Friar, who won the Great Welter when four years old, a performance considering the weight 11st. 7lbs. of no slight merit for so young a horse.

The effect of the confederacies which began to break up after the meeting of 1842, soon showed itself, and for some time it became doubtful whether some check would not be experienced, however this was averted by the general reduction of the Sweepstakes which had risen so high as to be beyond moderate men's risks—and by the institution of the Derby—the first of a new class of stakes whose principle was the attraction of numerous entries by a moderate stake and still less forfeit. The experiment was completely successful, and near forty horses were entered for the first "Calcutta Derby"—every man who possessed a good Arab thinking the 5 G. M. forfeit a cheap mode of advertising his horse. The attraction also extended to all parts of India, sufficient time being given by the articles of the race to admit of nominations from all distances. Several new stakes were added to the list. M——n from Madras sent up a large

stake headed by Glenmore ; Captain C——e from Sonepore with Sir Hugh ; the Squire and his confederate, S——n F——r, with a good string of maidens ; W.P. G——t—the dissolution of the grand confederacy of which he had formed one, gave us also B——h as Mr Jones with a small but formidable lot, including the great Elepoo nineteen times running a winner, walks over included, and Mr S——h from Cuttack with a long string of maidens. The racing this year owing to the complete superiority of Elepoo to anything maiden or plater that could be brought against him, was, after the first day, by no means interesting. There was some good running between the platers, Chusan, Glendower and Bedouin—but from similar causes neither this year nor the succeeding one of 1844 showed any brilliant sport. Mr Jones carried off most of the good things—and neither the Madras nor the Cuttack lists obtained the success their gallantry deserved. The latter year introduced Sir Herbert Maddock to the Turf, with a large stable headed by the English horses : his share of the good things was encouraging indeed for a beginner. The splendidly contested races between Crab and Oranmore this year somewhat relieved the monotony of walks over by Elepoo ; but no other maidens worthy of notice appeared, and the chief sport was derived from numerous handicaps made for the inferior horses which now, for the first time, seemed properly understood on this Course—although they had been introduced before. Each day showed races of this description—splendidly contested and frequently the same horses would win alternate days, according to the weights fixed upon. At the morning meets at the Stand, purses were got up for these races, and their great promoter, S——h, was the best handicapper on the Course. I have him now standing in the exact attitude on which he is drawn for the Review, booking one of his friends for 5 G. M. for a handicap purse. This year was to be remembered from the retirement of Mr Larrent, after eight years' tenancy of the Secretaryship of the Races—and the succession of Mr Humre—who I am sorry to see has lately himself retired, and the whole of the arrangement seem to be left in the hands of the Turf Club Committee. It is to be hoped for the best interests of the Turf, that a worthy successor to Mr Humre will be found.

The next year 1845 may be considered as a marked era in the annals of the Turf. The stables—although with the exception of Mr East's small lot and the re-appearance of W. F——n under the name of Mr Green, they were not increased, still contained individually much larger numbers, and the arrival just before the meeting of the Cape horses, Sir Benjamin and Battledore from Madras—gave a new impulse to all matters. The principle of placing the horses of different owners under the

same public trainer's care was now, for the first time, introduced generally, and as a necessary consequence of this—the trainers sent to England for jockies—so many of whom were now present, that a field of ten or twelve horses could be seen at the post all mounted by English boys. It was only now therefore that any owner could depend upon his horse having full justice done to him in riding and know that his horse's power were fully tested—the general time of all races improved to a degree that rendered the crack maiden of a few years since, barely equal to a third rater of that day. The New South Wales horses began to appear and the running of one of them, Young Muley-son, for the Deputy Governor's Cup—sufficiently proved they were not to be despised as hitherto. The meeting itself was superior in all respects, the chief success falling to Sir H. Maddock and Mr Green, and the great Elepoo being at length subdued. The next year 1816, may be characterized as the betting year. Never within the memory of the then Turfites had there been so much betting speculation prior to the meeting. Favorites for the Derby, Alipore Champagne, and other large stakes which closed early, were soon established. Each amateur of the Turf took it in turn to give a "Gram dinner." Saturday night at the Bengal Club found a compact body of sportsmen, each willing to back his fancy. Lotteries innumerable were drawn and books were filled and replaced by new ones long before the trainers had thought of bringing the nags to time. The retirement of Sir H. Maddock was a source of regret to many—but his trainer, Barker, shortly had several lots under his charge—and the vacuum was filled up. Mr B——y, under the cognomen of "Bags" added another stable to the lot—and the re-appearance of Mr M——n with the Child of the Islands and Minnet from Madras, though they did not come up until late in the season—added much to the interest of the meeting. Our well-beloved friend, C——l, the owner of Sir Benjamin and Battledore also sent up a large stud from Madras, and added to it by purchases on the spot, and the return from Europe of the father of the Turf, still game as ever, was hailed by all as an evidence of still continuing prosperity. The appearance also made by Selim the Waler at once stamped the character of the breed as superior to anything under an English horse—and on the whole the meeting of this year displayed the finest sport on record. Some nags from Sonapore, hoping with the assistance of the 5lbs. allowance to do something made their appearance, but with no success. Mr Fulton with another Waler, Bellona, carried off one or two handicaps—rendered good things by the account of money invested, and it may be fairly said, that this year was the most brilliant both for hard running and severe betting that this Course

has seen. The next year opened with every prospect of excellent sport; no shrinking was observable, and up to a late period of the season all went well, when everything was dashed to the ground by the tremendous convulsion which swept the commercial world from East to West. The Calcutta Course formed no exception to the general wreck: and had it not been for exciting engagements, the race meeting of 1847 would assuredly never have taken place. As it was, the races according to the prospectus were run off in dismal silence, and the Race Stand showed but few supporters. No handicaps were forthcoming, no addition to the list of races made, and everything showed gloom and dismay. The next year partook in a great measure of the same feeling, and the activity of Mr Charles and Mr Fulton, alone saved the meeting. Present prospects are, I am happy to say, far more promising. The numerous strings of Mr Charles under his excellent servant Joy; those of Mr Fulton, and Mr Pyc, with the expected accounts from Sonepore and Madras, hold out hopes of a return to former prosperity; but what a lamentable gap has been created in the assemblage at the Stand! But a few chosen spirits whom nothing appear to daunt, are to be found about the old walls; Gram dinners are as a thing gone by, and the odds for the Derby are like the old song,

Oh no we never mention them,
Their sound is never heard.

But, notwithstanding all this, the nominations for the Derby and Allipore Champagne are not inferior in numbers to those of past years, and I feel a conviction stealing over me, that let what may happen, though obscured for a time, the Turf is sure to flourish where Englishmen are.

And now, my dear Abel, I have run through a series of years, happy indeed to me, and the remembrance of which must be to many of your readers, a pleasure of memory. May we all meet again as of old, at the Race Stand, saddened perhaps by troubles and misfortunes, but with hearts as true as ever to the pleasures of the Turf.

A TURFITE.



MORE EXTRACTS FROM MY SPORTING DIARY.

The 28th of December 1848 was an important era in my sporting life, I having on that day received a letter informing me, that a more than maternal government had provided me a home in the heart of the jungles, far, far away from the busy haunts of gaiety and dissipation, and requesting, no directing me to proceed without loss of time to join my new appointment.

Notwithstanding the prospect of endless sport a residence in the jungles promised, I with a sad and heavy heart bid good bye to as pleasant and pretty a little station as there is on the bank of the Ganges. Luckily I had been fortunate enough to secure the company of as pleasant a companion and good a sportsman as it is one's good fortune to meet with in a life time in India, where neither one or the other are rare, and here I must pay a passing tribute to his memory, he being alas, lost to the sporting world, having foundered on that rock which has been the wreck of so many true lovers of horse, hound, and gun—matrimony.

We determined to make easy marches to enable us to enjoy any sport to be had on the road being prepared for everything, from a hare to a tiger, having with us greyhounds for coursing, foxhounds for hunting, Arabs for pig-sticking, and elephants for howda shooting; but I have invariably remarked that the more complete the arrangements, the smaller the results. Every sportsman will admit that game is always most numerous when unsought, which may be "a beautiful law of nature" to prevent the utter extinction of any much prized species, just as likely as Master Mathew's surmise, that elephants are for the same reasons, and owing to the same "beautiful law" unsteady, when taken out after tigers before the proper season sets in. This if my memory serves me right, being the reason assigned by him for "Secunder's" unsteadiness on one occasion—but to return to smaller fry than Master Mathew and Secunder.

The above quoted rule applied too correctly to us, for nothing but small game shooting and a few runs with the dogs occurred to divert the monotony of the journey, and glad we were to find ourselves on the 15th January within one march of my future home which I shall designate as Poorindapore; but to give some idea of its locality, I may as well mention, that it is not 100 miles from Byjnath, a name familiar to all lovers of Hindoo lore.

Our last march had been across quite a different country to that we had hitherto traversed, being a succession of hill and

dale through a natural park of *mowah* trees, giving great promise of sport, for where the *mowah* grows there will the bears be gathered together, they being a debauched race passionately fond of intoxicating liquors. Our tents were pitched on the banks of a mountain stream, in which we insisted there must be trout, and notwithstanding my reminding him of Dr. Johnson's definition of fishing, he forthwith despatched a trusty messenger for his trout rod which he had left behind at the aforesaid pretty and pleasant little station. For the satisfaction of his brother anglers I will here mention that it arrived safely, but has not yet left its case, from which I deduce that my appropriate quotation has made a convert of him, but he stoutly denies the soft impeachment. At all events whether there are trout or not in the Chundun, is still an open question, and will remain so till some enthusiastic follower of "the gentle craft," *gentle* forsooth, is induced to give me the pleasure of his company at Poorindapore, where I promise to give him a hearty welcome and every assistance in deciding the point.

On the 16th January we made our triumphant entry into the large, dirty and flourishing town of *Bhoothesthan*, which is situated about a quarter of a mile from Poorindapore, and were received with all honors by the obsequious thannah functionaries. First appearances were certainly against my future home, but I had made up my mind to view every thing in the best light in which I was ably assisted by W. In this happy frame of mind we were not long in finding out a very pretty and elevated site for a bungalow with hills in the distance on three sides. Hills we fancied swarming with game, visions alas! not fully realised. So fully were we taken up planning and laying out the grounds that we had no time for shikar till the 22nd, when we rode over to a hill said to be inhabited by bears and rejoicing in the name of Tappobun Puhar. We saw numerous caves and fresh marks, which led us to augur well for its capabilities as a find.

23d.—Khubber was brought of a tiger having made free with a ryot's cow, about half a mile from the tents. That nonpareil of a shikarree, Daood Din, was despatched forthwith to investigate and report on the case, but he found nothing to report on it, being in technical language, an old *marree*.

In the meantime a man arrived from Tappobun with the welcome intelligence of having marked down three bears; "to horse, to horse and away" was the cry, and about 5 P. M. we reached the ground, a huge pile of stones or rather rocks overgrown with creepers was pointed out to us as *the spot*. We lost no time in taking up a strong position a little below with a breast-work of rock in front and gave orders for hostilities to

commence, when large stones were rolled down on the enemy, who forthwith came helter skelter down the rocks in a most undignified manner. I fired first my ball, bringing the leader down head foremost right over a dog called *Bawn* belonging to my shikarree, who with more valour than prudence had rushed on the foe, luckily for master *Bawn* the bear was quite dead, but the shock to his nerves was so great as to make him eschew bear hunting in future.

In the mean time W. had opened his battery on the other two, knocking one over. Master Daood Din (or as he is familiarly termed D. D.) swearing, however, that it was *his* ball had done it, but this being an old trick of his I, as umpire, immediately gave it against him, thus you see, O reader, the disadvantage of a bad name. The stricken one put an end to the discussion by jumping up and following his companion, both escaping into impenetrable caves, being favored by the rapidly approaching gloom. Very well pleased with our sport being moderate men, we returned and enjoyed dinner, with an appetite peculiar to successful hunters.

24th.—Whilst hard at work, the zemindar of an adjacent village made his appearance and reported that when riding in to Byjnath, he had seen a couple of bears, and having heard that the sahib logue were great shikarries, he had left his sacecc to watch them whilst he galloped on to give notice, tempting as the news was, we were too busy to go at once, but 3 P. M. saw us on the ground—and before long we were shewn a byr bush shaking, which we were informed was caused by the simple process of a bear or bears abstracting fruit from the aforesaid byr bush: before long I saw a shaggy black hide, and being determined to have first shot I fired without aim, when out rushed a large bear with a roar followed by two other smaller, all three taking to their heels in a most cowardly manner. We both fired several shots at them, and one of W.'s seemed to take effect, the pace being instantly accelerated, and that in the direction of a heavy jungle, so we abandoned the pursuit. Never mind we had *seen* three bears and it was our own fault that we didn't bag one, seeing them go over half a mile of pretty open ground suggested to me the idea of riding and spearing them, an idea which I hope to carry out some of these fine days when, of course, you shall have a true, faithful and spirit-stirring account.

25th.—Took 20 or 30 beaters to assist us in getting hare and pea-fowl out of a jungle behind our tents. The first patch being heavy and likely to harbour a bear, we took up our posts at the end, and before long a hyena came cantering down a nullah which our position commanded a good view of; W. fired first and missed, and before he could pull the second trigger,

a ball through the neck from my Brown and Rodda had settled the business; it was a large female and I was glad to see, heavy in pup; they being, in my opinion, an accursed race which I would gladly see exterminated. No dog being secure from their attacks; a friend of mine had a dog carried away by one of them from underneath his bed.

26th.—Had a grand honkwa, but owing to some mistake in the arrangement of the beaters, only one neelghaee broke. W. fired two or three shots after it, but the distance was too great for execution.

29th.—Took advantage of a couple of holidays and sent off our tent to a famous jungle called Byrookee.

30th.—Took up our posts on machans at 2 p. m., and sat patiently till 5 p. m., but although 200 beaters were at work nothing broke but two neelghaee and those at a distant and unguarded pass. Honkwass after all are very stupid things and ought never to be resorted to I think save in cases of emergency.

31st.—W. bet 100 to 5 that I wouldn't bag two tigers before midnight. Notwithstanding our ill success of the previous day, the long odds tempted me particularly, as we were within five miles of the famous Bugwa Puhaur where tigers were said to be as plentiful as bears in any other part of the country, but in caves, only approachable on foot. Accepting his offer, I placed myself under the guidance of a very wild looking *soutal** or *munjee* as they call themselves, who amused me *en route* with an account of his last visit to Bugwa. A sporting darogah had been seized with the ambitious desire of killing a tiger single-handed, and hearing the fame of Bugwa, had impressed my informant into his service as guide, and in return regaled him as they went along with accounts of what he had already done, more particularly of what he would do on this occasion. By his own account the worthy darogha was a perfect Roostum. In such pleasing discourse the distance was quickly surmounted and the tiger cave duly reached. The darogha instead of taking up his post where his guide suggested, manfully climbed a steep and very high rock, but the boldness of the feat was quite thrown away on the greater portion of his spectators to whom pfeepies and high rocks were as familiar as their daily bread, and were inclined to see in the act, an inclination to prudence rather than valour; allowing this desperate *bagmar* to take breath, (which was quite necessary, climbing a high rock being no portion of a darogha's daily duty,) a shower of stones and a volley of abuse was poured into the cave, when out rushed a brace of tigers who made good their retreat into an adjacent

heavy jungle unperceived by the hero above, who in his anxiety to obtain a commanding position had placed himself quite out of the world, but neither of the runaways was "the tiger of Bugwa," who was easily distinguishable from his brethren by his superior size. Whilst a discussion was being held as to the probability of his being at home or not, out stalked the veritable Simon Pure, looked round, and then as if by instinct divining that he had at last met a foe worthy of him, made straight at the rock on which the darogha had taken up his post. Now has the moment arrived most worthy and valiant Chyn Singh for you to immortalise yourself. Determined to make sure of his foe, or perhaps from a noble spirit of fair play, he allowed the enemy to approach nearer and nearer till the foot of the very rock on which he sits is gained. A malicious rascal who was with the darogha said it was to allow the tiger to take a path which wound round the foot of the rock and which would have speedily relieved them of the presence. Hitherto the tiger's movement had been marked with an air of gravity rather than fierceness, but at this moment getting a glimpse of the man who had come from a distance to deprive him of life and skin, his whole aspect changed, putting back his ears and crouching to the ground with a roar he bounded up towards the doomed darogha, whose fatal weapon remained all this time strangely silent; but the tiger had mistaken his man, when he fancied that Chyn Singh would place himself within his reach or that of any other tiger in India. The rock was straight and slippery and back fell the baffled brute. Again and again he renewed the attempt, but finding all his efforts useless, he sulkily retraced his steps and entered the den he had lately evacuated. But why didn't our friend the modern Roostum fire all this time, that point I regret to say has not been satisfactorily explained to this day. Various reasons have been assigned—but true courage as well as merit is sure to meet with detractors and such most probably was the case in this instance, so I'll give publicity to none. I determined in my own mind to take up my post on the very same rock that had so effectually saved the darogha, as in a hand to hand conflict with a tiger one ought to avail oneself of every advantage of situation. Had a friend of mine (as good a sportsman as there is in India,) kept this in mind, he would have escaped an accident that befel him a few months ago, and which for the benefit of rash sportsmen, I will give in his own words communicated to us by letter.

"I had just shot a magnificent boar, (don't get into a rage there is no riding ground within miles of the spot,) and was descending one of the Hill Ghats, when I came on a quantity of fresh blood which I traced to a cave, the mouth of which being

raised some feet from the ground, I was obliged to ascend a rock in front, to enable me to gain a view. I therefore handed my gun to a shikarrie and was climbing up, when a roar from inside put my valiant follower to flight, and with him went my gun, both down a khud; the next moment a brute of a leopardess was on me, with one blow she struck me to the ground and commenced shaking me like a bundle of dirty clothes. I thought it was all up with me as I felt perfectly powerless in her clutches. She however left me after a few shakes and went back to the cave. My thick corderoy clothes saved me a good deal, and not at the time feeling much hurt, I returned as soon as I could secure a gun and killed the she-devil. I have however been confined to my room almost ever since, and the nip she gave me in the right side has sadly disarranged *the old liver*. I afterwards found out that a native shikarrie had first wounded her, which caused the effusion of blood by which I was enabled to trace her to her den." His returning after receiving so severe a mauling, was I think as cool a piece of pluck as I have heard of for some time. But to return to Bugwa Puhar and my own adventures or rather *our* adventures, as I graciously allowed W. to accompany me to take a lesson in the art of winning 100 G. M. in a manner pleasing as well as glorious—but stop—I have reached the hill and the end of my paper at the same time, and paper being a scarce article in these jungles, I can't afford another sheet just at present, so you must rest content with the prospect of hearing again, ere long from

A FOREST RANGER.

A NOBLE BOAR HUNT.

It being the duty of all sportsmen to lend a hand to that *Able East* 'ern chronicle of adventures by flood and field, I send the following account of a noble boar hunt. Whilst *en route* from Moofan to Vuzeerabad, two of our party, gun in hand, took a stroll on the banks of the Ravee, *pour passer le temp.* Towards dusk when about to return, their attention was called to a black object swimming the river, which was at this point about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile broad and very rapid: on the animal approaching they tally ho'd it to be a bonny blue boar, so drawing the shot, a ball was slipt down to salute his Dirtyness upon arrival on shore. On coming within 15 yards therefrom

and finding two foreigners prepared to receive him, in place of his lady love, who I suppose, Hero-like, caused him to take this un-pig like swim, he made off down stream, and as an additional spur received a ball in his loins. This had the effect of inducing him to bout ship and make sail for the port he had left. A very fine specimen of the genus Seik, who was a spectator, not approving such cowardice instantly sprang into the stream, and commenced a brisk stern chase: he was not long in overhauling the chase, and opened a raking fire of abuse: this put the enemy's metal up, and he gallantly bore up and made frantic efforts to board blacky, who treading water about a yard up stream, laughed in his countenance, and there being no dust at hand he was reduced to throwing water in his eyes. The discomfited pig after remaining in this position for some five minutes, again made off seaward, and the same scene was repeated, with varieties for some time, every twenty yards or so. At last the valiant Sing made up his mind for closer quarters, so suffering himself to float down to within a foot of his now furious adversary's nose, at the moment when we thought our grizzly friend's ivories would have a slice from the Seik's bread basket, he disappeared like a duck, much to the evident surprise and disgust of the pig who no doubt said to himself—I've just saved my bacon! But conceive his just indignation at finding himself next instant turned into a saddle pig, and his ears converted into reins! Blacky had quietly popt up behind and in a moment was into his *pig skin*! And a first rate jockey he proved. Any resistance made by the unclean steed speedily succumbed to the *water cure*, the gallant jock holding his head under till he was well in hand again; and after a sharp burst of some 3 or 400 yards, notwithstanding many attempts at bolting, the prize was safely steered into port and there sank (drowned) by his sporting rider. Thus ended one of the oddest and pluckiest affairs in the shikar way that I have ever witnessed. The whole chase occupied about twenty minutes, and I think any one who has seen the strength and ferocity of a boar afloat, would think it a great bore to attack it unarmed. From what I have heard and seen of the newly-acquired territory I foretell good sport to the lovers of the spear on the banks of the five waters, though other game is scarce.

P. S.—Robinhood and C ——ll could tell how a boar can fight by water as well as land.

BURAH-BHALA.

SELECTIONS
AND
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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SELECTIONS,

AND

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

TATTERSALL'S AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.

BY GOLDFINCH.

What sporting man is not familiar with "The Corner"? Who has not heard of Tattersall's—a phrase "familiar in our mouths as household words"? To what remote region of the globe has not the renown of this centre of attraction for betting men extended? Why, it is as well known at the antipodes as at Newmarket! It may not be inaptly called the Royal Exchange of the turf—an appellation fully warranted by the extent of the transactions sometimes carried on within its precincts, and the eminence of the parties by whom it has not been uncommonly frequented. If merchant princes congregate in the east, princely speculators have their gatherings in the west; and if the city can boast of its Barings, its Barclays, and its Rothschilds, "the Corner" may no less plume itself on its Chesterfields, its Beauforts, its Eglintons, and a host of others.

When so many slayers of the human race, in all ages, have contrived to get their names thrust into the pages of history, surely it is not unreasonable to claim a small space for the commemoration of one who, not to speak it disparagingly, was as much in the habit of *knocking down* as the greatest hero of them all.

The original Tattersall was the George Robins of his day, only in a different branch of the same profession, they were both knights of the rostrum, and both wielded the hammer with equal success. Who, then, at least in the sporting world, would deny to the founder of the celebrated rendezvous at "the corner" a niche in the temple of fame?—

"Where fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or art adorn,

Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
 The walls in venerable order grace;
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And legislators seem to think in stone."

Tattersall's is distinct from, and dissimilar to, every other spot on the face of the globe. Its features are so varied, yet all partaking of the same general resemblance, that it would be no easy task to convey, through the medium of words, a picture of the scene to the mind of the reader: that could be done faithfully only by the aid of the pencil. Here plebeian and patrician mix together as in chance medley: here may be witnessed *liberty* and *equality* in perfection, but perhaps the less that is said of *fraternity* the better: here men of the highest rank mingle with men of no rank at all, and the penniless adventurer finds himself on a level with the lord of thousands of acres: here is practised a regular trade, and, to the uninitiated, a very singular trade it is—that of *book-making*. The art of book-making is the sole business of life, the secret spring of all the movements and manœuvres, at Tattersall's. But as this is presumed to be no mystery to the majority of my readers, it is unnecessary to go further into the subject, which it would be almost impossible to explain to those who are ignorant of it.

There is something unmistakeable about the cut of a regular Tattersaller: most of the individuals of the genus appear to have been moulded from the same pattern. They are doubtless distinguished by degrees of polish or vulgarity, from the tip-top sprig of aristocracy down to the veriest *cannille* of the stables. If not so strict in the fashion of their outward habiliments as the Quakers, they are nevertheless sufficiently remarkable in that respect. The *habitués* of "the Corner" seldom dress like ordinary men of the world. They are generally noticeable for some eccentricity of personal appearance: one affects a singular-shaped hat; a second, a fancy John-like upper garment; a third, obsolete top-boots; and each almost invariably dons a neck-tie—not black nor white, but one, like Joseph's coat, of varied dyes. Enough, however, of this exordium; our intention is to give a sketch of Tattersall's as it was, and as it is; and so we shall now proceed to the accomplishment of our task.

The old yard, as it is now called, with its out-buildings, coach-sheds, and stabling, was built by Mr Richard Tattersall, the grandfather of the present senior Tattersall, and consequently great-grandfather to those of the fourth generation—as there is a fourth. The elder surviving Richard Tattersall does not now, as formerly, mount the rostrum on every sale day, but he may be said to have reserved himself of late for great occasions, knocking down only such animals as are of first rate quality, or of much notoriety in some shape or other: whether horses or hounds, they must be of no ordinary grade when he takes the hammer in hand; common transactions he leaves to others.

The premises already partly described were first opened by the original Tattersall about the year 1775, and have undergone no ma-

terial alteration since. The arena is spacious and commodious for all the purposes for which it was designed. In the centre stands a pump surmounted by a dome supported by chaste stone pillars. On the top of the dome, or enpola, is a bust of a youth: that youth was afterwards George the Fourth. He appears in the absurd fashion of the day, with his hair and *toupet* in the most artificial style. The first Tattersall is said to have been an especial favourite of the Prince, who early in life evinced a strong predilection for horse-racing; and to the end of his life he always kept up a noble stud. At the period of his demise he possessed the following celebrated racers; viz. The Colonel, Zingance, Fleur-de-lis, and some of the finest brood in the kingdom.

Richard Tattersall came from the western borders of Yorkshire, upon the edge of Lancashire, about the year 1743, and is said to have been by trade a woolcomber. Be that as it may, shortly after his arrival in London, we find him showing a passion for his after-calling, inasmuch as he was continually in the habit of visiting Beever's Horse Repository, in Saint Martin's Lane, where he eventually became a kind of *hanger-on*, but not having sufficient knowledge of the business he was for some time regarded merely as a supernumerary; Beever, however, occasionally taking him out with him in or behind his phaeton. After having, under the tuition of Mr Beever, acquired experience as to the care and treatment of the horse, he was recommended to the Duke of Kingston as superintendent of his Grace's stud, in which situation he remained until he ultimately became an animal auctioneer, in which capacity the most valuable studs came under his hammer. He also, singularly enough, became a newspaper proprietor, and was at one time possessed of the principal interest in the *Morning Post* and *English Chronicle* journals—a speculation in which it was understood he was not successful. Indigence, it is said, brought him to the metropolis—a circumstance not mentioned as a drawback from his character, but rather with a view of enhancing his merit, by showing that he was the architect of his own fortunes. He possessed a noble mind; his greatest delight was in administering to the happiness of his fellow-man; and all who knew him bore ready and cordial testimony to the excellence of his principles and the propriety of his conduct. He was remarkable for the industry of his habits, for his strict integrity in all his dealings, and above all for a spirit of genuine philanthropy. By these qualities he obtained affluence, but he never made an ostentatious display of wealth. He did "good by stealth and blushed to find it fame." In a word, he gained for himself the proud appellation of HONEST RICHARD TATTERSALL. The old gentleman paid the debt of nature at "the Corner" on the 21st February, 1795, at the good old age of 71. His end was perfectly tranquil. The following is a copy of an epitaph written on him by some friendly pen:—

"Sacred to the ashes of Richard Tattersall, late of Hyde Park Corner, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., who, by his indefatigable industry, irreproachable character, and unassuming manners, raised

himself (from an humble though respectable origin) to independence and affluence. To the rare excellence of bearing prosperity with moderation, he, by his inflexible integrity, united (as he justly acquired) the exalted appellation of **HONEST MAN**, and continued uncorrupted even by riches. Thus, universally respected, and beloved by all who knew him, he lived; and died, as universally regretted, on the 21st day of February, in the year of our Lord 1795, and in the 71st year of his age. But though his perishable part, together with this final tribute to his ashes, shall decay, yet, as long as the recollection of honest worth, sociable manners, and hospitality unbounded shall be dear to the memory of man, the remembrance of him shall live; surviving the slender aid of the proud pyramid, the boasted durability of brass, and the wreck of ages!"

To return from these somewhat over-done eulogies to our description of "the Corner." The original Subscription Room in the yard was first opened about the year 1789, when the number of subscribers did not exceed seventy-six; but amongst that small batch were several distinguished names, particularly those of the Dukes of Grafton, Kingston, Portland, and Beaufort; Lords Darlington, Scarborough, FitzWilliam, Clarendon, and Oxford; Sir Charles Bunbury, Major O'Kelly, Mr Mellish, &c., &c., and, in fact, all the racing aristocracy of that day. But it was not until about the year 1800 that the democratic portion of the betting-ring was admitted—Croekford, the two Blands, Jerry Cloves, and Andrew Simpson, amounting, in all, to under a dozen, then the only book-makers; for your lordly breeder of the racer never, at the period in question, dreamed of making a book, he only backing the horses in his own stable, or others, as impulse or fancy might dictate. Hence this *clique* of round bettors all made fortunes, and they almost to a man kept their equipages and liveried-servants during the remainder of their days.

About this period Squire Mellish was a first-rate turfite, and his "boat-hat," as it was called, might have been seen at every gathering of sporting men. He often betted largely with the Prince of Wales, with whom he appeared to be on terms of great familiarity; a fact the more remarkable, because His Royal Highness preserved a considerable distance towards the majority of betting men.

It was also nearly the same epoch that Dan Dawson was hanged on Cambridge Heath for poisoning Lord Foley's horses, and two betting brothers were supposed to have been his accomplices in the crime. It was generally expected that at the eleventh hour he would, to use n'slang expression, have "split" upon them; but he was led to believe, up to the last moment, he would, through their instrumentality, be reprieved; in this hope he was deceived, and he died dogged and disappointed.

A short time subsequently to these events, the lady of the celebrated Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, rode a match over Knaveſmire, at York, for a large stake, against one Mr Flint. It was said that the gentleman was guilty of unfair play, for which he was soundly horse-whipped by the Lord of Thornville Royal. There never

was such a concourse of people on York Race Course as on that occasion—the number was computed at 100,000; even I myself, who had never seen a race in my life, in my youthful folly, stole out of my chamber by the window in the dead of night, and travelled four-and-twenty miles, to witness so extraordinary a spectacle.

This digression apart, let us return to Tattersall's.

Jem Bland was an extraordinary instance of what may be accomplished by the power of memory. He could neither, I believe, read nor write, certainly not the latter, and yet he would frequently make thirty or forty bets in one day, depending entirely on recollection. He would then go home, and emptying his "knowledge-box" (lightly screwed on), make an inventory of its contents, all which were duly registered by his spouse, and he was scarcely ever known to make a mistake. He was a man of remarkably strong mind, as well as memory. He ever liked, and struggled hard, to have the best of everybody; but he sometimes overshot his mark, and when he did, he would wrangle with those whom he thought he could overthrow.

The writer of this article was once compelled to cite him before the Stewards of the Jockey Club for the payment of £35. On the day of hearing, Bland and the writer were ushered into an ante-room until they were called for by the Stewards. This soon took place. The late Lord Wharncliffe then stated the case, and ended by reading the subjoined letter—

"MR LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"The case I have the honour to lay before you is closed. I have used every means within my power to prevent giving you this trouble, by offering to leave the matter to arbitration, each party choosing a friend for such purpose; but I have failed in every offer I have made to that effect. I am forced to this appeal as a last resource; for the last time I pressed Mr Bland to name some mode of settlement, his reply was, 'Go to h—! I have got the money, and I mean to keep it!'"

"Now, Mr Bland," said his lordship, "What have you to say to this?"

Bland's reply was "It's all wrong, my lord."

"Well, tell us where it is wrong, and we will endeavour to set it right."

We were then ordered back into the waiting-room, where Bland looked at me unutterable things, but without speaking a word, nor did I open my lips to him.

At length the bell rang for our re-admission to the presence-chamber, when Lord Wharncliffe, addressing Bland, said, the Steward had carefully investigated the matter in dispute, and their decision was that he must pay the money. His answer was, that it was a case only for a court of law, and until a verdict was obtained against him in a court of law he would resist payment. His lordship observed that the Stewards had certainly no power to enforce payment, but they were of opinion the money ought to be paid, and until this was done they hoped Bland would have the modesty to abstain from visiting the Rooms. Bland, after a moment's pause, said—"My lords, I can't go agen you." He then handed the money to the Stewards (in order

to keep his word that he would never pay the writer), who handed it to me; but Jem Bland went away in the dumps, and never spoke to me afterwards.

Crockford was assuredly the leading man in the arena at the period alluded to. He betted very largely for himself, as well as for others, having, of course, the advantage of taking the commission himself, or of offering such as he did not like to the general market. He possessed an extraordinary facility of calculation on all matters of turf speculation; and, as far as my recollection carries me, he was the first who introduced and wagered largely about *double events*. He was also an excellent judge of character, though, comparatively speaking, an uneducated man, and his memory was really wonderful. He appeared to know everybody's business as well as his own. Not a transaction escaped him, nor did a bet pass unnoticed; this served him amazingly in his turf transactions. He continually felt the pulses of his customers; he knew what they had done, and he instinctively seemed to know all they intended to do, consequently making his bargains with them on the most advantageous terms, though he would not stand for a point or two or stickle about market odds, if it suited him to lay, or if he had a distaste to the animal. Of all games of chance he had a thorough and undisputed knowledge; he was an agreeable customer to do business with, and one who never sought to get the best of you by chicanery. He was always a layer of liberal odds, and would at all times accommodate the little better in the smallest amount on receiving the money of the latter. As an illustration of this remark I have pleasure in recording the following fact: After Bloomsbury was mounted for the Derby in 1839, I gave him five pounds to return me three hundred in the event of the horse winning. Bloomsbury's qualification was, after his victory, disputed; and on calling on Crockford for the amount of my bet, I was met with his usual half-stutter by "Eh, eh! I don't think they pay upon it." "Oh! very well," said I; "if the Bank of England stops, the branch banks must suspend payments." He giggled at the compliment, and paid me at once. Crockford was also as quick in discovering the talents of others as he was in the exercise of his own. I remembered an anecdote of him worth mentioning. On Mr B. Green's first introduction to Tattersall's Betting Room, that gentleman displayed a remarkable aloofness in closing a bet with some one present on a double event, before Crockford had time to reply to the proposal; upon which the latter, turning to me, said "Who is that?" My reply was, "A new importation from Manchester—a Mr Green." "None so *green* neither," was the old gentleman's rejoinder; "he'll one day cut a prominent figure as a betting man, Mr Green will." Time has proved the accuracy of this prediction. He died a disappointed man about the "Ratan" affair, an event which was said by those who knew him best to have accelerated his dissolution.

I knew and often betted with Jerry Cloves. He was reported to have been an *ostler*—it is certain he became a *stable* man. At "the Corner" he was credited, and safely, to any amount. From his in-

tercourse with persons in high life, his manners and general deportment acquired a higher degree of polish and refinement than might have been expected from his humble origin. His conduct was quiet and unpretending, blending the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. In all his dealings Jerry was a special favourite with both high and low. I remember Mr Gully saying to him, just as Memuon (the first favourite) was landed as the winner of the St. Leger, in 1825, "Well, Cloves, did you win on it?" I have often thought of poor Jerry's reply—"Did you ever in your life know me to stand upon one?"

The mention of Cloves reminds me of Tanfield, who was of mean origin and quite illiterate. He had not been long mixed up in the sporting world before he evinced natural qualities of a superior order. He made a hit, I think, in Jerry's Leger year, 1824. After that time he generally spent the racing interregnum in Paris, where, in the course of a three winters' sojourn, he became quite a different man, both in his mental acquirements and his personal accomplishments; in short, he was metamorphosed into a courteous, polished, and refined gentleman, as testified by his whole address, bearing, and carriage. Who, then, will deny that even a temporary residence in *la belle France* may sometimes work wonders? But it is not every day that we meet with a Tanfield!

From 1810 to 1825, there was a great influx of subscribers and round bettors to the rooms. Messrs. Gully, Crutch Robinson, Holiday, Omar, Stewart, Captains Hunter and Wyvill, T. O. Powlett, Brien, Hibbert, Ogden, Dails, and Richards, were, however, at least ten years in advance of their cotemporaries. The last-mentioned was a stocking maker from Leicester, and was known in the ring by the cognomen of *Short Odds*. His general system was laying round. It was once my lot to see him *got into a fix* at Newmarket, where a grey horse, called "*Ciudad Rodrigo*," belonging to the Duke of Richmond, was about to run. Well, four betting men laid their heads together in order to carry out this *fix*. The first of these four went up to Richards, and asked him what he would lay against *Ciudad*. "Two to one!" said he. "Done!" was the response. The second then went up, and asked what he would bet against *Rodrigo*, receiving the same answer. The third next made his appearance, enquiring what Richards would lay against the *Grey*. "Ten to five!" was the reply. "Done!" again. Then, by way of climax, the fourth acted his part, asking what their intended victim would lay against the *Duke of Richmond*. "Ten to five!" said he once more. "Done!" said the other. Now, Richards fancied he had laid against four different horses for the race, and he chuckled at the idea of having, as it is termed, *got round well*. The race came off, *Ciudad Rodrigo* won, so did the *Duke of Richmond*, so did the *Grey*; and it was only on the different parties going to him for their winnings that our poor "stockinger" discovered that he had laid all his money against *one horse*, and that horse the winner! The *ruse* created such a laugh against him at the time that he was *non est* for two days afterwards.

From 1825 to 1843, there was such an amazing increase in racing book-makers and investors, that the little Subscription Room was not spacious enough to hold one-third of them, and the settling-day for the Derby and Oaks for some years previous to the latter date had to be postponed from the Monday to the Tuesday, in order to avoid the sale-day, and thereby obtaining a clear space for the subscribers. Tables were laid all up the selling-shed for the accommodation of those whose settlements were heavy.

At length, yard, room, and all, were inadequate to afford the requisite convenience for the transaction of business, and Mr Tattersall was compelled to look about him for other resources. He accordingly commenced the erection of a building on an extensive scale; but in so doing he was obliged to leave the old yard, the scene of so many and such varied recollections, and go over the way, opposite the gateway of the original spot. Here he built a new Subscription Betting Room, perfect in all its parts, and furnished with "all appliances and means to boot" for the comfort and convenience of the subscribers. It has the recommendation of an exceedingly agreeable outlet, through glass folding-doors, opening on a pleasant air-breathing lawn and terrace, where gentlemen may rusticate themselves as they enjoy the fragrant weed. The lawn is encircled by a gravel promenade, and the *tout ensemble* is equally conspicuous for good taste and suitable elegance. The only fear is, that it is in one respect too like the original—that is to say, in the course of a few more years it will also be found of too limited dimensions to answer the purpose, and that a still larger establishment will be again required.

In consequence of the outlay occasioned by this alteration, and with the view of maintaining the respectability of the room, Mr Tattersall was induced to double the amount of the subscription; at this not a grumble has been heard; and during the spring of last year, that gentleman evinced a determination of purpose to clear the room of all improper characters, ejecting, *sans ceremonie*, an individual who for certain reasons had rendered himself obnoxious to the subscribers generally, not only in the betting-ring, but on the course. As, however, this gent. was obliged to "eat humble pie" in order to get back again, the lesson he has been taught will probably have the effect of keeping him, and others too, in future within the bounds of decency. Every well-disposed person must be desirous of seeing the ring, as far as possible, purified from all contaminating influences, if it were only for the sake of depriving the opponents of the national sport of horse-racing of one of their principal weapons against it.

Tattersall's has been already compared to the Royal Exchange, but it may, perhaps, be more aptly likened to the Stock Exchange. The same kind of rules govern both; the levanting turfite is turned out at "the Corner," and the waddling duck is expelled from Bartholomew Lane. The code is one of honour alone; hence the necessity of exercising the greatest caution in the admission of members, in order that the high character of the privileged parties may be maintained. The work of purification has been commenced at Tatter-

sall's, and we would fain have it continued, until the simple fact of being a subscriber should be sufficient to attest the integrity and honour of the man.

The insane folly of attempting to crush turf speculation is too preposterous to require observation. Racing and betting go hand in hand together, you cannot put down one without at the same time destroying the other. Racing without betting would be a poor, spiritless, lifeless concern, and would soon sink into insignificance. The mere stakes would never compensate the breeders and owners of horses for their trouble and outlay, as a reference to the evidence taken before the Parliamentary Committee on the subject of Gaming will prove to the most sceptical. The great object, then, with all true turfites should be to render turf speculations more secure, and to cleanse the Augean stable of the Betting Ring of all impurities. May the good work steadily progress! For in spite of bigotted magisterial interference, and sleek-headed puritanical denunciations, there is an innate vitality in the sports of the turf—a talisman in its very name—that will ever operate to the confusion and discomfiture of its assailants, whose sole argument against it is founded on the *abuse* and not the *use* of an amusement peculiarly English, and with which some of the brightest names that adorn the annals of the country have been connected—men who, like Bayard, were *sans peur et sans reproche*!

In the early part of this article we gave the names of the principal book-makers in 1789, and it may not be amiss to mention, by way of contrast, some of the principal book-makers in 1848. Among these may be enumerated Messrs Cloves, Gully, Higgins, Cromelin, Justis, Ives, Hargraves, Crockford, Sam Breton, F. Clarke, E. R. Clarke, S. Walker, Desborow, Glenn, W. Stebbings, J. Arnold, jun., W. Whitfield, Atkins, Sherwood Pettijean, Byron, Bayley, B. Green, Kemp, Haggarty, Harry Hill, and the Leviathan speculator Davis—all “goodmen and true.” The last-mentioned gentlemen are example of what may be effected by sagacity and genius, which almost invariably triumph over difficulties that would overwhelm men of minor capacity.

The original number of subscribers at Tattersall's we previously set down at 76, of whom the book-makers, or round bettors, scarcely mustered a baker's dozen: the remaining portion, consisting of general or occasional bettors, may be said to have been very meagre indeed at that time.

So much for Tattersall's “as it was;” and we may now add so much for Tattersall's “as it is.” The present number of subscribers reaches very nearly to *one thousand*, of whom the book-makers may be fairly computed at from *two to three hundred*, whilst the backers of horses and occasional investors in various ways comprise the *monstre* majority of the members who muster in force on the eve of any great event.

Fifty-two years have elapsed since this now universally celebrated establishment was commenced; and notwithstanding the immense increase in the breeding of horses within that period, as well as the al-

most total annihilation of posting by the formation of railroads, Mr Tattersall assured me the other day, that horses possessing the same qualities as those of 1799 will now sell for double the price.

Reader! Would you see Tattersall's, the great Turf Exchange, in all its glory, visit it on the settling day for the Derby, when you will behold the speculative genius of man in full play—a sight once seen, never to be forgotten.

Sporting Magazine for February.

NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The dog passing under this denomination, is so universally known in every part of the kingdom, and is so accurately delineated, by the united efforts of the artists, in the representation annexed, that a minute description of its size, shape, make and form, might be considered more a matter of unnecessary obtrusion, than of literary entertainment. The greater number of naturalists who have written professedly upon these, or similar subjects, have made no mention at all of a dog known by this appellation; affording a well-founded reason to presume, it was a distinct part of the species not known amongst us, till imported from that country whose name it continues to bear. A retrospective survey of their remarks naturally leads the attentive enquirer to believe, that the Newfoundland, the Siberian, the Lapland, and the Iceland dogs, bear great affinity to each other in the length of their muzzles, the shaggyness of their hair, and the bushy curvilinear elevation of their tails; and, that the only material deviation from the base of the stock, is the variation in size, and this (according to the suggestions of Buffon) may have been occasioned by the effect of climate, in proportion to the degree of latitude in which each particular country is situate.

The Newfoundland dog, in a state of purity, uncontaminated by the blood of any inferior race, is one of the most majestic and awefully attracting of all the canine variety; although, at first sight, he appears terrific, from the seeming immensity of his magnitude, the placid serenity of his countenance as instantly dispels the agitating vibrations of fear, by fondly affording early proof, that ferocity is not the predominant or distinguishing trait of his disposition. With those to whom he is barely known (but particularly where he is attached or familiarized), every look seems not more impressively intended to entreat attention, than to solicit an early exchange of mutual services. Naturally disposed to action, he is always eager to be employed; and, is never more delighted than when such little offices are assigned him

as are not beyond his power or ability to execute. Emulative by nature, no one passion lays sluggishly dormant, but all are equally alive to the emergency of the occasion; he seems, by an inexplicable impulse, to be the friend of every individual, without displaying the least tendency to animosity with any part of the creation. Offences he is scarcely ever known to offer; but insult he never receives with impunity.

Docile beyond conception, and affectionate beyond description, the Newfoundland dog is easily taught almost every thing within the power of the human mind to inculcate, of which his own strength and frame are capable. Equally sagacious as energetic, he patiently perseveres in whatever he undertakes, and never relinquishes the attempt so long as there remains the most distant hope, or possibility of success. Adapted by his powers, and the pliability of his temper to the use of man, he never shrinks from whatever task may be enjoined, but undertakes it with an ardour proportionate to the difficulty of the execution. Exultingly ostentatious in the province of being employed, he forcibly displays his pride in being permitted to carry in his mouth (for miles) the basket, bundle, or stick of his employer; to take from him either of which, would be found a service of no small danger.

The sagacity of this animal is so palpably blended with a peculiarly attentive attachment to the human species, and such an instantaneous sense of impending danger, that the inactive mind, lulled to an apathy, becomes immediately roused to action in the contemplation. Previous to a confirmation of which, it may be strictly consistent to observe, that being habitually inclined to industrious employment, they are equally serviceable to the settlers of the coasts from whence they are brought, as are to us the galloways and ponies of our own country. There they are early initiated in, and soon inured to the trammels of harness and diurnal labour; three, four, or five, are affixed to the sledge, or vehicle containing their destined load of wood, or other materials, of some hundreds weight, which they steadily draw for miles with ease; and, when once instructed in, and completely reconciled to their road, stand in no need of a driver; but, having delivered the lading with which they are entrusted, return to the residence of the owner, where they, of course, receive the alimentary reward of their labour.

To come a little nearer home, for the confirmation of what may (by the incredulous) be considered effusions of fancy, it is not seven years since Mr Haldane, a gentleman then living within a mile of Stirling, in North Britain, had two Newfoundland dogs so well and truly trained, that every morning, being harnessed and properly affixed to a small vehicle constructed for the purpose, upon the word being given, they immediately set off from his house to the baker's, at Stirling, he having a duplicate key to the box in the cart, deposited the hot rolls, and dispatched the dogs; who then, as they had been previously taught, called at the post-office in their way home, and, in a similar way, brought with them what letters there happened to be for any branch of the family.

Mr Bewick, in his history of quadrupeds, has given a well-authenticated and recent instance of sagacity in the following words :—" During a severe storm in the winter of 1789, a ship, belonging to Newcastle, was lost near Yarmouth; and a Newfoundland-dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his mouth the pocket-book of the captain. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain endeavoured to take it from him. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge (which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master), at length leapt fawningly against the breast of a man, who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and continued to watch, with great attention, for every thing that came from the wreck, seizing them, and endeavouring to bring them to land.

Some few years since Mrs Kaye, then residing at Southley House opposite Windsor-Park Wall, on the Datchet side of the Thames, had a most beautiful dog of this description; for the convenience of the family a boat was kept, that they might at any time cross the water without the inconvenience of going a considerable way round to Datchet-bridge. The dog was so delighted with these aquatic trips, that he very rarely permitted the boat to go without him; in one of which it happened, that the coachman, who had been but little accustomed to the depths and shallows of the water, intending a forcible push with the punt-pole (which was not of sufficient length to reach the bottom), fell over the side of the boat in the deepest part of the water, and in the central part of the current, which accident was observed by a part of the family, then at the front windows of the house; sudden and dreadful as the alarm was, they had the consolation to see the sagacious, faithful animal instantaneously follow his companion, when, after diving, and making two or three abortive efforts, by laying hold of different parts of his apparel (which as repeatedly gave way, or overpowered his exertion), he then, with the most determined, energetic fortitude seized him by the arm, and brought him to the edge of the bank, where the domestics of the terrified family were ready to assist in extricating him from his perilous situation.

In a periodical publication of the year 1799, appeared the following recital, as a singular instance of sagacity in a dog :—" A gentleman of Suffolk being on an excursion with his friend, and having a Newfoundland dog of the party, he soon became the subject of conversation, when the master, after a warm eulogium upon his perfections, assured his companion that he would, upon receiving the order, return and fetch any article he should leave behind from any distance. To confirm this assertion, a marked shilling was put under a large square stone on the side of the road, being first shewn to the dog; the gentlemen then rode for three miles, when the dog received his signal from the master to return for the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back; the gentlemen rode on and reached home; but, to their great surprize and disappointment, the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day.

It afterwards appeared, that he had gone to the place where the shilling was deposited, but the stone being too large for his strength to remove, he had staid howling at the place, till two horsemen riding by, and attracted by his seeming distress, stopped to look at him; when one of them alighting, removed the stone, and seeing the shilling put it into his pocket, not at the time conceiving it was what the dog was so anxiously seeking for. The dog followed their horses for twenty miles, remained undisturbed in the room where they supped, followed the chambermaid into the bed-chamber, and secreted himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his breeches upon a nail by the bed-side; but, when the travellers were both asleep, the dog took them in his mouth, and leaping out of the window (which was left open on account of the sultry heat), reached the house of his master at four o'clock in the morning, with the prize he had made free with; in the pockets of which were found a watch and money, that were returned upon being advertised, when the whole mystery was mutually unravelled to the surprise of all the parties.

Whether some parts of this transaction may not be greatly exaggerated, is left for the opinion of every individual by whom it will be perused; but certain it is, an infinity of instances nearly similar might be introduced which, in number and singularity, would seem calculated to stagger the most pliable and condescending credulity. As, however, there must unavoidably appear a renewal of this part of the subject in different pages of the work, and under various heads, it is not necessary to prolong and render tedious what may prove applicable and entertaining when properly divided and dispersed in those places to which they will be found properly to belong: we proceed to a termination of this article with an impartial review of a most melancholy and unfortunate recent transaction, which unhappily originated in a casual, and unlucky meeting between two of the genuine species now under description.

It cannot be unknown to the experienced and enlightened, how much every man of humanity and sensibility feels for the safety of his faithful canine follower, whom he considers the companionable partner of his pleasures by day, as well as the guardian of his personal safety, and the protector of his property by night; and in whom he feels, as it were, habitually disposed to place a great share of his implicit confidence, and no small proportion of the most unsullied affection. To this excess of laudable irritability on both sides, may be attributed the fatal effects of a duel, almost unprecedented in its origin and the rapidity of its execution.

On Wednesday, the 6th of April, about four o'clock in the afternoon, as Colonel Montgomery of the 9th regiment, and Capt Macnamara of the navy, were taking their ride in Hyde-Park, each followed by a favourite Newfoundland dog; these, without any previous indication of impending quarrel, suddenly and most unfortunately commenced a furious battle, during which, all within hearing seemed to be feelingly interested for their immediate separation; the more effectually to expedite which, Colonel Montgomery instantly dismounted,

at the same time calling to Captain Macnamara, with some vehemence "to call off his dog." Some altercation ensued, in which expressions of an irritating and acrimonious tendency passed, that occasioned a meeting in little more than two hours, when both were shot through the body; Colonel Montgomery expired almost instantly, but Captain Macnamara happily survived, and enjoys the consolation of having had his conduct investigated by a jury of his country, and honoured with an unqualified acquittal.

This duel, in respect to its origin, singular combination of circumstances, and fatal termination, is entitled to a concise statement of particulars here, as a place of record, to the purport of which it so immediately appertains. By the evidence of gentlemen of the greatest respectability (given before the coroner's jury, as well as upon the trial of Captain Macnamara,) it appeared, that after the animals were separated, expressions alternately followed, which each considered derogatory to the dignity, and degrading to the honour of an officer holding a high commission in the service of his sovereign. The language of Colonel Montgomery was deemed "arrogant" by Captain Macnamara; who in return was repeatedly told by the colonel, "if he felt himself hurt he knew where to find him." This, after a few minutes' deliberation, being considered as tantamount to an oblique challenge, dependent entirely upon the will of Captain Macnamara; who conceiving his professional reputation at stake, was left, in his opinion (possessing a high sense of honour), without any other alternative, than a compliance with what seemed the wish of Colonel Montgomery to promote. Under the impressive influence of which reflection, Captain Macnamara, in a very few minutes after parting dispatched a friend who had been present during the whole transaction to request the Colonel "would fix his time and place to adjust the misunderstanding;" to which the colonel replied, that "matters of this consequence were better settled as soon as possible," and appointed two hours from the time then present; adding, "he thought a pistol should be the weapon employed, as it was most used in this country."

In consequence of this arrangement, the meeting took place about seven in the evening, at Primrose Hill, near Chalk Farm, a mile from Paddington; Captain Macnamara was attended by his friend Captain Barry, and Mr Heaviside, a surgeon of much celebrity; and Col. Montgomery by Sir William Keir. The parties were in waiting near half an hour before the Colonel arrived, who came in a coach, bringing his pistols with him. Upon his appearance Captain Macnamara dispatched his friend Captain Barry to ask, whether any apology would be made; which being answered in the negative, the seconds proceeded to measure the ground, which was precisely twelve fair paces. The ground being thus regulated and mutually acceded to, each took his pistol, and when both were presented, they seemed to have taken their aim, which Captain Macnamara steadily preserved; but Colonel Montgomery was observed to lower his hand, and take a new level, at which moment they both fired, and the latter instantly

fell ; not having provided any surgical assistance, Mr Heaviside instantly offered his service ; but, upon going to him, the colonel exclaimed—"I am shot through the heart," and almost instantly expired.

During the attention of Mr Heaviside to Colonel Montgomery, it was mentioned by Captain Macnamara to Captain Barry, that "he was wounded also;" this requiring the presence of Mr Heaviside, Captain Macnamara asked, upon his approach, if there was any danger ; to which upon Mr Heaviside's replying "No," Capt M. said, "I do not speak for myself ; I mean for Colonel Montgomery, who, I fear, is dreadfully wounded." The seconds disappeared ; Captain Macnamara was attended by Mr Heaviside to Blake's hotel, and the corpse of Colonel Montgomery remained at Chalk Farm, for the inspection of the coroner's jury, who, after a most judicious investigation, returned a verdict of manslaughter.

This duel, sudden in its origin, and fatal in its effect, was attended with circumstances exceedingly singular, if not unprecedented, both in its progress and termination. Captain Macnamara's wound having been examined by surgeons of eminence, who declared on oath, that "he could not then be removed with safety, on account of an inflammation having taken place, occasioned by a part of the cloaths forced in by the ball remaining in the wound, which had produced a considerable degree of fever," he was permitted to remain in custody of the proper officer, at the hotel to which he had returned. On Thursday, the 14th, Mr Heaviside having dressed his wound, and prepared to leave his patient for the day, was detained by Townsend, one of the officers of justice, who read to him a warrant from Sir Richard Ford, and arrested him as a principal in the murder of Colonel Montgomery. Upon which he was conveyed to Bow Street, where, after undergoing a private examination, he was fully committed to Newgate for trial, charged with aiding and assisting in the murder of Col. M. ; such being the language of the law, that every individual present at a duel is considered as a principal if previously privy to the transaction.

On the 20th bills of indictment were presented to the grand jury of the county of Middlesex against Capt. Macnamara, Mr Heaviside, Sir William Keir, and Captain Barry ; when some few witnesses for the prosecution were examined ; but the grand jury finding no ground of serious charge against any of the parties, threw out the whole of the bills, and Mr Heaviside was immediately discharged from his confinement in Newgate. On the 22d Captain Macnamara was removed, about nine in the morning from the hotel where he had been continued in custody to the Old Bailey, when he was indicated upon the coroner's inquest, for manslaughter, in shooting at Robert Montgomery with a pistol loaded with a leaden ball, on Wednesday, the 6th of April, on Primrose Hill, in the Parish of St. Pancras, whereby the said Robert Montgomery received a wound through the body of which he died.

To this indictment Capt. M. pleaded "not guilty;" when the evidence for the prosecution having been gone through (which con-

sisted merely of a correct recital of the transaction from its unlucky origin to the termination), he was called upon for his defence; this he solicited permission to read from his chair, having, in consequence of weakness, been indulged with a seat from his first appearance at the bar, and concluded in the following words:—"Gentlemen, I am a captain in the British navy. My character you can only hear from others: but, to maintain my character in that station, I must be respected. When called upon to lead others into honourable danger, I must not be supposed to be a man who had sought safety by submitting to what custom has taught others to consider as a disgrace. I am not presuming to urge any thing against the laws of God, or of this land: I know that, in the eye of religion and reason, obedience to the law (though against the general feelings of the world) is the first duty, and ought to be the rule of action, but in putting a construction upon my motives, so as to ascertain the quality of my actions, you will make allowances for my situation. It is impossible to define in terms the proper feelings of a gentleman—but their existence has supported this happy country for many ages, and she might perish if they were lost. Gentlemen I will detain you no longer, I will bring before you many honourable persons, who will speak what they know of me in my profession and in private life, which will the better enable you to judge whether what I have offered in my defence may safely be received by you as truth. I submit myself, gentlemen, entirely to your judgments. I hope to obtain my liberty, through your verdict, and to employ it with honour in defence of the liberties of my country.

Mr Erskine, as counsellor for the prisoner, thinking it unnecessary to prove the origin of the dispute, so repeatedly proved before, proceeded to call a most respectable list of witnesses to character; consisting of Lord Flood, Lord Nelson, Lord Minto, Sir Hyde Parker, Admiral Hotham, General Churchill, and a number of others, who afforded the most unequivocal testimonies of the mildness of Capt. M.'s manners, and the excellence of his disposition; when, after a concise and candid summing up of the evidence, the jury withdrew for twenty minutes, and returned a verdict of NOT GUILTY; in one respect to the great satisfaction, but no less admiration of a crowded court, before whom the judge, in addressing the jury, had just observed,—“The prisoner has acknowledged the fact; he has received a high character; but that can have no influence upon your verdict, whatever it may have upon the sentence which the court shall think it right to pronounce. You have only to consider whether the deceased fell by a wound given by the prisoner: It appears most clearly that he did. Gentlemen, consider of your verdict.” Notwithstanding the decision did not accord with the indictment, the plea, the case proved, or the opinion of the great law authority who presided, it was received with pleasure by the public; and the jury probably sported the paradox, in compliment to the country from which the duellists derived their birth.

BULL DOG.

This particular race is admitted by every naturalist to have stood in an equal degree of originality with the shepherd's dog and the Irish greyhound; as well as to have been the native production of Britain, where the breed is still preserved in its natural purity, by that class of people who delight in a sport formerly in great estimation (with the lower orders), but in the present more humane and enlightened age is rapidly on the decline. The bull dog, though placidly serene and inoffensive in a state of domestication, forms to the eye of timidity a most terrific appearance; the suspicious and designing leer; the tiger-like shortness of the head; the ferocious under-hung jaw; the corresponding width of the forehead; the distension of the nostrils, and the almost constant sight of the teeth, hold forth a distinguishing specimen of the strength and power they possess, when angrily brought into action.

The bull dog, when irritated to a degree of indignation and resentment, may be considered the most courageous and unrelenting of the canine species; its sudden fury in silently attacking, and its invincible perseverance in maintaining its hold, are very far beyond the conception of those who have never been witnesses to their malevolent and destructive exertions. Their natural and inveterate antipathy to the bull, even in its calm and undisturbed state, is always matter of serious contemplation; the instinctive seeds of which aversion display themselves in the earliest months, and continue to increase with their growth and age. Puppies will attack a bull, and give ample proof of their breed and courage, when no more than six or seven months old, and if permitted to continue the combat, will suffer themselves to be destroyed rather than decline the contest.

Although this is sometimes done with one whelp of a litter, to demonstrate the purity of the blood, and to prove there has been no chance, or improper cross, by which the fame of futurity may be affected; yet they are, in general, seldom entered in a regular ring, till some time between the fifteenth and eighteenth month, and even then but with a degree of mildness and mediocrity; the ligamentary junction of the ossified parts not having acquired the strength and firmness which constitute maturity in less than two years; nor are they, with the amateurs of bull-baiting, considered in their prime till four or five years old. It is a distinguished and an invariable trait in the true-bred bull dog to attack the animal in front, and never to make a cowardly attempt at the extremities; any dog doing which, is directly concluded to have undergone a greater or less degree of degeneracy from the original purity of the blood. The dog whose breed has been preserved genuine and uncontaminate, aims at, and makes most ferociously for the face of the bull, and sinking closer to the ground the nearer he approaches, makes a desperate effort to seize upon the lip, as the most tender seat of irritability and excruciat-

ing pain, if he succeeds in the attempt : failing in which, he relaxes not in his efforts, but with the most incredible and determined fury fastens upon the tongue, the eye, the under-jaw, the throat, or some part about the head or face (never degrading his character by making a pusillanimous attempt behind), where having secured his hold, he retains it beyond the power of description, in opposition to every energetic and desperate effort of the bull to get himself disengaged from so furious and blood-thirsty an opponent.

This peculiar breed is not so numerous, or so nicely attended to as formerly, in consequence of the decline of what was then a favourite sport, and the great number purchased and transported to other countries, for which the most enormous prices have been given ; their natural ferocity, alarming appearance, and thirst of blood, having in an unrestrained state rendered them a nuisance to the timid and feminine branches of society, they are, on that account, but little seen at liberty in either town or country ; the owners, from a proper sense of safety to the public, or a self-interested fear of the law, finding it more prudent to keep them properly confined.

The sport of bull-baiting (to the lovers of which they were so truly valuable) was, within the memory of thousands of the present generation, not merely a pleasing, or rapturous entertainment, but a most ecstatic gratification, particularly to the most unfeeling and least humane of the very lowest and most abandoned orders of the people. In fact, to such a degree of prevalence and unqualified cruelty, had it arrived in particular parts of the country, as well as in certain districts in the environs of the metropolis ; and was so much considered likely to give additional callosity to the minds of its cruel and inconsiderate abettor, that the more humane and polished classes of society anxiously interfered by strong and repeated efforts for its total abolition : to obtain which, a bill was brought into the House of Commons, and supported by a considerable combination of powerful interest, but was rejected by a small majority, leaving the unmerciful sport at the full liberty of every subject to promote and enjoy, who is not restrained by any more humane, sublime, and manly sensations, prompting him to consider it a matter " more honour'd in the breach than the observance."

The first bull-baiting well authenticated to have taken place, was during the reign of King John in 1209, at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, and originated in the following circumstance :—William, (Earl Warren, Lord of Stamford, standing upon the walls of the castle, saw two bulls fighting for a cow in the castle meadow, till all the butcher's dogs pursued one of the bulls (maddened with noise and multitude) entirely through the town. This sight so pleased the earl, that he gave the castle meadow, where the bull's combat began, for a common to the butchers of the town, after the first grass was mowed, on condition that they should find " a mad bull," the day six weeks before Christmas-day, for the continuance of " that sport for ever."

A similar institution, under the appellation of bull-running was established at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, about the year 1734, where,

by the custom of the manor, a bull was given by the prior to his minstrels. After the mortifying torture of having his horns cut off, his ears and tail cropped and docked to the very stump, his nostrils filled with pepper, and his body besmeared with soap, he was turned out in this wretched and deplorable state to be hunted by the multitude; and when taken, or obstructed long enough to pull off some hair, his liberty was at an end, and he was then chained to the stake to be baited by dogs. To the very great honour of the Duke of Devonshire (as steward of Tutbury), and no less so to those of the inhabitants who, petitioned against it, this cruel and ridiculous custom was entirely abolished in the year 1778.

By a will bearing date May 15, 1661, one George Staverton gave the whole rent of his dwelling-house, situate at a Staines, in Middlesex (after two lives), to buy a bull annually for ever; which bull he gave to the poor of the town of Workingham, in Berkshire, to be there baited, then killed and equitably divided; the offal, hide and gift-money (collected from the spectators) to be laid out in shoes and stockings to be distributed among the children of the poor. The chief alderman, and one Staverton (if one of the name should be living in the town or neighbourhood) to see the work truly and justly performed, that one of the poor's piece did not exceed another in bigness. These seem to have been the principal donations upon record, upon which the practice was originally founded, and since continued, upon the plausible pretext of charity for its justification; to give it a still greater degree of singularity in the town of Workingham, St. Thomas's day is annually dedicated to the sublimity of the sport, and the public market-place, the precise spot invariably destined to the sacrifice.

Previous to farther animadversions upon a subject that, by the most opulent and distinguished, has been thought worthy the consideration of the British senate; it becomes directly applicable to introduce an unexaggerate description of the "hellish sport," for the more perfect comprehension of those who have never engaged in scenes of such premeditated persecution and unrelenting barbarity. The bull having been purchased for the purpose, is brought (generally accompanied by a female associate) from the peaceful and sequestered shades where he has so long reigned the unmolested monarch, to a receptacle previously provided for him to undergo the ceremonious prelude to his future miseries. Immured within the narrow confines of a prison, and separated from the old and faithful companions, to whose friendly affections his whole existence has been invariably appropriate, the customary process is thus proceeded.

While yet in a state of gentleness, or kind of confident subservience to the will of man (by whom he has never yet been seriously disquieted, or unnecessarily alarmed), he submits his neck to a leather collar of adequate breadth and strength, to which is annexed a combined rope and chain of full fifteen yards or more in length; and the points of the horns having been previously muffled with an adhesive composition of tow, tallow, and pitch, by the leading amateurs of this

humane society, the inoffensive animal thus manacled is, amidst the shouts of an exalting multitude, dragged along, and in a tumultuous roar of low-lived glory ignominiously fixed to the stake. In this state he is, perhaps, accidentally permitted to stand a few moments undisturbed; affording to the reflecting mind, a picturesque representation of dignified patience opposed to the utmost extent of insatiate power and malicious persecution; seeming sympathetically to excite compassion by the calm and submissive attitude he assumes, which, in the "mind's eye" of the contemplative, impressively exclaims,

"Behold, here I stand

"An animal more sinn'd against, than sinning."

This is the awful and expectant crisis, where most probably a momentary silence is observed to prevail; but it proves no more than one of those fleeting cessations in a storm which renders the reverberation of re-doubled violence. A few minutes' deliberation might stagger the resolutions of those "unused to the melting mood," and retard the career of insensibility, if the dormant remains of humanity were, for even a few minutes, permitted to be assailed; every possibility of reflection is therefore instantaneously dispelled, by the increasing and tumultuous clamour of those desperadoes best calculated to commence the attack: this is done by a most dreadful complication of bellowings, hootings, hissings, and shoutings horrid beyond the power of literary description. During the time the most abandoned of the variegated crew are, with hats and huzzaings, endeavouring to irritate the bull before an equal degree of cruelty stimulates their confederates to similar severities behind; where some provided with sharp pointed sticks, and others with the addition of nails inserted, proceed to puncture certain parts, as well as to painful twistings of the tail, that the poor animal is at length roused from his previous state of patient humiliation to a temporary madness. Having enraged him to a pitch of absolute phrenzy, it is at the very critical moment of this horrid and general exclamation that the first dog is so suddenly let loose amongst the crowd, to explore the object of his natural antipathy, and this, to the truly refined sensations of a professed bull-baiter, is the most exulting and extatic instant of his existence; his whole soul is absorbed in the imaginary magnitude of the concern; the mind or memory is no longer itself, but so completely involved in the vortex of confusion, that every individual tormentor is proportionally mad with the unfortunate and enraged object of his cruel and unrelenting persecution.

For many days before, "every heart beats high with the coming joy," and at the commencement of the attack, not a window but is filled with women and children to enjoy the tender scene; not a street or avenue but is crowded with brutes, the very scum and refuse of the surrounding country, to partake of, and revel in the most cruel and infernal practice that ever entered the mind of man under the prostituted appellation of sport to the multitude. Let the reflecting mind indulge a few moments upon the dreadful scene and awful "note of

preparation." On a day when every enlightened frame and well-disposed heart must feel powerfully inclined to follow the dictates of religious inculcation; when a certain impressive silence pervades the whole; when the devout, the aged, and the infirm, await the signal by which they are summoned to receive every consolatory comfort from clerical benediction; it must be to all good hearts a mortifying circumstance, that the very bell which solemnly tolls to bring the moral and religious part of the inhabitants to their christian duty in the church, should be also the signal agreed on for bringing a poor, harmless, unoffending animal in chains to the stake; and, incredible as it may seem to those whose feelings are not lulled to an apathy, or who have never witnessed the cruelty of the scene, that this stake is fixed in the center of the market-place, of a town no more than twelve miles from the seat of majesty at his court of Windsor, and thirty only from the metropolis of this great and enlightened kingdom.

The sport having begun as before described, the scene gradually advances to a state of noise, riot, clamour and confusion, exceeding every human conception; the anxious and impatient howlings of the dogs held in hand, eager to be let loose at the object of their prey; the horrid roaring and dreadful bellowings of the bull, at this time probably pinned by the nose to the ground; the dangerous pressings, and incessant hallooing and huzzaing of the mob; with the tremendous trampling of the enraged and furious animal, all combine to constitute an aggregate, from which the mind of sensibility retreats with horror, and claims a temporary chasm to renew the description. The first dog, perhaps, from the fresh, healthy, and unsubdued strength of the bull, inadequate to the wishes of his adherents, and not able to succeed farther than to increase the fury of the bull, is probably assisted by a second, which instantly rousing the victim at the stake to an increased exertion of rage and self-defence, as evidently enhances the horrid happiness of the multitude to a zenith of exultation beyond all power of imagination, to which the descriptive pen must bow obedience, and avow its inability.

Should the poor persecuted animal, by its bodily strength and energetic exertions, display sufficient power to keep its inveterate foes at bay, and preserve its nostrils from the blood-thirsty fangs of such obdurate opponents; delay does but increase the malevolent ardour of those previously determined, and the disappointment they encounter only renders them the more violent in adopting new measures to subdue. In the gratification of which implacable intent, a third dog is sometimes let loose (as it were by accident) to assist the other two; when under so severe a weight of accumulated oppression exhausted nature sinks, and opposition is of no effect, the poor pitiable object is pinned to the ground; by the most irritable and tender part about him, bleeding and bellowing amidst the shameless shouts of a shameful victory, where a ragged crew of five hundred greater brutes have, by a most unprincipled and inhuman stretch of power and force, brought a lesser to the ground.

Not to prolong a description so shocking, beyond the length proper for its perfect comprehension, it must suffice to observe, that the cruelty is extended by every device and invention that can tend to assist the cause. Prizes in gold, silver, or collars, are usually advertised at the most celebrated places of sport, for the best dogs who run at, and pin the bull; thereby inducing the owners to bring them the greater distance, not more to prolong and lengthen the sport, than to prevent the unfortunate subject of mangled misery from dying too easy a death.

In the midst of his sufferings, if the minds of his hellish tormentors have not been sufficiently satiated with repetitions of what has past, collateral aids are called in to rouse his powers (by an unceasing scene of persecution wearied to an apathy) of defence and resentment once more into action. Instances are common where fires have been made under the very body of the bull, when too much worn down and exhausted, by the jerks of the chain and the worrying of the dogs longer to exert himself; patiently he stands, with the blood streaming from his mangled nostrils, totally insensible to the inhuman twistings of his tail almost to dislocation; the continued goring with tucks (short sticks pointed with nails), and a long list of experiments equally to be abhorred, all tend to strengthen most incontrovertibly, the dreadful effects such practice (so exultingly enjoyed) will naturally have upon the rising generation, whose minds must, by a familiarity with the frequency of the scene, be rendered totally callous to every sensation of tenderness and humanity, even in the very hour of infantine infatuation.

Those who are disposed, or accustomed to ruminate upon causes and effects, will readily conceive how much the frequent repetition of so much insatiate cruelty will unfavourably affect the rising offspring of the lower classes, in towns and districts where a custom so generally execrated, is so shamefully carried on, in opposition to every humane and strenuous effort for its abolition. In the church of Wokingham (at the instigation of the Rev. Mr Bremner, resident clergyman of the parish), on Sunday, the 20th of December, 1801, being the day previous to St. Thomas, the day of the annual ceremony, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Barry, which having been since published, contains the following serious admonitions:

“Gracious God! benevolent parent of the universe, what prodigy must he be in a Christian land; who could thus disgrace his nature by such gigantic infamy, at which the blood of a heathen, of a very Hottentot might curdle! Two useful animals, the bull who propagates our food, and the faithful dog who protects our property, to be thus tormented! and for what purpose? Does it tend, as some have said,* to keep alive the spirit of the English character? In answer to this we must remark, that the barbarous sport (if sport it can be called) was totally unknown to the ancient bravery of our ancestors; was introduced into this country during the reign of a bad

* Mr. W. in the House of Commons.

king ; and earnestly do I pray to Almighty God, that in the reign of a most pious and benevolent prince, it may be for ever set aside. Cowards, of all men the least unmoved, can both inflict and witness cruelties.

“ The heroes of a bull-bait, the patrons of mercenary pugilists, and the champion of a cock-fight, can produce, I should think, but few, if any, disciples brought up under their tuition who have done service to their country, either as warriors or as citizens ; but abundant are the testimonies which have been registered at the gallows of her devoted victims, trained up to these pursuits of bull-baiting !!! ”

It is universally known amongst the lovers of bull dogs and bull-baiting that when once exasperated by an opponent or encouraged by the owner, no pain or punishment will allay or induce him to swerve from his purpose, or the least relax in the violence of his endeavours to subdue whatever may be the object of his dislike or resentment. Amidst the various instances which might be adduced, one well-authenticated fact will be amply sufficient to corroborate the assertion. Some years since, when bull-baiting was held in much higher estimation, than in the present state of civilization and refinement ; a juvenile amateur of the “ sublime and beauriful,” inhumanly confident in the pure blood and instinctive courage of his dog, proposed a trifling wager ; “ that he would, at four distinct intervals, deprive the animal of one of his feet by amputation ; and, that after every individual deprivation, he should attack the bull with his previous ferocity ; and, that lastly, he should continue so to do upon his stumps.” Shocking as the recital must prove to the feelings of every reader, the experiment was made, and the result sufficiently demonstrated the truth of the prediction.

Sportsman's Cabinet.

DEATH OF ECLIPSE.

We announced last week the death of this celebrated horse, at the very advanced age of thirty-four. He died on the farm of Mr Jilson Yates, near Shelbyville, Ky., on the 11th inst. The editor of the “ Shelby News,” in paying a merited tribute to the character of Eclipse, concludes in the following terms :—

We suppose few race horses and stallions, if any, had as sound a constitution. Notwithstanding his great age, Eclipse looked and walked as spry as any horse 20 or 25 years less in age. He was attacked with something like an apoplectic fit ; and after lying for some several days, died, as above stated, on the 11th inst. The *equal* of American Eclipse *may*, per possibility, be found—his *superior*, never was, never will be.

It is so long since our readers have probably read a report of the match between Eclipse and Henry and the circumstances which attended it, that they may be glad to meet with the following reminiscences of the first great sectional match between the North and the South, and a brief sketch of Eclipse's early career.

Eclipse, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel, was foaled May 25, 1814, at Dosoris, Queen's County, Long Island, and was bred by Gen. Nathaniel Cloves. His first race was at Newmarket, L. I., in May, 1818, then in his five year old form, when he beat Black Eyed Susan and Sea Gull, the best three mile horse of the day, with perfect ease, in two heats of three miles. In 1819 he won three four mile races on Long Island, the last one on the 15th Oct., having covered in the Spring, and in 1820 stood for mares at \$1,250! He served 87 mares the ensuing season at the same price, without being taken up. In May of 1822, he beat Sir Walter, 4 miles heats, in 7:54—8, and in October, of same year, won another 4 mile race in 7:58, walking through the second heat. Eclipse was sold to C. W. Ranst, Esq., on the 15th March, 1819, who, a few days previous to his race in 1822, published the challenge which resulted in the annexed agreement. [The whole correspondence would swell this article to too great a length; we therefore give the facts as briefly as possible.]

"C. W. Van Ranst, of New York, agrees to run his horse *American Eclipse* against *Sir Charles*, owned by James J. Harrison, of Virginia, four miles heat, over the Washington Course, agreeably to the rules of that Course, on the —— day of November next, for the sum of 10,000 dollars each.

"James J. Harrison, of Virginia, agrees to run *Sir Charles* against the *American Eclipse*, upon the above conditions.

"It is further agreed between said parties, that the usual number of Judges shall be chosen by them, to consist of respectable gentlemen, each party choosing one, and the person so chosen to choose a third person; that the money shall be deposited with the Cashier of the Branch Bank of Washington, by the 1st of November next, and in the event of either refusing to comply with agreement, the party refusing compliance, to forfeit to the other one half of the sum deposited."

In pursuance of the above agreement, a friend of Mr Van Ranst proceeded to Washington, and on the 1st of November met Mr Harrison. The forfeit money, \$5,000 each, was deposited, and the time for running fixed for the 20th of that month.

November 20th, 1822, at the hour of starting, the horses were brought out, and the riders mounted; but here Mr Harrison gave notice that he would pay the forfeit, as his horse had met with an accident, and was unable to run more than one heat; at the same time he proposed to run a single four mile heat, for \$1,500 each. This was instantly agreed to, and accordingly the horses started, Eclipse leading from the score in fine style. At the distance of 100 rods from the winning post, Sir Charles broke down—Eclipse at this moment having passed the goal. The first round was run in one minute and

fifty-five seconds, and the heat in eight minutes and four seconds. It may be proper to remark, that in this race Sir Charles carried 120lbs. —Eclipse 126lbs.

In the evening of the same day, William R. Johnson, Esq., of Petersburg, Va., offered to produce a horse, on the last Tuesday in May, 1823, to run four mile heats against Eclipse, over the Union Course on Long Island, agreeably to the rules of that Course, for \$20,000 a side, \$3000 forfeit. This was agreed to, literally making it "Eclipse against the world."

On Tuesday, May 27th, 1823, a day that will ever be memorable in the racing annals of America, Col. Johnson, on the part of the South, which had the privilege of naming at the post any horse bred South of the Potomac, named *Henry*, two of the five horses previously selected for the match having broke down in training. They consisted of *John* and *Betsey Richards*, *Flying Childers* and *Washington*. When Col. Johnson left home John Richards was his favorite; his next choice was Henry or Betsey Richards. Unfortunately in a trial race at the track of the late Bela Badger, Esq., at Bristol, Pa., John Richards met with an accident and was thrown out of training, and Washington also fell amiss. The two were left at Mr Badger's, and Col. Johnson arrived at the Union Course about a week previous to the match with the other three. It was not decided by the Southern turfmen that Henry should start until after repeated trials, and his performance demonstrated not only the soundness of their judgment, but that, with the exception of Eclipse, no horse in this country before or since, was comparable to him. The four mile distance on the Union Course, being at present but 120 yards, it will be seen that the time of Henry's first heat, (7-37) would have distanced *Triple*, *Buscomb*, or *Post Boy* in the best heat of four miles they ever ran.

Henry was foaled on the 17th June, 1819, and was bred by Mr Lemuel Long, near Halifax, N. Carolina. He was sired by Sir Archy, his dam by Diomed. It was a rule of the N. Y. Club at the time, that horses should date their age from the 1st of May; consequently Henry, who was not actually 4 years old until the 17th of June, was obliged on the 27th of May to take up the appropriate weight for a 4 year old, then 108lbs., while Eclipse, being 9 years old, carried weight for an aged horse, 126lbs. The Judges appointed were Gen. Ridgeley, of Baltimore, Capt. Cox, of Washington, and John Allen, Esq., of Philadelphia.

The ill-fortune which befel the gallant Virginians by losing their best horse in the onset, seemed to pursue them, for scarcely had they arrived on Long Island, when Col. Johnson, the principal on their part, upon whose management and attention their success greatly depended, was seized with a violent indisposition, which excited the eccentric John Randolph afterwards to remark, that "it was a supper of lobster, and not Eclipse that beat Henry!" Thus the Southrons, deprived of their leader, whose skill and judgment, whether in the way of stable preparation, or generalship in the field, could be supplied

by none other, had to face their opponents under circumstances thus far disadvantageous. Notwithstanding these untoward events, they met the coming contest manfully, having full and unimpaired confidence in their two horses, Henry and Betsey Richards, and backed their opinion to the moment of starting, though it was not decided until the hour had nearly arrived which would be selected, they both having been plated, treated alike, and equally in readiness for the contest.

The day was fine; at an early hour the roads radiating from the Course were covered with carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians in an unbroken chain until the moment of starting. About half-past-twelve, Henry entered the field, followed by Eclipse, and the rival champions were thus fairly before the public—the principals in the match on each side confident of success. The Northern turfmen had the utmost confidence in the bottom of Eclipse, while the time made by Henry in his trials was such as to induce his backers to believe he could beat the world. The North backed their horse with spirit, but the South indeed “went it with perfect looseness!” The horses, when stripped, displayed in the highest degree the science and exquisite skill of their respective trainers, re-assuring the thousands upon thousands of the fluttering hearts collected on the Course. We are told that the straight stretch in front of the Stand (nearly a mile) was lined with carriages four or five deep, while the whole field was surrounded with “living things.” The stands were crowded, and a great number of ladies graced and enlivened the scene with their presence. Every tree and fence in the vicinity groaned with the weight of its load of human beings. Indeed, few people it is said, were left in New York but those in Bridewell or the Hospitals. Some one tells us that it seemed as if the population of the city had been crammed and tumbled together like crumbs in a table-cloth, and “shook out” on the Course. Not less than *sixty thousand spectators* were in the field!

We make the following extracts from the letter of “An Old Turfman,” published in the *Am. Turf Register*, for September, 1830, and the *English Sporting Magazines*, as the best account of the race that has come under our notice:—

At length the hour appointed arrived; the word was given to saddle, and immediately afterwards to mount. Eclipse was rode by William Crafts, dressed in a crimson jacket and cap, and Sir Henry by Virginia boy, of the name of John Walden, dressed in a sky blue jacket with cap of the same color. The custom on the Union Course is to run to the left about, or with the left hand next to the poles; Eclipse, by lot, had the left or inside station at the start. Sir Henry took his ground about twenty-five feet wide of him, to the right, with the evident intention of making a run in a straight line for the lead. The preconcerted signal was a single tap of the drum. All was now breathless anxiety; the horses came up evenly; the eventful signal was heard; they went off handsomely together; Henry, apparently quickest, made play from the score, obtained the lead, and then took to a hard pull. By the time they had gone the first quarter of a mile, which brought them round the first turn, to the commencement

of what is termed the back side of the course, which is a straight run, comprising the second quarter of a mile, he was full three lengths ahead; this distance he with little variation maintained, running steadily, with a hard pull, during the first, second, third, and for about three-fourths of the fourth round or mile, the pace, all this time, a killing one. It may be proper to note that the course is nearly an oval, of one mile, with this small variation, that the back and front are straight lines of about a quarter of a mile each. When the horses were going the last round, being myself well mounted, I took my station at the commencement of the stretch or last quarter, where I expected a violent exertion would be made at this last straight run in, when they left the straight part on the back of the course, and entered upon the last turn. Henry was, as heretofore, not less than three lengths in the clear ahead. They had not proceeded more than twenty rods upon the first part of the sweep, when Eclipse made play, and the spur and whip were both applied freely; when they were at the extremic point or centre of the sweep. I observed the right hand of Crafts disengaged from his bridle, making free use of his whip; when they had swept about three-fourths of the way round the turn, and had advanced within twenty-five rods of my station, I clearly saw that Crafts was making every exertion with both spur and whip to get Eclipse forward, and scored him sorely, both before and behind the girths; at this moment Eclipse threw his tail into the air, and flirited it up and down, after the manner of a tired horse, or one in distress and great pain; and John Buckley, the jockey, (and present trainer,) who I kept stationed by my side, observed, "Eclipse is done." When they passed me about the commencement of the stretch, seventy or eighty rods from home, the space between them was about sixteen feet, or a full length and a half in the clear. Here the rider of Henry turned his head round and took a view for an instant of his adversary; Walden used neither whip or spur, but maintained a hard and steady pull, under which his horse appeared accustomed to run. Crafts continued to make free use of the whip; his right hand in so doing was necessarily disengaged from the bridle, his arm often raised high in air, his body thrown abroad, and his seat loose and unsteady; not having strength to hold and gather his horse with one hand, and at the same time keep his proper position; in order to acquire a greater purchase, he had thrown his body quite back to the cantle of the saddle, stuck his feet forward by way of bracing himself with the aid of the stirrups, and in this style, he was belaboring his horse, going in the last quarter. Buckley exclaimed (and well he might), "Good G—d, look at Billy." From this place to the winning post, Eclipse gained but a few feet, Henry coming in ahead about a length in clear. The shortest time of this heat, as returned by the judges on the stand, was 7-37½.

I pushed immediately up to the winning post, in order to view the situation of the respective horses, after this very trying and severe heat; for it was in fact running the whole four miles. Sir Henry was less distressed than I expected to find him; Eclipse also bore it well,

but of the two, he appeared the most jaded; the injudicious manner in which he had been rode, had certainly annoyed and unnecessarily distressed him.

The incapacity of Crafts to manage Eclipse (who required much urging, and at the same time to be pulled hard), was apparent to all—he being a slender made lad, in body weight about 100lbs. only. A person interested in the event, seeing Buckley, who had rode the horse on a former occasion, with me, requested that I would keep him within call, and ready to ride in case of emergency. It was, however, soon settled, and announced that Mr Purdy would ride him the second heat, upon which long faces grew shorter, and Northern hopes revived. Six to four was, nevertheless, offered on the Southern horse, but no takers.

[Mr Purdy, who, on this occasion, so mainly contributed to develop the mighty energies of Eclipse, at the time of the race, was extensively engaged as a housebuilder in this city. His skill and elegance in riding had long been the theme of admiration, and he better than any man living, probably knew the temper of Eclipse, and how to get the most work out of him. He had frequently ridden him, and twice his own horse (*Little John*) had been beaten by Eclipse. Owing to some misunderstanding, it was determined by his owner that Purdy should not ride Eclipse on this occasion, notwithstanding which Purdy was so assured in his own mind that his services would be in request before the race was over, that he attended it with his scarlet silk dresson, concealed beneath his ordinary suit, and with his jockey cap and spurs in his pocket. He was determined, however, not to ride without the reputation of his favorite horse was jeopardized, knowing full well, as he did, that *he* could win with him against all comers. The result of the first heat proved the correctness of his opinion, and at the general solicitation of his friends, backed by the assurance that Eclipse would lose the race under any other rider, he allowed himself to be weighed. As he came out of the scales, and it was announced that he was to ride Eclipse, the assembled crowd of Northerners rent the air with long reiterated acclamations.]

Second Heat.—The horses, after a lapse of 30 minutes, were called up for a second heat. I attentively viewed Eclipse while saddling, and was surprised to find that to appearance he had not only entirely recovered, but seemed full of mettle, lashing and reaching out with his hind feet, anxious and impatient to renew the contest. Mr Purdy having mounted his favorite, was perfectly at home, and self-confident. The signal being again given, he went off rapidly from the start; Sir Henry being now entitled to the inside, took the track, and kept the lead, followed closely by Eclipse, whom Mr Purdy at once brought to his work, knowing that game and stoutness was his play and his only chance of success, that of driving his adversary up to the top of his rate, without giving him the least respite. Henry went steadily on, nearly at the top of his speed, keeping a gap open between himself and Eclipse of about 20 feet, without much variation, for about two miles and seven-eighths, or until towards the conclusion of the third mile,

they had arrived nearly opposite the four mile distance post.—Here Purdy made his run, and when they had advanced forty rods further, which brought them to the end of the third mile, was close up, say nose and tail. They now entered upon the fourth and last mile, which commences with a turn or sweep, the moment you leave the starting post. Here the crowd was immense; I was at this moment on horse-back, stationed down the stretch or straight run, a short distance below the winning post, in company with a friend, and Buckley, the jockey who kept close to me during the whole race. We pushed out into the centre or open space of the ground, in order to obtain a more distinct view of the struggle, which we saw making for the lead; every thing depended upon the effort of Purdy; well he knew it; his case was a desperate one, and required a desperate attempt; it was to risk all for all; he did not hesitate. When the horses had got about one-third of the way round the sweep, they had so far cleared the crowd as to afford us a distinct view of them before they reached the centre of the turn; Eclipse lapped, Henry about a head and girth, and appeared evidently in the act of passing. Here Buckley vociferated—"See Eclipse! look at Purdy! by heaven on the inside!" I was all attention. Purdy was on the left hand or inside of Henry; I felt alarmed for the consequence, satisfied that he had thus hazarded all; I feared that Walden would take advantage of his position, and by reining in, force him against or inside one of the poles; when they had proceeded a little more than half way round the sweep, the horses were a dead lap; when about three-fourths round Eclipse's quarter covered Henry's head and neck, and just as they had finished the bend, and were entering upon the straight run, which extends along the back part of the course, Eclipse for the first time was fairly clear, and ahead. He now with the help of the persuaders, which were freely bestowed, kept up his run, and continued gradually, though slowly, to gain during the remaining three quarters of a mile, and came in about two lengths ahead. As they passed up the stretch or last quarter of a mile, the shouting, clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, long and loud applause sent forth by the Eclipse party, exceeded all description; it seemed to roll along the track as the horses advanced, resembling the loud and reiterated shout of contending armies.

Time, this second heat, 7-49.

Third Heat.—It was now given out, that in place of the boy Walden, who had rode Sir Henry the two preceding heats, that Arthur Taylor, a trainer of great experience, and long a rider, equalled by few, and surpassed by none, would ride him this last and decisive heat. At the expiration of 30 minutes the horses were once more summoned to the starting post, and Purdy and Taylor mounted; the word being given, they went off at quick rate; Purdy now taking the lead, and pushing Eclipse from the score; and indeed, the whole four miles, applying the whip and spur incessantly, evidently resolved to give Sir Henry no respite, but to cause him if determined to trial, to employ all his speed and strength, without keeping anything in reserve

for the run in. Sir Henry continued to trial, apparently under a pull, never attempting to come up until they had both fairly entered the straight run towards the termination of the last mile, and had advanced within sixty rods of home. Here Sir Henry being about five yards behind, made a dash, and ran up to Eclipse, so far as to cover his quarter or haunch with his head, and for a moment had the appearance of going past; he made a severe struggle for about two hundred yards, when he again fell in the rear, and gave up the contest.

Thus terminated the most interesting race ever run in the United States. Besides the original stakes of \$20,000 each, it was judged that upwards of \$200,000 changed hands.

In this last heat, Sir Henry carried 110lbs., being two pounds over his proper weight: it not being possible to bring Arthur Taylor to ride less, and although a small horse, and wanting twenty days of being four years old, he made the greatest run ever witnessed in America.

Time, this heat, 8-24.

Thus the three heats, or twelve miles, were run in 23 minutes 50½ seconds, or an average of 7 minutes 57 seconds each heat; or 1 minute 59 seconds per mile.

Notwithstanding this defeat, the Southern sportsmen continued to be inspired with so much confidence in their horse, that they offered to renew the contest for a much larger amount, as appears by the following challenge and the answer thereto, which we give as connected with the event:—

To John C. Stevens, Esq. *Long Island, May 28, 1823.*

SIR—I will run the horse Henry against the horse Eclipse at Washington next Fall, the day before the Jockey Club Purse is run for, for any sum from twenty to fifty thousand dollars. The forfeit and stake to be deposited in the Branch Bank of the United States at Washington, at any nameable time, be appointed by you.

Although this is addressed to you individually, it is intended for all the betters on Eclipse, and if agreeable to you and them, you may have the liberty of substituting at the starting-post, in the place of Eclipse, any horse, mare, or gelding, foaled and owned on the Northern and Eastern side of the North River, provided I have the liberty of substituting in the place of Henry, at the starting-post, any horse, mare, or gelding, foaled and owned on the South side of the Potomac. As we propose running at Washington city, the rules of that Jockey Club must govern of course.

I am respectfully yours, WILLIAM R. JOHNSON.

(ANSWER.)

DEAR SIR—The bet just decided was made under circumstances of excitement, which might in some measure apologize for its rashness, but would scarcely justify it as an example; and I trust the part I took in it will not be considered as a proof of my intention to become a patron of sporting on so extensive a scale. For myself, then, I must decline the offer. For the gentlemen who, with me backed Eclipse, their confidence in his superiority, I may safely say, is not in

the least impaired. But even they do not hesitate to believe, that old age and hard service may one day accomplish what strength and fleetness, directed by consummate skill, has failed to accomplish.

For Mr Van Ranst I answer, that he owes it to the Association who have so confidently supported him, to the State at large, who have felt and expressed so much interest in his success, and to himself as a man, not totally divested of feeling, never, on any consideration, to risk the life or reputation of the noble animal, whose generous and almost incredible exertions have gained for the North so signal a victory, and for himself such well-earned and never-failing renown.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant, JOHN C. STEVENS.

WM. R. JOHNSON, Esq.

With this match Eclipse close his glorious career on the Turf, having lost but a single heat during its continuance. The editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, after quoting a paragraph of three lines announcing his death, makes the following remarks:—

Such brief record alone chronicles *departed greatness* in a horse ! Yet a more extended moral might be drawn from the extinction of this victor of a hundred fields—for the influence of his career was great, even upon the lords of creation.

There is no one who witnessed the great Eclipse race on Long Island in the year 1823, (we believe,) now nearly a quarter of a century ago, who will ever forget the clear and distinct manifestation of a feeling known before to exist, but called forth and embodied by that contest, in a manner quite as unmistakable as unprecedented—of North and South.

The agitation of the Missouri question, and of the discussions relative to slavery, had indeed often and often provoked, as well among philanthropists as among politicians, the expression of earnest and conflicting views; but the horse race—this match between a Southern and a Northern champion of the Turf, took the popular fancy—and the *hurra* which rang through the air, as Purdy, the favorite rider of Eclipse mounted him for the second heat, (the first was lost by Eclipse, the only heat he ever did lose, from want of presence of mind in his rider,) attested at once the depth and intensity of the feeling with which this race was watched, and the confidence that the North properly guided at least, could not be beat. Eclipse for the occasion typified the North, and Purdy was a type of its true, skilful, and incorruptible leaders. Yet louder and more significant was the cheer with which the final victory of Eclipse was received—and *John Randolph* proved his conviction of the strength of the feeling displayed on that occasion, when, with his usual contempt for popular demonstrations, he sneeringly said, that “upon that field and at that moment Purdy could be chosen President of the United States.”

The saying was in his usual style of exaggeration, but he did not overrate nor mistake the intensity of the feeling at the bottom of this popular display.

It may seem trivial to say so, but it is nevertheless in our judgment entirely true, that the moral influence on the question of North and South, in other words, on the preponderance of the slave power, of the Eclipse and Henry race, was both decided and permanent—and that a leaven was thus set in motion which has been working ever since, and finally that between that contest and the feeling aroused by the *Wilmot Proviso*, a connection might be traced more close and plainer than between it and the newborn support, which for some selfish purpose the proviso is now receiving at some hands in this State and Pennsylvania.

But we are getting serious, which is not our cue just now—and we close this paragraph with repeating what at the outset we stated in substance, that this aged race horse whose death is here commemorated, was in his day and generation in various senses a *moral and political agency*.

New York Spirit of the Times.

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON HORSES, AND ON THE MORAL DUTIES OF MAN TOWARDS THE BRUTE CREATION.*

BY JOHN LAWRENCE.

2 vols. 8vo. board, 14s. *Longman.*

We shall commence our present extract from the fourth chapter.—The author's manner is so entertaining, as well as instructive, that we wish to omit as little as possible of this part of his work.

ON THE HACKNEY AND HUNTER.

I shall begin with generals, proceeding to particulars, as they present themselves to my recollection; but rather studying comprehension and use, than the graces of method and arrangement.

Time, which is continually changing all things, has, in course, induced various alterations in the nomenclature of the stable. Horses for the different purposes of the saddle, were, in former days, termed nags, amblers, pacers, stirrers, trotting horses, hobbies, great horses, or horses for the buff-saddle, (for war,) hunting-horses, coursers, race-horses.

The appellatives, whether synonymous or distinctive, in present equestrian use among us, are road-horses, riding horses, saddle horses, nags, chapmen's horses, hacks, hackneys, ladies' horses, or pads, hunters, running-horses, racers, race horses, gallopers, managed horses

* Continued from No. XVII.

chargers, troop-horses, post-hacks, or post-horses, trotters, cantering hacks, or canterers, horses which carry double, galloways, and ponies.

Chapmen's horses, or common road-hacks, are of the strong and serviceable kind, having little or no racing blood, and calculated for those services in which much speed is not required.

Hack, or hackney, is the general term for a road-horse, and by no means conveys any sense of inferiority, or refers exclusively to horses let out for hire.

By trotters, we do not understand now, as formerly, horses which have been merely accustomed to that pace, but such as excel at it, in respect of speed; a similar observation holds, respecting canterers, but it usually refers to their powers of continuance.

Gallopers mean race-horses.

The terms galloway and pony, refer solely to height. All under thirteen hands, are denominated ponies; from that height to thirteen three, they are called galloways; at fourteen hands they are deemed sized horses.

Of foals, the male is called a colt-foal, the female a filly-foal, yearlings, two-year-old, &c.

In the technical phraseology appropriated to this subject, a *bred* horse is understood to be one of the pure racing or Oriental blood; the degrees of its commixture with the common blood, or breed of this country, are signified by the terms, three-parts bred, half-bred, blood-horses, or having a shew of blood.

The characteristic signs of blood, are fineness of skin and hair, symmetry, and regularity of proportions, length, flatness and depth, particularly in the shoulder and girding place; swell of the muscles, and shew of substance in the forearms and thighs; leanness and symmetry of the head, large and bright eyes, pasterns somewhat longer, and more inclining than common, and deer-like hoofs. Of these a horse will gradually partake in proportion to his degree of blood.

Since we acquire symmetry, ease of motion, speed, and continuance, in proportion to the racing blood our hacknies and hunters possess, it may be demanded, why not make use exclusively of full-bred horses; Osmer has spoken decidedly in their favour. I have heard it affirmed by a sportsman, that there is the same difference of motion between a racer and a common-bred horse, as between a coach and a cart. It is moreover a fact, although it does not lie upon the surface, that no other horses are capable of carrying, with expedition, such heavy weights; and were a thirty stone plate to be given, and the distance made fifty miles, it would be everlastingly won by a thorough-bred horse.

There is only one way in which a bred horse would be beat at high weights. It would be (to use a queer phrase) by making it a stand-still race; in that case, I would back a cart-horse; I think he would beat a racer by hours. Thorough-bred hacks are the most docile and quiet, and the least liable to shy of all others; they also sweat less on a long journey.

He who possesses a thorough-bred hack or hunter, sufficiently short-legged, lively, and active; which bends its knees, and goes well above the ground and has sound tough feet, has perhaps obtained every qualification he can wish, for the road, except trotting; which he must never expect in any extraordinary degree, in a bred horse. But horses of such a description are not common, because unfit for the turf; and nobody, as yet, has bred racers expressly for other purposes. The disadvantages of bred cattle, for the road or field, are too great delicacy, rendering them susceptible of harm, from wet and cold; tenderness of legs and feet; too great length of leg and thigh, and pliability of sinew, which gives a more extensive compass to their strokes, than is convenient to the common business of riding, or even of hunting; their stride also, natural sluggishness, and tender feet, occasion them to be unsafe goers.

Which then is the most proper species for the road? or rather (since it is agreed that blood is absolutely necessary) how much ought a hackney to have? I believe he ought either to be three parts bred, as much as to say, one got by a racer, out of a half-bred mare, or *vice versa*; or one which is produced from good-shaped hackney stock on both sides, both sire and dam having some blood. I incline to the latter. In these mediums you may secure sufficient delicacy, symmetry, speed, and continuance; without any of the disadvantages attendant upon full blood. The produce of three parts bred mares and race-horses (which might be called seven-eighths bred, if we wanted a new term) have too generally all the disadvantage of the latter, without the benefit of their peculiar qualifications.

The ancient prejudice of the superior fitness of the land of one English county above another, for the production of saddle horses, and the supposed pre-eminence of Yorkshire, Northumberland, and Durham, has been of late years fully and completely exposed. The Isle of Ely, Norfolk, and Suffolk, have for some years past, bred the best hacks, and the fastest trotters in England. It follows not, however, from thence, that equally good stock may not be bred in any of the other counties, provided they have as good stallions and mares, and pursue the business with as much industry. I was laughed at on all sides, some years ago, for referring the whole matter to custom, plenty of land, and convenience; and for asserting, that horse breeding might be carried on elsewhere, with equal or even superior advantages to those experienced in Yorkshire.

The influence of custom over the human mind is truly wonderful and beyond all doubt the real cause of the tardy progress of improvement. An old farmer was making bitter complaints of the high price of cart horses, and the heavy tax it laid upon husbandry. I asked him why he did not breed his own horses since they paid so well.—“Aye, aye, (said he) but you know this is not a breeding county”—The good man rented fifteen hundred acres of land, full half of which was fit for little else but pasturing of cattle.

Even Mr Marshall, before quoted, although he has made many very judicious observations, relative to horses, has not been, or ra-

ther, was not, at the time of writing his Rural Economy of Yorkshire, able to steer clear of the contagious influence of established prejudice ; doubtless because it related to a subject, upon which he had not bestowed a thorough examination. He observes, "in Norfolk, the breeding of saddle-horses has been repeatedly attempted without success. Yorkshire stallions have been, and still are, sent into Norfolk, in the covering seasons. The foals may be handsome, but they lose their form as they grow up. On the contrary, in Yorkshire, let the foal which is dropped be ever so unpromising, it will, if any true blood circulate in its veins, acquire fashion, strength, and activity, with its growth."

He seems to refer these advantages to "the influence of climature on the constitution ;" and adds, that no man has yet been able to breed Arabian horses in England ; English horses in France or Germany ; nor Yorkshire horses in any other district of England.

Only the general principle of this reasoning appears to be just ; the application is totally erroneous. There can exist no doubt of the favourable influence of genial climature, and rich pasturage. But it remains to be proved, that Yorkshire has ever excelled all other parts of England, either in those respects, or in the superior quality of their horses ; the reverse, however, at this time, needs no proof.—In the number of horses bred, there can be no doubt of the superiority of Yorkshire ; but it appears to me, that the proportion of bad ones, has been full as large in that as in any other county.

The Yorkshire bred horses have long and often been remarked, for their heavy heads, round, gummy legs, and general want of symmetry. These defects were ever visible enough, in many of the long, heavy, lumbering, half-bred stallions of that county.

It is highly probable, that the ill success, with which, according to Mr Marshall's account, the early attempts of the Norfolk breeders was attended, may have been occasioned, among other disadvantages to which new undertakings are ever liable, by the very circumstances of their introducing Yorkshire stock. Their own native stock was in all respects preferable ; from which, assisted by the racing breed, they, with their neighbour county, Suffolk, have supplied the metropolis of late years with saddle horses of superior form and estimation to those of Yorkshire.

The reasonings of this excellent author, owing merely to the cause already hinted, are not a whit more conclusive, on the subject of race-horses ; of which more in its place.

St Bel also, asks very gravely for a solution of the difficulty, why Suffolk has a peculiar breed of horses, and why they cannot be bred elsewhere ? Experience teaches there is no difficulty at all in the case. Any other county having made choice of and set off originally with that peculiar species, (there lies the jet of the business, I believe) would have all along produced much such another breed, varying in a trifling degree, from local circumstances. I know of no county in England, in which I would not pledge myself to produce a race of Suffolk horses, so original in all respects, as to defy the penetration of

the best jockies of that county. But it must be effected, by a more perfected method, than that which I have known practised by persons resident in some of those which are said not to be breeding counties.

They have been desirous of breeding the large black cart horses, but after repeated trials, have relinquished it, from an alleged impossibility of bringing them up to the required size; and yet their grass land has been equal, or superior in goodness, to that of the native soil of these famous cattle. On enquiry, I always found that they indeed sent their mare to a thorough-bred horse of the species in request, but that she herself was sure to be one of the common stock of their own county. I have known more than one person attempt to breed racers upon the same plan, and with equal success.

Major Jardine, in his entertaining and instructive letters from Barbary, Spain, &c. observes, very justly, that the world seems to be divided, for men, as well as cattle, into breeding and feeding countries; the determinations however, to either, I think usually depend upon accidental circumstances.

The natural superiority of one English county over another, as to the point in question, has always been over-rated. Some local distinctions, no doubt, must exist; for instance, the hardy mountaineers of Wales and Scotland, excel in strength and constitution, ability to carry weight, and toughness of feet; but are deficient in size, figure, and speed.

I have observed, upon the little attention merited by the colour of horses, with reference to their good or bad qualities. In some respects it may interest nice and curious people, who are more solicitous about external appearance, than great and useful qualifications.—Thus greys and browns, spot and stain very much, with the dirt and sweat, and are made dry and clean with great difficulty; the stains remaining longer upon them, than on other colours. Light greys, nutmeg-coloured horses, and red roans, if well bred, perhaps exhibit that symmetry to the best advantage, which is the concomitant of high racing blood. The latter never fail to remind sportsmen of the old school of the famous Sedbury, said to have been the justest proportioned horse ever bred in England; on this head an exception must be made in respect to the legs and hoofs of horses, which constant experience has shewn to be best, when of a dark colour.

For their temperaments, both mental and corporeal, the strictest analogy may be found in the human species. We observe among horses the hot, irritable, and weak; the cold phlegmatic, slow and durable; with all the various intermediate gradations. It can be only by way of refreshing the memory of his readers, when an author presumes to counsel them, to make choice of a medium.

Hot horses are generally speedy and safe goers, pleasant to ride, the best flying leapers and their legs stand clean and dry in the stable; but short and easy tasks of all kinds, suit them best; they are unfit to carry heavy weights, and if they feed well when they play, they are sure to lose their appetite in work. It must be noted, nevertheless, that there is a species of this genus, which may be stiled *resolute*

horses; these, notwithstanding their heat and cholera, will endure to the very last, and in the hands of those who have skill and ability sufficient to manage them, will beat all other horses. Of this species, precisely, was the celebrated Eclipse.

It is only ringing the changes to particularize the incidental qualities of the cold, phlegmatic, and dull; they are, among a variety of disorders, particularly liable to swelled legs, grease, and diseases of the eye, besides being slow, and liable to fall.

There is still a variety, partaking of the phlegm, and in some degree of the inconveniences of the last-mentioned, which have strong constitutions, feed well, and are fit for a long day, and constant work; whose want of speed is compensated by their powers of duration; in a word, stout horses. Of the extremes; the slow and stout horses, is certainly of more value than the hot, uncertain, and speedy one, in all situations, but upon the turf.

We shall pass over the author's reasoning and observations, respecting the temper and disposition of horses, and proceed to take him up in the 183d page, where he treats on the size of the animal, and goes on with other remarks equally interesting.

"As for the size of horses, perhaps sixteen hands ought to be the extreme, for whatever purpose, either of saddle or draught. I believe, on the strength of my own experience, and what I more respect, the opinions of men who have had the longest and greatest practice, that all possible advantages may be concentrated within that compass and numberless disadvantages resulting from over size, avoided. It has been said, that "a great, good horse, will beat a little one?" and there is no doubt, but where the goodness, in all points, is equal, the largest must be the best; but we generally find, in all animals, that as they advance beyond the usual standard, they lose in symmetry, in proportion as they gain in bulk. It is rare to see a man, of six feet six, well shaped. Among horses, perhaps, the smallest size, or ponies are, upon the average, of the truest make. The Latins say, *inest sua gratia parvis*—what is little, is pretty.

A hunter, or charger, shall be between fifteen hands, and fifteen three. It is obvious, that in the field, few horses can ever clear their leaps so well, or carry a man so gallantly, over the country, as those of a commanding size. The most advantageous height of a hack is between fourteen and fifteen hands one inch. A lady's horse, either for road, or field, should never exceed fifteen. The convenience of ponies and galloways, for the summer season, and their inconvenience in deep roads and dirty weather, are in the way of every body's observation.

It is a truth, like numberless others, much better known than practised, that horses should never be put to severe labour whilst young. Our doing so much violence to their strength in this country, whilst their sinews are yet too flexible and tender, and have not acquired due substance and tensility, is the occasion of their growing old so soon, and becoming, at such a premature period of their lives, totally unfit for any, but the lowest drudgery. We have had some instances

of horses reaching forty years of age, but thirty seems to be, in general, their latest period ; and it may be compared to the human date of threescore and ten. As man is in the flower of his strength, from thirty-five to forty years of age ; by a parity of reasoning, our horses would be in their highest state of perfection, for strength, toughness, vigour, and expertness at their business, from ten to fifteen, were we honest and humane enough, to allow them the fair chances of existence. That such theory will not treacherously abandon us in practice as is too often the case, I have reason to be convinced, from some pleasing experiments of my own, and from the observation of those of other people. What a happy plan, where we can make humanity and interest coincide—but do they not always coincide ? What a saving to individuals and the country at large, to double almost the period of service in that vast number of our horses, which are now prematurely torn to pieces, and destroyed. I shall embrace every opportunity which presents, in the course of this work, to point out the means most conducive to this desirable end. Horses, for slow draft, (the least injurious of all their labour) may be put to gentle work, in careful hands, even at two years old, without sustaining any injury—and it is the custom of the country ; but great care ought to be taken, never to put them upon long and heavy jobs, or subject them to heats and colds, and piercing winds ; and, in particular, not to strain them at dead pulls ; for amongst an infinity of accidents, to which, in that green age, they are liable, hurts in the loins are to be apprehended, from which they never after recover.—Every body will tell you, that road-horses and hunters, should not be worked until five years old ; and it is most true ; the latter, indeed, ought not to endure many severe runs, the first season. But it is not enough, that young horses are not worked hard ; that is to say, ridden fast, or long journies ; for whatever bone they may have, no high weight ought to come upon their backs, until they have attained, at least five years growth. From the improvident custom of over-weighting them too early, even if they are ridden slow, arise windgals, splents, spavins, weakness of the joints, and that common tribe of defects, which are the consequence of overstretched ligaments.

The English have been ridiculed by foreigners, for making cur-tails, both upon their kings and their horses. As to those made upon the latter, I think there can be no doubt of the utility. Long tails, for which some people are such warm advocate, setting aside the in-commodity to the rider, of being fanned by them, dirty or clean, do not in their appearance convey that idea of expedition upon which our affections are so bent in this country ; buckled up, they to be sure have the air *militair*, but do not look sportsman-like, which is our mark. A horse will carry even a better full tail, (a long one I mean) for having been docked ; and it is an old opinion, which carries a shew of reason with it, that by abridging the tails you strengthen the loins of horses. As what I have to say upon the tails of horses, is of a general nature, I may as well say it in this place, and have done with it. It has ever been my favourite study, (when leisure was permitted me) to endea-

vour, by all feasible means, to lessen the miseries of animals, and it is true, this principle has often forced me to turn executioner. I had heard of many accidents, some of them fatal, from horses being docked at too late a period, and by bungling blacksmiths; and indeed I had seen several operations of the kind, which made me sick. It occurred to me, that colts ought to be docked early, whilst the tail is tender and grisley; which operation I ever afterwards performed upon my own, myself, with a good sharp kitchen knife with all possible success, and which I wish to recommend as a general custom.—The two last I docked, were one about three months, the other about three weeks old; the one got by a cart, the other by a bred horse. These colts were perfectly tame and handy, (a state in which I always choose to have them) and whilst eating a few carrots, they suffered me to tie their hair up, *secundum artem*, and to make the stroke, which curtailed them in an instant; and with so little pain, that they scarce left their carrots. The usual quantity taken off agrees in length with the width of a man's hand; but perhaps it ought to be rather more from the consideration of its being done so early. The bred colt was so indifferent about the matter, that he suffered me about half an hour afterwards, to lay hold of his tail again, and make a ligature to stop the blood. If a flux of blood be not desired, a ligature may be made, previous to the operation; but in case of plethora, dullness, or heaviness about the head and eyes, it may be presumed, that bleeding will benefit the colt, and the wound may be entirely neglected. If any application be thought necessary, nothing is so proper as French brandy. No twitching, trammelling, searing with hot irons, nor any of the barbarous Vulcanian apparatus, is here required; and what will weigh more than all the rest, with certain of my readers—no farrier's bill.

Of nicking, I shall say but little; in truth, if nobody were more attached to it than I am, the art would soon be lost, from disuse. At present, I must allow, we set horses tails in a more natural form, than some years back, when, it was the custom to cock them bolt upright, in a most burlesque, and preposterous manner, and a young horse, with his blazing meteor displayed *a posteriore*, looked just as naturally and in character, as a young fellow with his head enveloped in the curls of an enormous perriwig. My prejudice in favour of every thing appertaining to the turf, may perhaps warp my judgment; but I am all for broom or racing tails, such as are, “cut square by the Russian standard;” these, I think, are becoming and natural to all sorts and sizes of horses, but more particularly at this time, now the shew of blood is so universal. As to the art of nicking, every dealer or farrier can perform it. Bartlet's supposed improvement, I understand, did not succeed. I speak not from my own knowledge.

I have also cropped yearlings. It is apparent in that time, or at any rate at two years old, whether from the over size, ill-shape, of position of the ears, it will be ever necessary to crop the nag; and if so, there is an obvious convenience in having it done early, and before he comes into work; and I have never found that the after growth of

the ear spoiled the crop. There is one disadvantage in this business which however some people will think an advantage. It furnishes an opportunity of deception. One of the colts mentioned above, I sold to a dealer at two years old ; being cropped and docked, and neither his ears nor tail bearing the least mark of recent operation, he in one single day more reached four years of age, and was actually sold at Winchester fair, as a four-year old.

The practice of castrating horses so universal in this country, is no doubt founded upon the most rational experience of its use and propriety ; viewing it even in the light of humanity, it is preferable. We do not find that inferiority in geldings for any services, which theoretical reasoning upon the matter might lead us to suppose. The difference between the sexes, I judge to be, that mares neither able to carry or draw such heavy weights as horses, or geldings ; and that horses have the superiority in those two respects.

The chief disadvantage of mares, is their faintness, and loss of appetite during their horsing time continuing perhaps, two or three days, at several intervals in the spring ; but this is, in truth, of so small import, that thousands of people who work mares, perceive nothing at all of the matter ; and this trifling inconvenience is infinitely overbalanced by the consideration, that if an accident should happen to render your mare totally unfit for labour, she may still produce you a substitute. Mr Marshall has recommended spaying mares very strongly, which he supposes a new idea ; but such does not appear to be the case, as I have seen an advertisement, sixty or seventy years old, of grass for sprayed mares. There can be no doubt but mares might be cut with equal safety as heifers ; but, I conceive, by no means with equal, or indeed any probable advantage. We have all the reasons in the world to be satisfied with the labours of our mares unsprayed ; now should an accident happen to a sprayed mare, we could not eat her, as we could a heifer.

For many years past, the people of this country have wisely adhered to the natural paces of the horse, which are walk, trot, canter and gallop. The canter is a natural pace, (although many horses require to be taught) as is obvious, from colts of a few weeks old performing it in a handsome manner. In former days when facetious principles of all kinds were in vogue, and were held so indispensable ; and when the studies of men seemed to be directed to an inversion of the order of nature, in so many respects they did not forget to supplant her in the motions of their horses, by forcing them into artificial paces. Thus Markham, and the old writers describe pacing and racking, which they took the pains to teach their horses by cruel and dangerous methods. These motions were a kind of mixture, or confusion of the natural paces, as may be conceived from the mode in which they were taught, namely, by forcing the horses to go with their legs tied. Racking, it seems, was that irregular run, between a trot and a gallop, which we often at this time observe a horse to fall into, when badly ridden, and of which many horses acquire the habit. Pacing was not entirely out of vogue in Bracken's days, and I have

known one pacing-horse, within my own memory, they call him a natural padder; but his padding seemed to me to proceed either from some defect, or from bad riding.

I shall defer awhile speaking farther of the paces and proceed to the proper shape and qualifications of saddle-horses. And first, with respect to beauty in horses; strictly speaking, it is the necessary result of symmetry, and exact proportions; but nevertheless, many thorough-shaped horses are not accounted handsome; and more which have a beautiful and gallant appearance, are far enough from being thoroughly well made. This requires no explanation. In this country where speed is the first object, provided a horse be well made in the cardinal points, (if I may be permitted the expression) or those parts most immediately contributory to action, beauty is taken for granted, by the knowing ones. Has he a large head? Well, he carries it himself; the question is, does he carry it last, and in a good place? Is he a ragged hipped one? Never mind he is well filled.—Goose-rumped? What o'that, he rises well before, and is deep in the girt—There is, however, a very erroneous notion, which has been long current, but, most assuredly, is not sterling. It is said, that "Horses of all shapes and makes may be goers." This verisimilitude has taken its rise, from horses of rough and unpleasing appearances, but in reality possessing considerable extent in the most material parts, being often endowed with great powers of action. I have heard it was the saying of old Frampton, or old Bracken, or some other great judge, that—"Horses always go with their shoulders." In truth, no horse with a small fleet, upright shoulder, was ever a goer. Goodness depends so far upon shape, that whenever you have obtained hack, hunter, or racer, right in the material points, you are sure of some qualification above the common run; you have got either extraordinary speed, or great powers of continuance; which will, again, materially depend upon animal temperament. The material points are, a deep and oblique shoulder, length, width in the quarters, and free course for the wind.

Flatness, and depth, are the basis, or principle of speed; but to produce strength, goodness, and beauty, substance is necessary. So to speak, rotundity, swelling over a deep and flat ground, forms the true shape of a nag; this is most apparent in the counter shoulder, and deep oval quarter.

A hack, or hunter, ought to be shaped in all points, exactly like a race-horse, bating somewhat of his length; the abatement for the hunter, it is obvious, need not be so considerable.

As to the defects of horses, and parts most liable to defect, here follows a catalogue of the principal; which a man ought to have in his mind's eye, whilst about to make a purchase; more particularly, if unattended with warranty; viz.

Head ill set on, or too long, eyes, age, wolf's teeth, bladders in the mouth, gigs, glanders, jogged under the jaw, hide-bound, broken wind, crib-biter or tucker, run-a-way, restiff, vicious, neck reversed or cock-thropped, ewe or deer-necked, shoulder straight and heavy, chest

narrow or wide, high on the leg, broken knees, round legs and grease, windgalls, sinews down, splent, oslett, speedy cut, knock, mallenders, hurts in the joints, toes turned out or in, feet soft or hard, large, small, or deep, quitor, false quarters, ringbone, sanderack, groggy, founder, thrushes, corns, high-goer, daisey cutter, fore-low, shallow giith, hol-low backed, bream-backed, long backed, broken backed or megrim, light carcase, bursten, ragged-hipped, drooparsed, Dutch or round buttocks, hipshot, stifled, lame in whirlbone, spavins, bone and hog, curb, thoroughpin, capped hocks, or houghbone, sallenders, fickle hammed, cut behind, hammer and pinchers, or over-reach, wrong-end first, stringhalt.

A horse may be good with a large head, provided it shews symmetry, is joined to the neck with a curve, or is wide enough in the upper part of the jaw-bones, to admit of being pulled in, without impeding respiration; otherwise, a heavy, fat head, forebodes dulness and distemper, particularly of the eyes. A long head occasions the horse to bear heavy upon the hand, (however good his mouth may be,) as soon as his flow of spirits is over. A head too short, (as St. Bel observes,) detracts from the equipoise of the body; it certainly detracts from the idea of proportion, as well as a too long one; and without alleging any particular inconveniencies belonging to it, I think we seldom see a capital horse with a very short head.

The eye should be viewed in a good light, or rather in the sunshine, the examiner standing in the shade. It ought to be bright and transparent, as it were, to the bottom, and free from haze, dulness, or cloud. The dull, or coal black eye, or that encircled with a blue cloud, are precarious. As to external conformation, the eye should be somewhat prominent, without being too full and large; the large glassy eye is always suspicious; as is also the small pig-eye. Thick moist eye-lids, denote a flux of humours. It is easy to distinguish external accidents, of the probable danger of which, it appertains to experience to determine.

It is said, Roman nosed horses are generally stout and hardy. The term stout, in equestrian language, applies invariably to the courage, not the substance of the horse.

The mouth, to be perfect, ought to contain the bit handsomely, and well; and to be of such just temper, as to be able to bear considerable pressure with the snaffle, and yet be sensible of the least directing motion of the rider's hand; also, to be free of wolf's teeth, namely, irregular ones, which may cut the tongue, gums, or inside of the lips, in mastication: of gigs and bladders, which get between the teeth; and the teeth themselves, untouched by art. I once purchased a mare, in very low condition, which did not amend, although she did, or indeed was able to do, scarce any work. She ate little, particularly of hay, which she was observed to rake into her mouth, and drop out again, without being able to chew it. On a nearer inspection, it appeared, all her teeth had been filed down; and there is no doubt but the miserable creature soon sunk under her work, for want of due sustenance. It was with regret, but I was obliged to part with her.

A discharge from the nostrils, even if it be somewhat thick, may be nothing more than a cold ; but if it be attended with a swelling of the glands, under the throat, it indicates a disease of some standing, of which the consequence may be both trouble and danger. As to the glanders, granting the discharge to have been suppressed by art, the disease is indicated by an over-quantity of foam in the mouth, by swelling of the glands, and by the deadness of the hair, which will come off with the slightest pull of the fingers.

Broken wind is discovered by the quick and irregular heaving of the flanks, and a more than ordinary dilatation of the nostrils ; sometimes also, by a consumptive appearance of the body. But the usual method of trying the soundness of a horse's wind, is, to cough him ; which is performed by pressing the upper part of the windpipe, with the finger and thumb.—The strong, clear, and full tone of the cough prove his wind to be sound ; if, on the contrary, the note be short, whistling, and husky, the horse is asthmatic, and unsound.—Horses labouring under the worst stage of this disease, are styled, in the language of the repository Rourers, from the noise they make in work, of very little of which they are capable. Broken-winded mares are generally barren, although I have heard of one which bred a whole team of horses after she became asthmatic. Some pensive and thick-winded horses are, of all others, the strongest, and most thorough-winded. They catch their wind with difficulty at first, but it comes more free and clear, as their action increases.

Ewe, or deer-necked horses ; have frequently fine shoulders, and are fast goers ; and when the neck does not belly out too much, and the head is well set on, and the jaw bones wide, they may be made to ride light in hand, and handsomely ; but if they are much cock-thropped, and the head is at the same time set on abruptly, they must always bear heavy on the hand. In this case, art affords no remedy, and it is only tormenting the horse fruitlessly, to attempt it when you bear with great force upon the martingal, you cloak him. Let it be observed, that the need of a martingal, detracts considerably from the worth of a horse—I should conceive, at least, five pounds in twenty. There is a defective form, which I have often seen, but cannot well describe, called by the French, a false, or hatchet-neck ; it is thin and straight along the throat, having a cavity between the top of the shoulder and the withers. Thin, loose, and swivel-necked horses, carry their heads up in the air, particularly if short headed, or tender mouthed.—When a martingal is used to palliate a natural defect, the bits, and curb, ought ever to be of the mildest. Long, rainbow-necks, are more for beauty and ornament, than real service. They seldom belong to capital goers. It is easy to conceive, that a long and bulky neck, must encumber, and retard progression, by destroying the equipoise of the machine ; also, that with a shorter neck, the horse has a less distance to fetch his wind.

The form and size of the shoulder, is obviously a point of the first importance. St. Bel speaking of the mechanical causes of the power of progressive motion in every animated machine, says, “ The bones

and muscles are simply an apparatus of columns, levers, pulleys, cords, wedges, &c., the combined operations of which occasion greater or less speed,"—and, "on the good or bad construction of the shoulder progression materially depends, as its motion determines that of the inferior parts. A long and oblique shoulder, is the indication of speed, because, in proportion to the length and obliquity of that part, the farther the arms of the lever will be extended, and the greater will be the portion of the circle which it will describe." In order to capital action, and that the horse may extend his legs very far forward, the shoulder must fall backward from a deep breast in an oblique direction, (the sternum, or keel, somewhat projecting) and, lessening by degree, go fairly up to the top of the withers. Mr Culley, (whose observations have 'always weight,) is partial to horses wide a-top, upon the withers; and supposing the shoulders to be at the same time, very obliquely placed, there can be no doubt but such horses will carry greater weight, in proportion, and with equal speed. They are also, in general, easy goers. The famous Mother Nesom according to Braeken's account, was so shaped; and I have known some such, with capital action; but this is rare, such forms being, in general, straight shouldered, and wide chested, and by no means distinguished for speed.

The extreme obliquity, or slant of the shoulder, it must be observed, is requisite only for the running horse, and even amongst them it is rare, extent of shoulder, providing it be flat and deep, or wide, always conferring proportional powers of progression. The straight, heavy-shouldered horse, is evidently unfit for any purpose, but slow draft; both the weight, simply considered, and its mal-position, impeding progression. This accounts for well-shaped horses being more capable of high weights than others with much greater shew of substance.

A high and well-placed shoulder, is accompanied with all sorts of advantages, of which it is a very eminent one, that a proper place is thereby secured for the saddle, without the use of a crupper, the need of which, as well as of a martingal, decreases the value of a horse. I have said that the shoulder-blades ought to reach up to the top of the withers, diminishing gradually, that the withers be not too thick and wide. But this indeed is a rare perfection.—Many, which are esteemed good shouldered, have a cavity between their upper extremity and the withers, admitting the saddle too forward, and bringing the weight too far before the centre.

The least experienced eye will readily determine, whether a horse be leggy, or too high upon the leg. It is very apparent, when the legs form the most conspicuous part, and appear too long for the carcass. The horse is weak in proportion, but it detracts more from strength and continuance than speed. The legs being very short is also a defect, and of a contrary tendency. But legs are never too long, when the horse is sufficiently deep in the carcass.

The knees must be wide and strong, but lean, and free from puffiness; the hair bear no vestige of derangement. A nice eye,

will instantly detect any accident which may have happened to the knees from a fall, even if years have since intervened ; there will be either an inequality of the surface, a few staring hairs, or those which have grown after a cut will be of a different colour, or will be too long, and so not lie level with the rest. The back parts, or bend of the knee is the situation of mallenders, or chops ; the inner side, somewhat below it, of the speedy cut, which is occasioned by strokes of the hoof in going. If the wounds have been healed, an excrescence will be distinguished by the finger, or the hair will appear to stare. Trembling knees denote injury, from excess of labour, which is generally without remedy. Osletts, are long excrescences situated under the knee, on the inside, and sometimes contract the joint. Splents are of the same nature ; their place is upon the shank ; they are sufficiently palpable, either to sight or feeling, but of no detriment, when they do not interfere with the sinews. They seldom increase in size, after six years old.—When they are so placed, as to contract the sinews, it is much the cheapest and safest way, to deem them incurable.

If the legs be round and fleshy, and no preternatural heat, or extraordinary pulsation is to be discovered in them, by handling, it may be their natural shape. They will be subject to grease and scratches, and belong to a horse of inferior kind. A good flat leg may have become round, hot, and swelled, either by over-work, or the want of it, and from standing week after week, tied up in a hot stable. The horse may shift and change his feet, from the pain in his legs, and yet the main sinew may not have sustained any material injury ; for when that has really happened, he will be sure to inform you of it, by putting his leg and foot forward, in a loose, faint, and faltering way. If he stand thrusting out his fore-leg boldly, as if from wantonness, and resting on his heels, he is groggy, that is to say, his sinews are contracted, or his feet battered. To try how far the horse has been injured, let him be walked about for half an hour, when the swelling of his legs will, in all probability, subside. If you then observe the *tendo achilles*, or main sinew, distinct from the shank ; if on pressing it with the finger towards the bone, you find it firm and tense ; if you discover by the feel, no soft, spongy sinew between the shank and the tendon, no extraordinary pulsation, but that all is well braced, and wiry ; you may conclude the swelling is not dangerous.

A person of experience, with a nice and discriminating finger, will scarce ever fail to detect lameness in the back sinews ; but I must declare, that I have never yet in my life, met with such persons among common grooms and farriers, who never attend to any other symptoms in these cases, than heat and tension ; whereas those symptoms may have prevailed, in a very slight degree, or may be past, and the sinews remain in a very lax and unsound state. I met with a remarkable example of this, very lately. Two men were returning from the house of a veterinary practitioner of some note, with a fine young coach-horse, which went lame. Upon inquiry, he had been lame some time, and neither themselves, their master, nor the doctor, could possibly discover the seat of his lameness, but they had blistered his

pastern joints, and taken several other steps at a hazard. I examined him out of curiosity.—He had scarce stood still a minute, before he set his near fore-leg out, I found the foot and joint perfectly cool, and apparently without complaint. I had him walked upon soft ground, and observed, he threw his fore-arms freely, and far enough forward, by which I was convinced of the soundness of his shoulders. On pressing the back sinew of the near fore-leg the horse flinched, and on farther examination, I found the sinews soft and flabby, with some little heat and beating. It was in vain that I communicated this discovery to the men, or that I demanded of them, whether, independent of other ailments, which they supposed the horse might have, that which I had found, was not sufficient to make him halt? No! One said he was lame behind, the other, that the lameness was in his shoulder, and that he knew a farrier who could remove it at a certainty.

Tripping over a few observations that are not important to our purpose, we shall proceed from page 115, as follows:—

“When the horse wounds his pastern joints, in going, it is called *knocking*. If the places be healed, an escar will be discovered by the finger, or the fresh-grown hair will be long and uneven. The speedy-cut, and knock, are capital defects in horses; the former natural, and past all remedy, the latter so likewise, except it be the consequence of weakness and low condition.—The width of a horse’s chest is no security against knocking, nor is it occasioned by the narrowness of the chest. The stroke being given by the toe or heel; of course, those horses are liable to it, which turn the toe either out or in. In the latter case, they are stiled pigeon-toed. In a natural defect of this kind, it is ever productive of disappointment and mischief to listen to the proposed remedies of grooms and smiths from shoeing; since your horse would knock, or cut in the speed with his hocks, if ridden without shoes. The only remedy, is never to ride him without those round leather guards, which have of late years been adopted. To be properly formed for action, a horse ought to go with his feet as near together before as possible, without brushing the hair, and proportionally wide behind. When they proceed in the contrary form, (a case by much too frequent) they are said to go with the wrong end first.”

Windgalls, improperly so called, are encysted tumours, or bags filled with a gelatinous fluid or jelly, which being pressed from the tendons by over-weight or exertion, stagnates between the joints, and forms for itself those cysts or bags. Their situation upon the pastern-joints is well known. Some horses are very little subject to them, even if hard-worked. Others will have them before they have done any work at all. If not too large, and they feel elastic, and disappear on rest, they do not render the horse unsound; but if large, and soft to the touch, they become exceeding painful, and the horse soon grows lame. The only radical cure is excision, which I have experienced, and shall describe in its place.

The ring-bone, is a hard, or bony excrescence, upon the coronet, which sometimes almost surrounds the top of the hoof, occasioned,

perhaps, by the iron lock, which has fastened a clog or fetter ; it also may proceed from no visible cause, and is then supposed to be hereditary. However, I have never yet known it effectually cured ; the horses supposed to be cured, never standing sound in work.

A quittor, or horny quittor, or whitlow, is also situated on the coronet, or between hair and hoof.—Those which I have seen, were immediately above the inside quarter ; when deeply seated, is not otherwise curable, than with the loss of part of the hoof, whence a seam, or apparent partition, up above the heel, called a false quarter. In this latter case, the soundness of the horse can scarce ever be depended on, and he is liable to drop down suddenly on his way, as I have more than once experienced to my cost.

The sand-crack is a small cleft on the external surface of the hoof.—No horse ought to work a single day with one, because, if neglected, or aggravated by work, the crack may enlarge, and end in a quittor, and false quarter.

Of the founder in feet, chest, or body, the symptoms are so well known, as to need no description. Progression seems universally impeded. The horse bears upon his heels, and inclines backward. Few recover, even if the disease be sudden and acute.

Running-thrushes, are a foetid discharge from the frog, the aperture of which, in consequence, appears moist, the horn perhaps decayed. It indicates a strong, full habit, and hard feeding, and has been well compared by Bartlet, to the copious excretion of sweat from human feet ; which it would be dangerous to repel. To talk of curing running thrushes, is merely to amuse. Horses much liable to them, will always have tender heels, and should be ridden with bar shoes.

Corns, upon horses bear no analogy with those upon the human feet ; indeed the term is a misnomer. There are still callous, horny excrescences about horses' feet, similar enough, in all respects, to human corns, but they are not so distinguished. We are to suppose the feet of Cæsar's horse had proper corns. The ailment, in question, is called by the French *bleime*, and is, properly, a bruised spot or speck upon the sole of the heel, wearing either a red and bloodshot, or black appearance, according as it is recent, or otherwise, as we observe of the same accident in the human nail. Its most common origin is from bad shoeing, and is curable by the contrary. I have cured, perfectly, very bad corns of two years' standing, which never afterwards appeared, in the course of years, the hack dying in my possession.

The feet, in general, may be divided into the extremes of hard and soft, both of which are too frequently met with. I have had two hacks with feet of each kind ; one of which, I rode constantly nine, the other occasionally, three or four years. For too hard feet I know of no remedy, except their constantly running abroad, and then a fortnight's work upon the road, will render them so feverish and painful, that your horse will be crippled ; in short, will have the appearance of an incipient founder. Over-strong and hard hoofs, are said to occasion lameness, by compressing the internal structure of the foot. Their appearance is usually high and deep, sometimes like ass-hoofs,

very hollow, with scarce any frog; sometimes much contracted a-top by the coronary rings; at others, deep, thick, and clubbed, and the horse, though sound, goes in a fumbling way. I have, now and then, seen Welch horses with this last description of feet, which soon become lame in the stable. Soft feet, and low tender heels, may do great service throughout, with bar shoes, and constant attention. Bred hacks are apt to have the feet too small; and often you will find horses with feet of the right black flint colour, and to all appearance unexceptionable, and yet they will stand no service on the road.

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus, and I think Dr Bracken's wits must have been at any rate sleepy, when he corrected Sir William Hope for the assertion, that tender-footed horses bear heavy upon the hand; a fact, of which I have had long, and troublesome conviction. We do not often catch the good Doctor napping; but I can mention another instance. To oblige his friend Sir William Parsons, as it should seem, Bracken disgraced his excellent work, by inserting a cruel and ridiculous pretended remedy, for cutting behind; which was to fasten a knotted whip-cord between the horse's thighs; as if the infliction of tortures, could possibly change mal-conformation, or strengthen weakness. How like to the cruel sophistries of ignorant and cold-hearted political quacks, who punish misfortune *in terrorem*.

Heavy-shouldered horses, and high hammering goers, beat and founder their feet. The ill consequences of being forelow, in a saddle-horse, are sufficiently obvious; but to a pack-horse, it is an advantage. The old prejudice, in favour of short backs, round barrels, and carcase ribbed home up to the huggen-bones, seems to have given way to the reasonings of Bracken; and the idea of an equal, and proper distribution of length, is in general adopted by our sporting people. Indeed, to view the back of a horse, merely as a bearing fixed upon upright columns, the intent of which is solely to stand under a given weight, a short bearing would have the preference; but as the back of a horse is destined to move, as well as sustain weight, it must be considered how far a defect of its longitude, and an irregularity in the general disposition of length, retards action. Our jockies say, "a racer," they might have said a goer, "must have length somewhere." That is perfectly just; but in consequence, it always happens, that a horse which wants length in his back, will be sure to have it in some proper place, the legs for instance. Short-backed stallions are very apt to get leggy, spider-shaped stock. A horse which stands over a great deal of ground, may be a goer, merely by virtue of his general length, if his shoulder be not too unfavourably made.

The spine, being too short, is not sufficiently pliable, and the want of room between the ribs and hip-bones, occasions entail to be so pressed towards the lungs in action, as in a considerable degree to impede inspiration. Length of back will always be found advantageous, when there is sufficient general substance, and particularly, width and swell of the muscles in the loins and fillets; but short backs are

infinitely to be preferred to long thin shapes, with hollow flanks, and narrow weak loins.

Hollow backs are apparently weak, and the curvature of the spine, must in degree hinder action, as well as all other irregularities of form. Horses of this form, have sometimes a very elevated crest, look handsomely mounted, give an easy, convenient seat, and are pleasant goers. High, or bream-backed horses, throw the saddle forward, and are liable to be galled by it, and are often hard-stumping goers. But a horse (unless a capital one be the object) must never be rejected, merely on account of being either hollow, or swine-backed.

I am uncertain whether a mare, so much hurt in her loins as to be called broken-backed, would breed; but thoroughly convinced that every horse of that description should be knocked on the head. They are sometimes stiled megrim horses. They will feed, and even get fat.—The defect is discovered by trotting them briskly about two hundred yards, when they will infallibly sink down upon their buttocks; this they will do upon being put to any labour: it is totally incurable. I have seen but two of this kind, one of which I was unlucky enough to purchase; and, to amend the matter, he handled his fore feet with all the dexterity of a pugilist; a vice, no doubt, acquired from the abuse the poor animal had suffered, in consequence of his deplorable misfortune.

A sinking is sometimes observed at the extremity of the back, as if it were parted from the rump by a cross-line, instead of the fillets being oval and elevated; it detracts from strength. The hip-bones, being sharp and not handsomely turned, the horse is said to be ragged-hipped; a defect, in point of beauty, according to the rule laid down in Hogarth's Analysis.

The large carcased horse is generally robust and durable, eats much, requires much water, and digests well. One with a light greyhound belly is speedy, most probably hot; if loose, and weak-loined, he is seldom worth his keep. These are such as give their jockies the slip, by running through the girth. Put a light carcased horse, deep in the girth, and well filleted, may be among the most excellent, both for speed and duration. Such are often found to be good and sufficient feeders, and of rare temperament.

The goose-rump is, as well as the ragged hip, another angular infringement of Hogarth's curve of beauty. If the rump be too high, the hinder will press too much upon the fore-quarters in action. When the quarters droop, they are, in course, too short, and the tail is set on too low. Round full buttocks, shew the common, or cart breed.

To be hipped, or hipshot, is to have one hip lower than the other, and the flesh wasted on that side.—It may arise from a blow or strain.

A horse lame in the whirl-bone, or hip-joint, drags his hind leg after him, and drops backward when he trots. This lameness, and that of the stifle, if taken in time, and the subject be young, are always curable.

The bay gelding, which I sold to the late Mr Beaufoy, member for Yarmouth, and which he rode, I believe, near seven years, I purchased lame in the whirl-bone, at five years old.

Stiffed, or lame in the stifle.—The stifle is the knee-pan of the thigh; the ligaments, by which it is articulated to the great bone of the hock, are sometimes overstretched, and the stifle-bone may be moved, in all directions, by the hand. The horse will go lame, and only touch the ground with his toe.

Bone-spavins are, in the hind, what splents are in the fore-legs; but always of much worse consequence, because usually nearer the joint. They are to be felt on the inside of the hough, or hock. They are said to be hereditary, as well as acquired by strains, the signification of which perhaps is, that a horse may be pre-disposed to them, by a natural moistness of constitution and laxity of the tendons. They occasion lameless, either perpetual or at intervals; and as, nine times out of ten, this is the case, after a pretended cure, it is safest to hold them incurable. Spavins, by the pain they occasion, generally prevent a horse from getting flesh.

Bog-spavins, termed by the French, *vessigons*, and improperly called blood-spavins by our farriers, are swellings like wind-galls, situated in the hollow or inside of the hock, and may also be seen and felt, on each side, without. When these prevail to any great degree, or the inside of the hock feels puffed or flabby, instead of close, dry, and elastic, it is the certain indication of hard service; and though it is often neglected, even by dealers, it is of the utmost consequence to examine the hocks minutely. We have the authority of Bracken, for their being safely curable, by excision, as well as windgalls; of which I entertain no doubt, although I have never experienced it. When they are large, they occasion lameness, particularly at intervals. I have seen heavy, over-grown, three year olds, although they had never been worked, troubled with bog-spavins.

A curb, is a spavin situated along the back of the hock, just below the elbow, or extremity. It runs tapering downwards. After the curb has been extirpated by fire, I have usually seen the horse go lame.

Capped hocks, formerly named by Blundeville, hough-bony. This is a swelling on the point of the hocks, become callous. It is the general case of kickers, which wound their hocks by striking against hard bodies.

Jardons, are hard tumors upon the bending of the ham, on the outside. They arise, in managed horses, from their having been kept too much upon their haunches, and occasion lameness.

Sickle-hams, or sickle-houghs, in horses, may be compared to knock or nap-knees in men. The legs bend, the hocks approach each other, and the feet are thrown out. It is an indication of weakness, as is every other breach of proportion. Such horses, when young, are often lame in the hocks, and will cut themselves notwithstanding they appear to go wide. They are reckoned speedy.

Sallenders are, behind, the same as mallenders before. Rag-tails,

scratches, crown-scab, grease, &c. are all visible enough, or to be felt upon the shank, coronet, and pasterns.

What has been said of knocking before, applies exactly to cutting behind. Good shape and condition are a security against this. A saddle-horse ought to be frigate-built, sharp in the keel, spreading behind, in the quarters; of course, he ought to go wide behind. When a wide-going horse cuts, it indicates weakness in the loins.

To go hammer and pincers, is to over-reach, and strike the hinder toe upon the fore-heel; the wound thus occasioned was formerly called an attaint. A horse which throws his haunches well forward in action, may occasionally strike the heel of the fore-shoes, and such frequently do it; but those which do it at every stroke, and discover it by the noise their shoes make, are very dangerous to ride; in fact, fit for nothing but draft. When the thigh is too long, and the angle formed by the hock too extensive, the horse is subject to spavins, from the too great weight thrown upon the hocks, also to over-reach.

We select the following from Chapter V. on the paces, and the equestrian art, or modern method of riding on-horseback, as practised by both sexes.

The walk is generally long and striding, in proportion to the blood of the horse; contrarywise, short and shuffling. All horses are improved considerably in their walk, by keeping them long and frequently to it, patting them on the quarter with the switch, and obliging them to walk fairly without shuffling. Six miles in one hour, is the utmost that has ever been performed by a horse, in the walking-way.

The true trot is performed with a quick and straight-forward motion, and a bended knee. The horse which points out his fore-legs, and goes with his knee straight, is no trotter, whatever the old jockies may have said of their *pointing* trotters; they lose time by overstriding; nor are such usually good hacks. But it matters not how far a trotter steps forward, provided his knee be sufficiently bent. Some trot too short, and taking up their feet rapidly, appear to set them down almost in the same place. These are commonly bone-setters; but I have known, now and then, one of them perform fifteen miles in one hour. The utmost speed of an English trotter, (and I have reason to believe they excel all others), is a mile in about two minutes, fifty-seven seconds. Sixteen miles in one hour has been trotted sufficiently often, and with high weights; in my opinion, eighteen is upon the trotting cards. Perhaps ten miles might be performed in half an hour. The story of a gentleman's horse in Billiter-square, which trotted thirty miles in less than an hour and a half, to be found in Bewicke's quadrupeds, and in other publications, is, no doubt, the account of a capital performance, upon paper; but it is nonsense elsewhere. In Russia, Sweden, and Holland, they have fast trotters; and, I have heard, superior in speed to ours; but my informants were not jockies.

The canter, is an abbreviation of the gallop. The fore-legs should be put somewhat farther forward than in the trot, the knees

handsomely bent, the horse reclining sufficiently upon his haunches. If he bends his neck gracefully, rein well, and deal out his legs and feet, in an even, and elegant manner, there is no pace in which a horse appears with such grace and beauty. It is truly the ladies' pace. In the canter, the near or left foot leads the way. The horse is brought into a canter, by pressing the right hand curb rein, and at the same time, lightly and frequently touching his left side with the spur. When perfect, he will take the pace easily, and without hesitation, on perceiving the accustomed hint, whatever that may be; and, in the same manner, will instantly stop and sink into his walk, without boggling or danger.

This excellent and most pleasant pace of the horse, from our general defective system of breaking is not sufficiently attended to. Every colt, intended for the road or field, ought to be taught as handsome a canter, whilst in tackle, as his form will admit; instead of which, the few canterers we have, usually are to be taught that pace in their work; our four and five years old, too often coming out of the country, as raw and ignorant of their paces, as mountain goats.

The canter has been supposed incompatible with fast trotting, or at least an impediment to it, which is a vulgar error; the extent of the stroke, and degree of bending the knee, being nearly equal (with trotters) in both paces. Nor does the custom of cantering, at all add to the danger of a trotter's flying out of his pace, which is the consequence of unskilful riding; and, in that case, he goes into a gallop, not a canter. Occasional cantering is moreover a great relief to fast trotters, which are ever more shook and hurt, than any other description of horses.

Want of practice is the principal reason why horses will not canter long and steadily; yet there are certainly many which cannot be brought by any means to perform it well. Others again, from their natural shape and inclination, will canter away freely, nine or ten miles per hour, and continue it a whole stage. I have even known some, which would canter pleasantly fourteen miles within the hour. These may be properly stiled cantering hacks, and are very valuable. It is a pace to which all bred hacks ought to be accustomed, as they have seldom much expedition in their trot, and are the least liable to be shook by the hard road, in a canter.

It is unnecessary to say much of the gallop in this place, it not being a pace calculated for road service. Common road hacks generally gallop too high; besides leaving their quarters too far behind them; some of them, nevertheless, free from those defects, have run twenty miles in one hour.

Having some small pretensions as a trotting-jockey, the liberal reader will, I trust, grant me liberty to mount my hobby, and dilate a while upon my favourite pace.—No arguments need be expended, in proving the trot to be the most useful of all the paces; the superior price of those horses, which excel at it, standing in good stead. Fast trotting too, is equally contributory to sport, as to business, and affords the amateur, or him who rides only for exercise sake, every

day opportunities of gratification, which cannot so conveniently or frequently be obtained upon the turf.

I am ignorant how long it has been the fashion to cultivate this pace since trotting matches have never been admitted into our racing annals, and all authors are silent upon the subject; but suppose it be a natural concomitant of our improvement in the breed of horses. Our mixed breed, or chapmen's horses, are best calculated to excel in this way. Perhaps there never was an instance of a bred horse being a capital trotter, or of performing more than fourteen miles in one hour; or if such instances have been they are so rare as not to affect the general principle. The reason of this inability in the racer, I apprehend, to consist chiefly in his too great pliability of sinew, which occasions him to outstride the limited compass of the trot, and in the delicacy of his feet and joints, which will not permit him to endure the rude concussion of the hard road, inevitable in fast trotting.

A trotter, as well as a racer, "must have length somewhere;" it must not, however, exceed in the legs. Horses, in general, trot well in proportion to the excellence of their shape, as I have already described it; and it scarce need be remarked, of what consequence it is for a trotter, on account of the severity of his service, to go clear of all his legs, and to have strong feet. But although an extensive counter-shoulder is absolutely necessary to fast trotting, yet that extreme obliquity, or slant, so much in request for the racer, is not so to the trotter; or rather, perhaps, would be disadvantageous. There is a certain fixedness (so to speak) required in the trotting horse; he must not over-stride, nor lunge himself, for the instant he straightens his knee, (remark) he is beat.—He must also throw his haunches, well in. If that natural rapidity, that wire-edge of speed, is not to be acquired, yet proper shapes will undoubtedly trot, and trotters are to be bred.

They are divided into fair and running trotters, of the latter (usually) speed is the best. I am a bungler at description, and can only say, that the runner is distinguished by a rolling motion, and does not bend his knees so much, or step out so far as the fair trotter. His pace, I conceive, to be somewhat similar to the racking of former days already mentioned; it has also the appearance of being occasioned by hurts in the joints; and old battered trotters frequently become runners in their latter days. Or, after all, it may be occasioned by bad breaking and suffering a confusion of the paces. Horses which jump and bound along like bucks, will never make trotters. •

An idea prevails with many, that trotting horses are naturally stumblers, or at least dangerous to ride. It is totally unfounded. They are perhaps, merely from their mode of going among the safest; nor is there any peculiar danger in the most rapid trot, provided your back be well shaped and sound. The notion has arisen from the miserably battered state of most horses of this description.

It may not be held unentertaining or useless, to such as are fond of the sport of trotting, if I dedicate a page or two to the memory of the chief of those horses which I have known to excel in this way. It is but just, that they should inherit their fair portion of that celebrity

which the page of equestrian annals confers on their elder brethren of the turf.

The renowned Blank, may be looked upon as the father of trotters, since from his bastard son, Old Shields, or Scott, the trotting stallion, have proceeded the best, and the greatest number of horses of that qualification: and to Shields and Useful Cub, the Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire, and Norfolk, are in a great measure indebted for their fame, in the production of capital hacknies. Cub was got by a black cart-horse, out of a chapman's mare; of course his trotting stock have run too much upon the round shoulder and buttock, and have been more remarkable for their speed, than stoutness.

The fastest trotter, as I have good reason to suppose, which has ever been tried in England, was called Archer, from the name of the person who brought him to London; and from his having been bred in Norfolk, it is probable he was of the family of Old Shields. He was a bay gelding, full fifteen hands high, and master of fifteen stone. Being the property of Marsden, the dealer, who also possessed the old one-eyed black gelding, at that time supposed to be the speediest trotter in England, for one or two miles, they were tried together, and Archer proved to have the greatest speed, even for the shortest distance. I afterwards myself saw the black horse timed with the stopwatch, two miles, the last of which he performed considerably under three minutes. With respect to the other, the rapidity of his burst, in the course of a mile's trotting (which I have witnessed) was truly astonishing; and I cannot conceive the rate of it could be below twenty-five miles per hour. It has been said, of late, that an old gelding, the property, I believe, of one Cartwright, which cut in the speed, was as fast as Archer, which I know from trials to be groundless, and that the old horse had not speed enough to trot along-side Archer a single instant. This noble animal was sottishly and cruelly murdered, about ten years ago, by being trotted over the road in a hard frost. He performed sixteen miles in fifty-four minutes and an half, carrying about eleven stone. The excessive shaking which he suffered, from the hardness of the road, brought a fever and inflammation upon his feet, which, with suppressed perspiration, and improper treatment, soon killed him.

As Archer was the speediest, the well-known brown mare, which died the property of Bishop, proved herself the stoutest, that is to say, the most lasting trotter in the world. This mare was full fifteen hands and an half high, with bone sufficient to carry twenty stone; shewed some blood, with a mixture of the cart-breed, such as we frequently see in farmers' hacks. Her neck was short, her fore-hand well elevated, her shoulder deep, and counter-form, but not very oblique; nor was she proportionably deep in the girth. She had sufficient general length, but was not long in the back, yet had plenty of room between her ribs and huggon-bones, with good filets. Her quarters were amply spread, and she stood well before. In her latter days she was a dashing goer, inclining to the run, but was never remarkable for speed, nor ever able, as I understand, to trot the mile in three minutes.

In the year 1783, or thereabouts, she trotted over the Epsom about sixteen miles in fifty-eight minutes and an half, carrying twelve stone, rode by Mr Aldridge, who at present keeps the Repository in St. Martin's-lane. This I saw, and it was then said to be the first time that sixteen miles in one hour, with twelve stone, had ever been trotted. In October, 1791, being then eighteen years old, she trotted on the Romford road, sixteen miles in fifty-eight minutes, some odd seconds, with twelve stone, or thereabout, beating Green's horse for 42£. It was, probably, within her powers, to have trotted thirty miles in two hours; which distance was actually trotted, in two hours and ten minutes, by Ogden's chesnut mare.

The brown mare died January 30, 1794. She had been nearly starved by running the winter in a park near Hounslow; and the morning she was taken home dropped down dead as the boy was exercising her, after water. Very good portraits of the above two mares, may be seen in a monthly miscellany, by no means unentertaining, called the *Sporting Magazine*.

A grey mare, called the locksmith's mare, a running trotter, trotted 72 miles in six hours.

In 1793, Crocket's grey mare trotted one hundred miles in twelve hours, and had twenty minutes to spare.

A five year old, son of young Pretender, (which Pretender was got by Hue-and-Cry, son of Old Shields, out of a bred daughter of Lord Abingdon's Pretender) I have been informed, trotted in 1792, in Lincolnshire, sixteen miles in fifty-nine minutes, carrying 15 stone.

In April 1792, the yellow bay gelding, called Spider, and the old chesnut gelding then near thirty years of age, (above-mentioned in the name of Cartwright) trotted thirty-two miles in two hours, between Stilton and Cambridge, ridden by the same person, weight nearly ten stone. Spider trotted the first twenty-four miles in an hour and an half, betting a minute and half; and the old chesnut horse the remainder. It was said, that they could have performed thirty four miles within the given time.

Spider was full fifteen hands, appeared three-parts bred, and by his long forehead shewed like the family of Bay Milton. He knuckled very much before, and had been fired behind for a spavin, and sometimes could scarce rise when laid. It is remarkable, this horse had passed through the hands of several dealers, who never suspected his trotting, but called him a blood-horse. They also supposed him jinked in the back, from his lameness, on account of the spavin.—He died in 1793. He was by no means speedy.

Sporting Magazine, 1799.

ANECDOTES OF HUNTING; BRITISH, SAXON, NORMAN, AND OLD ENGLISH.

Extracted from the Reverend Richard Warner's Topographical Remarks, relating to the South Western parts of Hampshire.

As I shall shortly conduct my reader into New-forest, an extensive tract of country, formerly the grand scene of those sylvan amusements, in which our ancestors so greatly delighted; it will not, I trust, be deemed inapplicable to my subject, if I give a preliminary account of English venery, from its earliest times, to the period when it ceases to be a matter of curiosity to the antiquarian, and more properly claims the notice of the modern hunter.

An ingenious and penetrating writer, who has made profound researches into the nature and history of man, entertain, that an appetite for hunting is a principle inherent in the human mind; wisely implanted in it by our Creator, as a mean by which man in his natural, savage state, may be furnished with subsistence. This opinion indeed seems to have its foundation in truth; for if we advert to man in his original character, we shall find him of all beings the most helpless, and least capable of providing for the support of life. Altogether unacquainted with those arts, tillage and agriculture, which by a tedious but certain process, afford him when more civilized his daily bread; unable through want of experience to tame the less docile animals, or to domesticate such as Providence intended for his peculiar use; did he not possess this innate appetite, which stimulates him to the chase and renders him careless of its fatigues and dangers; it seems difficult to conceive by what methods he could exist, in his solitary, unassisted state. The opinion too receives additional strength, when we contemplate such nations as still continue in the simple habits of savage life; and perceive that hunting is among them all universally followed. The call of hunger, observes Lord Kaimes, is not alone sufficient to engage men to bear with cheerfulness the toil of this exercisc, and the uncertainty of capture. Savages who act by sense, not by foresight, move not when the stomach is full; and it would be too late when the stomach is empty, to form a hunting party. If necessity then, powerful as its incitements are, be not the cause of this general passion for hunting observable in savage life, it must proceed from some principle of appetite deeply ingrafted in the mind of man; an illustrious instance, among many others, of that wise, and kind adaptation of his internal constitution to his external circumstances, which Providence has displayed in the formation of him.

The ancient Britons who came originally from Gaul, and were one of the widely-extended Celtic tribes, brought with them this ardent passion for the chase. Such of them indeed as settled themselves in the maritime parts of Britain, quickly arrived at a state of some civili-

zation, and in a great measure remitted their attention to sylvan amusements. But those who inhabited the interior regions of the country, retained the modes of savage life until the period of Cæsar's arrival in Britain. Among this bold, and active race, the delights of hunting were held in high request; and yielded only in estimation to the joys of battle.

"Amid the tempest let me die," says a Celtic chieftain, "torn, in a cloud, by angry ghosts of men; amid the tempest let Calmar die, if ever chace was sport to him, so much as the battle of shields."

By the constant practice of this severe and hardy exercise in which they employed the hours of peace; the ancient Britons acquired that muscular strength, undaunted courage, and wonderful agility, which were displayed with such advantage in their struggles for liberty with their invaders, and so often gave a check to the steady and persevering exertions of Roman discipline.

Nor was this attachment to the chace confined to the rougher sex alone; the British fair ones delighted in the pursuit of the roe and deer. Armed with a bow and quiver, and attended by their faithful dogs, they frequently indulged in this amusement; and slew the game which was afterwards served up in the "Hall of shells," to the warriors who had reaped laurels in the field of battle.

It seems probable, however, that they pursued only the timid tenants of the forest; such as the hart, the hind, the roebuck, and the goat; while the Celtic chieftain sought renown in the destruction of the wolf, and the boar. From instances of prowess displayed on these occasions, they frequently received honourable, and distinguishing appellations; "Stern hunter of the boar," is the title given to Duthmaruno, who had signalized himself in the chase of this ferocious animal, "when," in the figurative language of Ossian, "the bristly strength of I-thorno, rolled on his lifted spear."

As a considerable degree of courage, strength, and agility, was requisite in the species of hunting, opportunities of displaying these talents, the only ones which savage manners esteem or effect, were by the Celtic chieftains sought with eagerness, and embraced with rapture. Hence it was considered at their hunting parties, as a compliment of the highest nature, and the greatest proof of hospitality, for the host to honour his guest with "the danger of the chace;" or in other words, to permit him to attack and destroy the boar, that was roused for the purpose. Tradition has handed down an instance, where a breach of this point of etiquette was considered as a mortal affront, and attended with very bloody consequences.

Turcul-torno, a northern chieftain, invited Starno, king of Lochlin, to a hunting party. The prince accepting the invitation, they both went to the mountains of Stivamore to pursue their game. A boar rushed from the wood, and Turcul-torno, in contradiction to all the rules of politeness, destroyed it. Starno considering this conduct as a breach of hospitality, resented it warmly. A quarrel arose; blows ensued, and after a sharp conflict, Tortul-torno's party was put to flight, and its leader destroyed.

The following short account of a Celtic hunting-match, will naturally enough introduce a few observations on the manner and implements of hunting, customary, and in use, among the ancient Britons.

"Morning trembles with the beam of the east; it glimmers on Cromla's side. Over Lena is heard the horn of Swaran; the sons of ocean gather round. Silent, and sad, they rise on the wave. The blast of Erin is behind their sails. White as the mist of Morven, they float along the sea. Call, said Fingal, call my dogs, the long-bounding sons of the chase—call white-breasted Bran, and the surly strength of Luath!—Fillan and Ryno; but he is not here! My son rests on the bed of death! Fillan and Fergus, blow the horn, that the joy of the chase may arise, that the deer of Cromla may hear, and start at the hill of roes."

"The shrill sound spreads along the woods. The sons of healthy Cromla arise. A thousand dogs fly off at once, grey-bounding through the heath. A deer fell by every dog—three by white-breasted Bran. He brought them in their flight to Fingal, that the joy of their king might be great."

It is manifest from this passage, and numerous others in Ossian, that the Britons did not make use of horses in their hunting expeditions. Strong, swift, and agile, they found no difficulty in pursuing on foot the fleetest animals of the forest. "Swift hunter of the deer;"—"light bounding son of the chase;" and such like, are the titles bestowed on many of Ossian's heroes, highly expressive of the extraordinary velocity and activity which they displayed on these occasions. Add to this, that their dogs were admirable; their arrows almost always unerring; and we shall not wonder at their hunting matches terminating in such a carnage of game as the foregoing account relates.

With respect to the weapons used by the Britons in hunting, Strabo tells us they were nearly the same as those they employed in war.—Javelins and spears, bows and arrows; dogs also accompanied them in both. The spear was serviceable in the fierce contest with the boar; the arrow levelled the roe-buck, and other fleet inhabitants of the forest.

"Arindal, my son, descended from the hill, rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side; his bow was in his hand. Five dark grey dogs attend his steps."

The dog, the faithful associate of man in the labours of the chase, was the most serviceable attendant upon these occasions. He indeed makes a distinguished figure in the history of British venery. The swiftness of his foot, the quickness of his scent, the sagacity of his nature, and the fidelity of his attachment, rendered the British dog not only extremely estimable in the country where he was bred, but highly prized and much sought after by the surrounding nations.

After the reduction of our island by the Romans, so excellent a character did this animal acquire both for his dexterity in the chase, and fierceness in the combat (for Strabo testifies, he would, on occasion, act the part of an excellent soldier), that he became a valuable

article of Commerce ; and a Roman officer was appointed to reside at Winchester, for the express purpose of collecting and breeding British dogs, to furnish the amphitheatre and imperial kennel at Rome.

Antiquity, indeed, is lavish in his praises ; and several poets both Greek and Latin, have not thought him unworthy of metrical eulogy.

Numerous then as the advantages were which the Celtic nations drew from this animal, we cannot wonder at their partiality towards him, nor be surprised to find in their legal institutions, various regulations to prevent him from being either stolen or destroyed. There is one law extant of a very curious nature, which condemns the violator of this valuable property, to a *public salutation of the posteriors* of the dog he had concealed.

We now proceed to the venatic sports of our Saxon ancestors.

As these fierce invaders were but just emerging from a state of savage barbarity, at the period of their first appearance in Britain, they in course followed such modes of life as are common among men so far removed from civilization and refinement. Hunting, as before observed, is one of those avocations, in which barbarous nations are necessarily employed. That the Germans pursued this sport with wonderful keenness and delight, is attested by the most respectable writers of antiquity. Cæsar assures us they passed their whole life either in the toils of war, or in the labours of the chase ; and that a large proportion of their subsistence was drawn from the latter exercise. The philosophic Tacitus also, upwards of an hundred years afterwards, remarked in them the same propensities.

When their conquest of England was completed, and they had leisure to turn their thoughts from war to the settlement of their government, and their wonted occupations and amusements, though they then gradually increased in civilization, yet we find that a strong inclination to the chase still continued to be a prominent feature in the Saxon character. Hunting was the general passion of all the higher ranks ; and in this rural amusement, the King, the Thane, the Bishop, and the Abbot, spent a great portion of that leisure time which they enjoyed in such abundance.

A scientific knowledge of venery was esteemed by the Anglo-Saxons, one indispensable requisite in the narrow circle of qualifications, which formed their men of fashion. Hence princes and the sons of great men, were early instructed in the art of pursuing and destroying game ; and the illustrious Alfred himself, was perfectly acquainted with this branch of education, long before he could read his vernacular tongue.

In that curious and valuable publication by Mr Strutt, intituled the *Horda Angel Cynnan*, we have a delineation from an ancient Saxon calendar, representing a Thane and his attendant engaged in the chase. They are both on foot, for such was the Anglo-Saxon mode of hunting ; bare-headed, and armed in the following manner—

The lord has in his right hand a spear, apparently of eight or nine feet in length ; with a long, flat, lozenge head to it. A large

sword is girded to his left side, which he grasps with that hand. Over the same shoulder is thrown a loose cloak; this he probably made use of when occasion required, either to rouse the rage of the boar (in the pursuit of which he is engaged) or to baffle his attacks. The huntsman follows behind, sounding an horn, which is suspended by a loose strap over the right shoulder. This he holds to his mouth with the left hand. In the other he has a spear, like the one described above. After him come two dogs coupled together, seemingly of the greyhound kind.

From this representation of a Saxon hunt, it appears, that the rural amusements of our ancestors, were of a far more noble and manly nature, than the puny chases of modern times. The species of hunting in which they delighted, was a sport that gave vigour to the frame, strength to the constitution, and nourished that martial ardour and fearless intrepidity, which, when exerted in the field of battle, generally carried off the palm of victory.

A great variety of laws were promulgated by the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, to prevent any of the inferior ranks of people, from trespassing on the amusements of the king and nobility by pursuing or destroying the game. Sacred as they considered this exclusive privilege of hunting and exquisite as their enjoyment of it was, a story, told by William of Malmesbury, does no little credit to the patient philosophy of Edward the Confessor, who is said to have entertained a strong passion for it. This prince being engaged in the chase, his party had driven a large herd of stags into several narrow stalls, erected for the purpose in which, by means of nets, they inclosed the deer, and then selecting such as they chose to take, gave the others their liberty. These receptacles, a certain countryman had broken down, so that the game escaped. The king was sorely hurt at this disappointment; but at the same time, possessing magnanimity sufficient to govern his rage, only exclaimed to the terrified rustic—"By God and his mother, I would punish thee severely, if I could trust myself to do it."

An example of forbearance, which many of the mighty hunters, of the present day, would do well to imitate.

If it were possible that the Anglo-Saxons could be exceeded by any other nation, in their fondness for field sports, I believe it was by the Normans alone, who seem to have laboured under a sort of *furor venaticus*.

The inordinate passion indeed, which the Anglo-Norman kings entertained for this amusement, was the source of lamentable ills to their subjects; ills which survived their cause for centuries, and exist, in some degree, even to the present day. Setting aside the very disputable account of that devastation which William is said to have committed in the southern part of Hampshire, (an account I shall examine in the ensuing chapter,) the forest laws remain an unhappy proof of the cruel effects this blind insatiation produced: laws which, though deprived by the policy of succeeding monarchs of their original sanguinary hue, still continue to be, even in their present softened state, a reproach to a country that boasts itself to be free.

We may form some idea of the Conqueror's high enjoyment of rural sports, not only from the rigorous measures he adopted to secure the game from violation, but from the princely donations he bestowed on those who assisted in promoting these delights. Domesday-book evinces, that Waleran, the huntsman, possessed no less than fifteen manors in Wiltshire, eight in Dorsetshire, together with several in Hampshire; and his name occurs on the list of tenants *in capite* in other counties. The same venerable remain of antiquity, records the extensive possession of other huntsmen, who bore the names of *Croc*, *Godwin*, *Willielmus*, &c. &c.

The ardor of the great Norman Lords for this exercise, kept pace with that of their monarchs: and the same tyrannic severity against the unfortunate violator of the game, was exercised by these mighty hunters on their own estates, which the king practised against trespassers on his demesnes.

"In these days," says an ancient writer, "our nobility esteem the sports of hunting and hawking, as the most honourable employments, the most exalted virtues; and to be continually engaged in these amusements is, in their opinion, the summit of human happiness. They prepare for a hunt, with more trouble, anxiety, and cost, than they would for a battle, and follow the beasts of the forest, with greater fury than they do their enemies. By being constantly engaged in this savage sport, they contract habits of barbarity; lose, in a great measure, their feeling, and humanity, and become nearly as ferocious as the beasts which they pursue. The husbandman is driven, together with his innocent flocks and herds, from his fertile fields, his meadows, and his pastures, that beasts may roam there in their stead. Should one of these potent, and merciless sportsmen pass your door, place before him in a moment all the refreshment your habitation affords, or that can be purchased, or borrowed, in your neighbourhood, that you may not be utterly ruined, or perchance accused of treason."—The same writer tells us, the fair sex also caught the prevailing passion; while, as we learn from other authors, the *mitre* deserted its functions, and the *cowl* quitted the quiet retirement of the monastery, to join in the fashionable transports of the chase.

We shall be surprised to find the clerical character make so conspicuous a figure as it does, in all rural sports during the middle ages. But we must recollect, that at this period, a cloud of ignorance and barbarism having overspread the greater part of Europe, such ranks of society as were removed by their riches or profession from the necessity of labour, could only amuse themselves with hunting, hawking, and other exercises, that required but little or no mental exertion.—Ecclesiastics, in particular, separated as they were from secular cares, had more time on their hands than any other description of people; a leisure they seem chiefly to have employed in the joys of the chase.

It would be easy to adduce numerous instances to confirm this, but I shall content myself with the following remarkable ones:—

Walterus, Archdeacon of Canterbury, who was promoted to the see of Rochester in 1147, spent the whole of his time in hunting,

utterly neglecting the high duties of his office. He lived to a very advanced age, and was, when eighty years old, as keen a sportsman as ever.

Reginaldus Brian, translated to the Bishopric of Worcester in 1352, was another episcopal Nimrod. In a MS. epistle of his, now extant, written to the Bishop of St. David's, Reginald reminds the father of a promise he had made, to send him six couple of excellent hunting dogs; the best, (the sportsman confesses,) he had ever seen. These, he tells him, he had been in anxious expectation of every day; and he declares his heart languished for their arrival. "Let them come then," says he, "oh reverend father, without delay; let my woods re-echo with the music of their cry, and the cheerful note of the horn; and let the walls of my palace be decorated with the trophies of the chase."

Nor were these clerical sportsmen content with consuming their leisure time in amusements of this nature; they even contrived to blend them with the functions of their office; and in the visitations and progresses which they made at particular periods through their dioceses, such numbers of hounds, horses, huntsmen, and falconers, swelled their retinue, that the religious houses in which they were pleased to quarter themselves, were frequently much distressed to provide for so large a company. About the year 1200, the Prior and Canons of Bridlington, in Yorkshire, presented a formal complaint to Pope Innocent the Third, against the Archdeacon of Richmond; who, when he made his visitations, brought so many horses, hawks, and attendants with him, that the complainants declared, his motly suite destroyed more provision in one hour, than their community consumed in a long time. The Pope in answer to their petition, dispatched a bull, directed to the Archbishops, Bishops, Archdeacons, Deans, and officials, of York, forbidding such shameful and oppressive visits in future.

The monasteries also afforded no less notable hunters than the episcopal chair. William de Clowne, whom his biographer celebrates as the most amiable prelate that ever filled the abbacy of St. Mary's in Leicestershire, numbered among his other excellent qualities, a profound skill in the science of hunting. That his kennel might be always well supplied, he requested the king (Richard the Second) to grant him a market, or fair, for the sole purpose of buying and selling harehounds, and other dogs; which request, the king, seeing he passionately desired it, complied with.—This abbot, observes his eulogist, was esteemed the most famous and knowing sportsman in the pursuit of the hare; throughout the whole kingdom; insomuch, that the king himself, prince Edward his son, and most of the grandees in the realm, allowed him annual pensions, as a return for the instructions he gave them in this species of venery.

The Norman mode of hunting must have been rather insipid and spiritless, in comparison with the manly and animating chase of the wild boar, and wolf, which our Saxon ancestors pursued on foot.—Instead of this practice, the more polished Normans refined upon the

Anglo-Saxon method, and introduced the luxury of horses in hunting; confining their sport in a great measure, to the destruction of the less offensive and dangerous animals, such as harts, roebucks, foxes, hares, &c. Not that they altogether forsook the pursuit of the wolf, and boar; though, from the few casual hints on this subject, which may be found in our early writers, it appears their chief amusement consisted in hunting beasts of a different description.

They had two methods of following this diversion: one of which, that most usually pursued, a modern sportsman would by no means dignify with the name of hunting. To say the truth, it must have been a very tame amusement. The king, or baron, attended by a numerous retinue, mounted his palfrey, and rode to the spot which had been marked out for the sport of the day. Here the great man and his favourites took their stations, in places by which they thought it probable the game might pass; the attendants separating dispersed themselves through the forest, and rousing the deer, endeavoured to drive them to these fatal spots. As the animals glided by, the sportsmen discharged their arrows at them; and being in the constant habits of using these weapons, they were so excellently skilled in archery, that their bows seldom twanged in vain.

It was in the pursuit of this amusement, that William Rufus, according to the testimony of ancient historians, lost his life.

Little different from this, but attended with more ceremonial, was the diversion named the *Traist* or *Trista*, which I find thus described:—

“A wide and extensive plain was sought out, surrounded entirely by a wood, which was barricadoed on all sides, excepting certain openings in particular spots, to permit the ingress and egress of the game. A mound or eminence was raised, if there were no natural knoll, in this area; in such a situation as to command a view of the game, and give the person placed on it an opportunity of discharging his arrows at it. Here the king stood; the beasts were then driven into the area, and the dogs sent after them. Such as passed near the ambushed monarch were destroyed by him.—Those which attempted to escape through the openings, before mentioned, were torn down by the dogs or intercepted by the attendants stationed there for that purpose.”

Though the old English ladies seem to have been somewhat partial to a sport which so deeply engaged the attention of their beaux, yet they practised it in a stile much more suitable to the delicacy of their sex, than our modern huntresses do. We deride the barbarous roughness, as we are pleased to term it, of ancient manners, without advertg to numerous customs of our own, which favour more of the earliest ages of Gothic simplicity, than the polished and refined æra in which we live. Uncouth as we may esteem the dames of the Anglo-Norman and old English times to have been, yet their notions of propriety, in many cases, were such as we must allow had their foundation in reason and truth. With respect to hunting indeed, few will assert them to have been otherwise. They did not affect the

“uncomely conrage, unbeseeming skill,” which our present huntresses display in the field.

“The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.”

They rode in a litter or chair, either borne by men, or carried on a horse, and were content to see the game destroyed, without being themselves the destroyers of it.

But though the methods above described might be the most fashionable modes of hunting among the Normans, it is certain, notwithstanding, they often followed their game on horseback; since the monkish writers inform us, that Richard, one of the Conqueror's sons, perished in the New Forest, smitten by the branch of a tree, when riding inattentively after his game.

In Chaucer's time, riding was pretty general on these occasions.

All the Anglo-Norman and early English monarchs were extremely partial to a diversion which was so intimately connected with their state of life and manners.—Rufus, we have seen, lost his life in its pursuit; and John, amidst all the bustle of a distracted and inglorious reign, found frequent opportunities of indulging an extreme passion for the chase. The fine-rolls of his reign prove his predilection for hunting and hawking; since, by these documents, he appears to have generally taken, in lieu of those fines which accrued to him in return for grants and seizing of estates, a variety of dogs, hawks, and horses; animals calculated to indulge his ruling passion.

Edward the First, also, may be enumerated among the old royal hunters of England; as appears from the several items in the Wardrobe book, for the 28th year of his reign, of the expences incurred on this account. He seems to have been a fox-hunter too; but his pack would have made but an insignificant figure in the kennels of modern sportsmen; twelve dogs were the amount of it, and 21*l.* 6*s.* the annual expence of keeping them.

So partial indeed were the old English to the amusement of which we are speaking that they considered it as one of the greatest and most serious employments of their lives, and reduced the sport of hunting to a regular science. Several treatises were written on this subject for the instruction of the young Nimrod; and numerous rules were laid down for the observation of those, who filled the various offices in the forest, the kennel and the stable. One of the most curious performances extant on the subject of hunting, is a MS. written in the beginning of the fourteenth century, in Norman-French, by William Twici, grand huntsman to Edward the Second. An ancient translation of it into English occurs among the Cottonian MSS. I give the following extract from it.

It begins thus, for it is a motley composition, partly verse, partly prose:—

“Alle such Dysport as voydeth (*prevents*) ydilnesse
“It sytteth (*suits*) every gentilman to knowe,

“ For myrthe anexed is to gentilnesse ;
 “ Wherefore among alle other, as I trowe,
 “ To knowe the crafte of hunting, and to blowe,
 “ As this booke shall witnesse, is ove (of) the beste,
 “ For it is holsium, pleausaunt, and honest.”

It then enumerates and describes the different beasts, that were objects of the chase in England; and proceeds in the manner of a dialogue, to inform the huntsman how he ought to blow his horn at the different points of the hunt.

Of Blowyng.

“ Question. Syr Hunter, for how many bestis shall a man blow the mene* ?”

“ Answer. For thre males, and for one female; that is to say, for an hert, the wolfe male and also the wolfe female, as well as her husband.”

“ Question. How shal ye blowe when ye have seen the hert ?”

“ Answer. I shal blowe after mote, two motes; and if myn houndes come not hastily to me, as I wolde, I shall blowe four motes; and for to hast them to me, and for to warne the gentelys (*gentry*,) that the hert is sene, then shall rechase on my houndes three times; and whan he (the hert) is ferre from me, then shall y chase hym in this manner.—Trout-trout-tro-ro-rot; trout-trout-tro, ro, rot-trou-ro-rot, trou-ro-rot.”

“ Question. Syr Hunter why blowe you so ?”

“ Answer. For cause that the hert is seen and y wot nene, (and I don’t know) whedir that myn houndis be come fro myn meyne.”

“ Question. And what maner of chase elepe (call) you that ?”

“ Answer. We elepe it the chase of the *Forloyne*. I chase with my houndis that be hunting another chase, that is elepid the *persyzt*; then ye shall begyne to blowe a long mote, and afterwards two short motes, in this manner—trout-trout; and then trout, tro-ro-rot, begynnyng with a long mote; for every man that is abowte yow, and can skylle of venery (is well skilled in hunting) may knowe in what poynt ye be in by youre horne. Another chase there is, whane a man hath set up archerys, and grey-houndes, and the beste be founde, and passe out the boundys, and myn houndes after;—then shall I blowe on this manner, a mote, and afterwards the rechase upon houndys that be passed the houndys which be the boundes that we assigned.”

“ Question. Syr Hunter, wole ye sech (explain) this chase ?”

“ Answer. Ya Syr. If it be a beste in strest (trist) and myn houndes pass out on the bounds, and if ye will not that they chase any longer, I shall blowe a mote, and afterwards I shall strake after myn houndes, for to have them a yen (again); and when the *chevet* is take, ye shall saye “ howe—harrowe.”

* Mene. A plaintive, or solemn tune, blown at the death.

Then follow certain regulations, to be observed when the beasts so hunted should be taken by the hounds. As first of the hare

"And whane the hare is take, and your liour houndes have ionne wel to hyr, ye shall blowe: and afterward ye shal give to your houndes the hallow, and that is, the syde of the shulders the neck, and the hed; and the loyne shall to the kechone (kitchen).

"And whanne the hert is take, ye shall blowe four motys, and it shal be desected as of other bestes; and if your honndes be bold, and have sleyn the hert with strength of huntynge, ye shall have the skynne; and he that undoeth hym, (cuts him up) shall have the shuldre by law of vencrye, and the honndis shall be rewarded with the neckke, and with the bowellis, with the feet; and they shall be etyn under the skynne; and therefore it is clepid the Guarre; and the hed shal be bout homme to the lord of the skynne, the wex, the gargilonne, above the tail, forched on the right honde. Then blowe, at the dore of the halle the pryse.

"Whanne the buk is i take (*taken*) ye shall blowe pryse; and reward the houndes with the paunche, and the bowellis.

"Whane the bore is i take, he be dessety alvelse (perhaps always dissected, or cut up); and he shall have thirty-two hasceleytes, and ye shall gif your houndes the bowellis, boyled with bredd, and it is called reward, for cause that it is etyn on the earth, and not on the skynne. When he shall be carried home, the hound's shall be rewarded with the fete, and the body shal to the kechyne.

"The sesounne, of the fox, begynnyth at the nativity of our lady and dureth til the annunciation; and the hare is always in sesonne to be chasyd."

But perhaps after all, nothing can prove so clearly the partiality of the old English to the sport of hunting, and the eagerness with which it was pursued by every rank of people, from the highest to the lowest, as the number of popular ballads, and traditionary stories on this subject, which have reached our times. By these we find, that the tyrannical severity of the forest laws was insufficient to keep the yeomanry of the kingdom, from the pursuit of a sport which seemed to have a connection with their very existence. Many of them taking advantage of that weakness of the government, and relaxed state of the laws which the feudal system naturally produced, retired into the recesses of the large forests, which, at this period, covered a considerable part of the kingdom, formed themselves into a banditti, and pursued their favourite sport without restraint; levying occasional contributions on such as wandered near their haunts.

Of these sylvan plunderers, none make so brilliant a figure in tradition, as the famed Robin Hood, and the faithful *Little John*. Their deeds are related in the simple measures of numberless old songs, which still continue to be the favourite ditties of the vulgar; a proof that hunting, the burthen of them all, is a subject deeply interesting to the human heart.

In these old compositions though generally they are rather prosaic, yet now and then a few stanzas occur, highly descriptive, and

painting in lively colours the manners of past times : these however, I do not trouble the reader with, as the poems which contain them, are in the hands of every one.

Among the dogs which attended the old English to the chase, none seem to have been so highly prized as greyhounds. They were, indeed the favourite species of the middle ages. When a nobleman travelled, he never went without these dogs ; the hawk he bore upon his fist, and the grey-hounds which ran before him were certain testimonies of his rank ; and in the ancient pipe rolls, payments appear to have been often made in these valuable animals. He was chiefly useful in the pursuits of the hart, stag and roe-buck.

In the ancient MS. cited above the following notices of other dogs occur.

Of Raches or Houndes.

“ First, the running houndes, the same with those to chase the hares, &c. The grey-houndes, the alauntes, or bull-dogs, (these were chiefly for hunting the boar). The spaniel was a hound for hawking, his craft is, for the perdrich and the quayle.—The mastiff is also a good hounde for hunting of the wild boare.”

But the following descriptive lines from Shakespear, mark the species of dog most esteemed in this country in the 16th century.

- “ My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
 “ So flewed, so sanded, and their heads are hung,
 “ With ears, that sweep away the morning dew ;
 “ Crook-kneed, and dew-lap’d, like Thessalian bulls ;
 “ Slow in pursuit, but match’d in mouth like bells,
 “ Each under each.”

This dog seems to have been the old English blood hound ; a breed, which though it still subsists, has lost by intermixture with Plebian blood, those strongly-defined characteristic features described in the above lines. Notwithstanding, towards the latter end of the last century, it was mentioned as an admirable hound by the Chevalier Du Fresne.

I close this account of ancient hunting, with a few observations on the animals which afforded amusement to our forefathers in the chase.

That the wild-boar was a constant object of sport with the Saxons, and occasionally with the Anglo-Normans and old English, is not, I believe, denied by any one : but it seems to be a matter of doubt with some, whether the wolf continued to be hunted in this country after the reign of Edgar, the Anglo-Saxon. Hume, citing William of Malmesbury as his authority, asserts that this era was marked by the extirpation of wolves from England. Our ingenious historian, however, seems to have considered the passage in Malmesbury rather hastily. The monk does not say that Edgar actually destroyed the breed of wolves throughout his kingdoms ; but that he intended, or thought to have done it : and in pursuance of this determination, he imposed a tribute on Lluadwallo, king of Wales, of three hundred head.

of wolves to be paid to him yearly; which tribute having been sent for three years, was dropped on the fourth; Llodwallo declaring he could not find any more wolves within his realm. But surely we have no right to infer from this passage, that the breed was extinguished as well in England as in Wales. Indeed, there are documents remaining to the present day, which entirely contradict a supposition of this nature; and convince us, that the wolf was hunted in this country so lately as the fourteenth century.

They are expressly mentioned as beasts of venery in the laws of king Henry I, and among those who formerly held by that mode of tenure called *petit serjeanty*, it was very customary to perform the service of hunting and destroying the wolves, in different parts of the kingdom.

But the following citation from Twici's treatise on the craft of hunting, will not only confirm the assertion made above, of wolves being hunted in England so late as the fourteenth century, but give us some information respecting other beasts, which our forefathers pursued.

“ And for to sette yonge huntiers in the way
 “ To venery, I east me syrst to go ;
 “ Of whiche 4 bestes be, that is to say,
 “ The Hare, the Herte, the Wulfhe, the Wild boar
 “ And there ben other bestes, 5 of the chace,
 “ The Buk the first, the Doe the seconde,
 “ The Fox the thryerde, whiche oft hath hard grace ;
 “ The ferthe the Martyn, and the last the Roo.
 “ And thre other bestes bene of great dysport,
 “ The Grey is one thereof, with his slepy pace ;
 “ The Cat another, the Otre (Otter) one also.”

Of this list, which I believe enumerates all the animals that have ever been hunted in England, we have the hare, buck, doe, fox, martin, badger, pole and wild cats, remaining. The wolf, wild boar, and roe buck, have long since disappeared.

The particular periods when the two former became extinct in this country, I cannot ascertain. The history and fall of the roe-buck are better known. He continued to be an inhabitant of England, till within this half century, and was not unfrequently met with on the wastes, a small distance from Hexham in Northumberland. As the breed, however, became gradually more scarce, it was sought for with greater earnestness; so that after enduring the united attacks of the dog and gun for a few seasons, it at length dwindled to one solitary animal which about forty years since, is said to have been destroyed by — Whitfield, Esq. of Whitfield, in Northumberland.

Sporting Magazine, 1799.

SKETCHES FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS."

THE BIVOUAC.

The bold foxhunter, who in old England so oft "tally-ho'd" sly reynard's flight, ne'er "craning" at ox-fence, bull-finch, hedge, stone wall, or double ditch; who spite of break-neck "aard-vark" holes, ant-hills, and deep ravines, had here joyously "yoik'd" the grim wolf and wily jackal of these southern wilds; † the daring elephant "she-karce" of the forests of Ceylon; the slayer of the tiger and wild boar in the thorny jungles and arid plains of Hindostan; the adventurous buffalo hunter of the depths of the Kowie, the Keiskamma, and Fish-river Bush; he who had boldly crossed the "Great Orange" in quest of the lion, the gemsbok, and giraffe—were here all grouped together, in the hitherto vain attempt—after the fatigues of the day, and in anticipation of those of the morrow—of perseveringly courting the embrace of sleep; like other coquettes, the more she was followed the faster did she fly, till at last one of the party impatiently exclaimed; "Tiano go; the jade has evidently broke covert and stole away. Let us, therefore," added he heaping more brushwood on the fire, and placing thereon a can freshly replenished with muddy water—"let us, at any rate, keep out this confounded cold and damp wind with hot grog. And, since we cannot sleep, I further propose that each of us spin some yarn or other for the benefit of the rest; and, to set the example, I shall begin with the buffalo adventure of my opposite friend there, who is so assiduously keeping his eyes closed, that he does not see our roaring watch-fire will in a few minutes singe the toes off his boots. Come rouse up, old fellow; give me a cigar, with the brandy-flask, and listen to the recital of your own immortal deeds in the bush."

The required supplies thus demanded, were tendered with the gruff remark of—"Tis devilish hard you can't let a fellow sleep, who does not know when he may have another chance."

"Never mind, old grumpy; sleep away if you can, and I'll tell as how you were treated by the last "buff" we tracked together, just before the breaking out of this confounded war, which, bad luck to it, has put a stop to all our sport, for these rascally Kaffirs are positively now not worth either powder or shot."

"Well, gentlemen, you must know that old dozy there and myself got a fortnight's leave to have a little "gunning," and stole away

* Continued from No. XVII.

† Previous to the last Kaffir war, a capital pack of fox, or rather "jackal" hounds was kept up at Fort Beaufort by the 7th Dragoon Guards, under the superintendence of Captain Hogg, who shortly after so successfully hunted down the Kaffirs with his gallant pack of "Totties."

quietly with a couple of Totties to a favourite sporting haunt of his, where we bivouacked for the night; the next morning, before dawn, my friend took me to a "vley"—occasionally, as he said, at that time of the year frequented by a stray herd of buffaloes; and, judging from the footmarks, some had evidently been drinking there during the preceding night. We put the Totties on their trail, and "spoored" them up rapidly, as long as the dew was on the grass, till we tracked them into the thick bush. Here the spoor continued clear enough, it was all plain sailing; and Mr Claas, our head Totty lurcher, confidently pronounced the herd to consist of five head, and that one of the lot was a large bull. The trail, which we had now followed some three or four hours with scarcely a check, took us at last over a bare rocky, dry, and open space of ground, where we soon became completely at fault; however, leaving a handkerchief on the spot up to which we fancied we had brought the spoor, we made several broad casts to the right and left, when, at last, Claas succeeded in hitting it off again; and, from its appearance, thought the herd must have passed fully an hour before. Well, to make short of a long business, we toiled on under a broiling sun the greater part of the day, till emerging from a kloof near a wooded clump on a marshy rise covered with grass, the footmarks became mixed—a sure sign, as you know, of the animals being in search of a place of rest. We therefore dismounted, secured our horses amongst the bush in the kloof, and taking every necessary precaution as to the direction of the wind, crept cautiously forward, at some distance apart. I had taken a sweep to the right and whilst passing behind a clump of tall underwood, which for a moment hid my companion, I heard the sharp report of his double-barrelled rifle. At this instant, on clearing the intervening bushes as the smoke drifted away I beheld him crouching on one knee, his rifle half raised with the blade of a long hunting-knife firmly clenched between his teeth; whilst charging down upon him, and then within twenty yards, furiously rushed an enormous bull-buffalo, tail on end, and his head, garnished with at least six-foot horns close to the ground. Next second, as — appeared in the very act of being ground to atoms, and amalgamated with his mother earth (for the brute was now within a yard of the spot where he knelt), the second barrel was discharged; his legs flew with a summersault up in the air, whilst the infuriated monster apparently missing his mark, passed over him, and dashed head-long into the opposite thicket in the direction of our horses, which breaking loose in their alarm, wildly scampered away across the open slope of the hill. All this, which happened within a few yards of where I stood, was apparently the work of a second. I immediately started out to see what part of our friend still remained attached to his exalted legs, when, to my infinite surprise, he got up unscathed, and staring around, asked whither the brute had vanished. 'For,' added he, "I am sure that my last shot hit him between the eyes." With regard to the latter assertion, I must confess I entertained my doubts on the subject; however, the first object was to recover our nags, which took us fully a couple of hours to effect, when we

returned to the scene of adventure, for the purpose of endeavouring if possible to obtain tidings of his buffalo; nor had we proceeded far in our search, when convincing proofs offered themselves, that one of his shots most certainly *had* told. The bush, which the enraged animal so madly rushed into, was of the densest and most stubborn kind; its turgid nature had, however, apparently bowed like a forest of waving reeds before the crushing impetus of the mighty mass; but on the broken and disordered boughs, the quick eye of Claas readily detected evidence which induced him to pronounce that the buffalo had been wounded, and in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of escape. A mass of clotted gore, and what seemed a portion of brain, adhering to a branch, had elicited this opinion from Mr Claas. 'But,' added he, attentively examining the ground, "other spoor here; we must take care, I think Kaffirs come here before us."

As this adventure took place shortly before the breaking out of the war, we were then in a state of uncertainty as to the intentions of these gentry, which, under such circumstances, rendered prudence doubly requisite; but whether it might be Kaffirs, Fingoes, Hottentots, or colonists who had got scent of the wounded buffalo, we determined, though with every precaution, to follow up the spoor, and, if possible, assert our rightful claim to the spoil. Leaving, therefore, our horses under charge of one of the Totties, we cautiously pursued through the bush the bloody traces of the wounded animal, which at every step became more evident and of more frequent recurrence. Thus silently following Claas, we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile, when the latter suddenly came to a stand-still, listened attentively for a second, put his ear to the ground, and then, with an expressive gesture, directing us to crouch down and remain where we were, he, without uttering a sound, crept forward like a snake amidst the entangled underwood of thorny briars. We placed too much reliance on Claas not to pay implicit attention to all his directions, though our patience was in the interim severely tested; for some time elapsed ere he returned, with an expression of countenance which testified that he had something of importance to communicate. In a scarcely audible whisper he informed us that he had discovered the carcass of the buffalo, which was being cut up by ten or twelve Kaffirs, and concluded by recommending our immediate return to the horses. "And leave *my* buffalo, head, horns, and all, to be carried away by these infernal niggers?" mournfully whispered —. "But I'll see them—first" "Hush; make no rash vows," was my warning counsel. "But Claas will take us where we may judge for ourselves." Claas did not appear much to relish this plan; it was, however carried into effect, but with precautions which might have excited the envy of a Cherokee Indian; and at last we took up a position from whence we could unseen behold, what required all our friend's philosophy to bear with Christian resignation. In an open space surrounded by the thick jungle lay the mighty remains of the slain, already disembowelled and partly cut up; some of the naked savages, elbow-deep in blood, were carving off with their assegais long strips of flesh, and others were

busily preparing fires for the approaching feast : whilst a solitary vulture, soaring far above, and reduced in the immensity of distance to a mere motionless speck, appeared also to be awaiting *his* share of the entertainment. Anxious as was our friend here, to carry off his well-earned trophy, the noble frontispiece of head and horns, which lay so temptingly on the bloody greensward before us, and only a few yards distant—we clearly saw that the attempt must be attended with blows; the odds were fearfully against us; and we therefore I think most discreetly, sneaked off undiscovered, mounted our horses, and got away as soon as possible from so uninviting a neighbourhood."

"A very good yarn, and very well spun," exclaimed the apparently-sleeping hero of the tale, suddenly sitting up in his sheepskin kaross; "however, as it is undoubtedly *my* story, I claim the privilege of now calling on our friend the Doctor, for a stave."

"Come, Doctor, brighten up. Pitch into some of our bivouac physic; better than was ever brewed in—hospital. Pass round the can; put another handful of wood on the fire: and tell us how you were once upon a time pilloried for a couple of hours in a speckboom bush by an angry old sow, for I have heard such a tale whispered abroad."

"You may call it an old sow if you please," said the sporting Doctor rather pettishly, and in a strong Caledonian accent, "but I know I thought it at the time a great 'bore.'"

"Though our clooment friend was so mysterious as to *where* he fell in with the buffalo who made such a charge when minus his brains, I think I can guess within a hundred miles the spot on which the spoor was first taken up. However, I'll tell no tales out of school, and just relate, in the best way I can, what happened with the wild hog which pinned me in the speck-boom. Well, then, when stationed at Bathurst, a couple of years ago, I was taking a solitary riale, accompanied by my usual pack of about a dozen dogs of every kind and description; but instead of my rifle, I happened on that occasion to be only provided with a stout hunting whip. Whilst jogging quietly along the edge of the Kowie bush, about five miles from Bathurst, the dogs suddenly gave tongue, and I 'yoiked' them forward through the covert, whose increasing thickness soon obliged me to dismount; whereupon, tying up my nag to the stump of a tree, I followed up the chase on foot. The dogs soon brought their quarry to bay; and fancying it must be a porcupine, I boldly advanced, flourishing aloft the aforesaid hunting whip. Scarcely had I approached the scene of action—a thick 'wacht-oen-beetje' bush, around which the dogs were loudly baying—than a canine yell of agony, then two or three grunts, and a heavy crash amongst the underwood, announced the presence of a wild hog; and, before I had made up my mind what to do, an immense boar, with bristles like toothpicks, all standing on end, rushed at me through the intervening scrub.* Of course I turned tail, and never ran so quick in all the course of my life, clearing at

* The low stunted bush is so called in colonial phrasology

a single bound the clumps of brambles and shrubs which came in my path. Spite of numerous tumbles from my spurs catching in the creepers and monkey ropes,* I still kept ahead; but piggy, perseveringly forcing his way *through* the underwood, which I had to jump over, was soon close at my heels; and at every pull I got, I fancied I felt his tusks grinding against my ribs. The pace we were both going was too quick to last, and just as I found myself quite done up, fortunately for me, a thick speck-boom bush stood in my way. With a last desperate effort, I made a spring which carried me into the midst of its soft fleshy foliage and flowering boughs; the latter, fortunately, did not give way under my weight; and here, like King Charles in the oak, I looked down—though in no very comfortable mood—upon my baffled and angry foe, who trotted round and round my place of refuge, sniffing the stems of the bush, and ever and anon casting up towards me his little twinkling bloodshot eyes, at which—for so close was I to the brute—I kept striking with the butt-end of the whip, whilst gathering up my legs in the best way I could to keep them out of his reach; and, as you may well fancy, all the time in the most confounded stew, lest the soft pulpy branches should give way and leave me to the tender mercies of Mr Piggy, who maddened at not being able to reach me, and at the baying of the dogs around, every now and then would make a sudden dash at some of the boldest of his assailants, and with a side thrust of his formidable tusks send them off howling with fearful wounds: and I had thus the mortification of helplessly witnessing the destruction of many of my favourites. A poor little devil of a pup happened to be of the party, and probably not knowing its danger, was foremost in the attack. The boar, suddenly turning on his diminutive assailant, seized him in his foaming mouth, placed him on the slope of a bank, and appeared determined to disembowel him in the most scientific and approved of fashion. At this critical moment for poor puppy, a powerful bloodhound rushed to the rescue, and, though in so doing was badly ripped in the shoulder, succeeded in laying fast hold of the boar by the end of his snout, and thus pinned him to the ground. ‘Now,’ thinks I to myself, ‘is my sole chance.’ The only weapon I had with me, besides the hunting whip, was a small mother-of-pearl pen-knife I had bought in the Quadrant for a shilling, when on the coach by which I left London to start for this country; it was my last purchase in Old England, and never was a shilling better laid out.”

“But come to the point, Doctor; and don’t keep us in suspense.”

“That’s just what I did; for seeing this was now my only chance, I opened the mother-of-pearl knife, jumped out of the bush, and seizing the boar by the ear, whilst the bloodhound was pinning his nose to the ground, I—thanks to some little knowledge of anatomy—thrust it

* The stems of the lianes, which frequently climb to the top of the highest trees, are so called.

into what I knew to be an artery, left it firmly sticking there, and as quickly scrambled back again into my former place of refuge."

"A wonderful instance of *sangfroid*, activity, and science combined," observed ———. "But pray, Doctor, take a drink, and go on."

"It was," replied the Doctor, after taking a long pull at the grog-can. "It was—though I say it who should not—it *was* done, everything considered, with tolerable skill, as the event fully proved; for let me tell you, gentlemen, though a pig's internal conformation greatly resembles that of man, yet, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, the carotid artery might easily have been missed. But, to go on with my story, the boar, on finding himself wounded, made such a violent effort that he shook off the dog; the pen-knife from the wound, and, to my inexpressible delight, was followed by a plentiful stream of blood. The astonished animal suddenly stood still, and appeared stedfastly to listen to the novel sound, as the mimic cascade, spurting forth with a graceful curve, fell in a crimson shower, with—to my ears—the sweetest music of a spattering noise, on the dry and parched-up soil. Being no longer molested by the dogs, who were now lying around in every direction, in a more or less disabled state, my bristly acquaintance had full leisure to indulge in his new meditations. He, after a while, trotted off some twenty or thirty yards, stopped again, remained a few seconds quite motionless, assumed rather a sentimental look, staggered, fell forward, rolled over on his side, and then gave up the ghost. Still, I could not bring myself to believe that the grim monster was really dead; that the Jew-boy's pen-knife, like David's pebble from the brook, had actually slain the fierce Goliath of the woods. For a moment, therefore, I still remained ensconced amongst the branches of my leafy castle, in a state of the most anxious suspense, till, seeing no signs of returning life, as the dogs approached and sniffed the carcase, I slid cautiously down, picked up the bloody knife, crept on tip-toe towards my fallen enemy, touched him first gingerly with my foot, and then, finding him *really* dead, and no mistake, in the ecstasy of the moment I took off my cap, and gave three hearty cheers."

"Bravo, Doctor! a capital *finale*! and all owing to your unrivalled anatomical knowledge in being able to discover the carotid artery under the bristles of a wild boar!"

"And, knowing where it was to be found, you will perhaps allow it required a rather steady hand to lay it open. However, I hope, old fellow, that *your* life may never depend on scientific acquirements of any kind, or else your career will be brief indeed. But I now, Mr Critic, beg to call on you for something out of the common way—for a few of your adventures on the other side of the Orange, with some account of your sport in the giraffe and quagga line, whilst searching for Prester John, the kingdom of Monomotopa, or the Great Salt-water Lake."*

* The two first, with the equally imaginary island of St. Helena Nova, were the constant objects of inquiry and research by the early Dutch colonists. Authen-

Thus appealed to, ——— was soon amidst lions, gnooks, quaggas, camelopards, and gemsboks. Ostriches, like Banquo's ghosts, stalked past in endless succession; pigmy zebras, to my now clouded sight, appeared to be prancing amongst the dying embers of our flickering watch-fire, which fizzed in expiring agony, as the blood spurted o'er it from the severed artery of the mighty boar; whilst a buffalo, galloping by, and dashing the protruding brain from his fractured skull, sent a portion of it into my eyes, and apparently closed them on the scene; for, without knowing when or how I had fallen asleep, I was only roused by a heavy rain dripping through the overhanging foliage on my face. I drew the waterproof cloth* over my head, and resumed my slumbers, till the grey dawn gradually disclosed the company and scene amidst which we had passed the night.

The rain had ceased; and I raised the invaluable "vergette" cloth which had so well protected us during its fall, and, shaking the water from the impenetrable folds, I aroused my still-sleeping bed-fellow, M——, a grim-looking cherub, in all the unshaven charms of a face adorned with a grizzly beard of some seven or eight days' growth. Closely huddled under the bush, lay in every attitude of ungainly repose, the party of the preceding night; whilst round the damp ashes of the long-since-extinguished watch-fires, groups of sleepers were thickly scattered on the wet grass, enveloped in the unromantic drapery of blankets well saturated with rain.

A bivouac, at other times so stirring a scene, always presents at this early hour, when "grey-eyed" morn first withdraws the curtain of darkness, a melancholy and even ghastly appearance; and in the indistinctness of the dawning light, our halting-ground might easily have been mistaken for a recent battle-field thickly strewn with the slain—in such strange, stark attitudes, were scattered the benumbed and recumbent groups, that grim death himself appeared to have wandered o'er the scene, stamping with his cold touch additional hideousness on all around.

The Hottentot countenance, at no time very prepossessing, is, whilst under the influence of sleep, the most repulsive object in the world—nay, I am here mistaken; for a dead Hottentot is a still more forbidding sight; and one who is seen whilst *dead-drunk* (a not unusual occurrence) the most revolting of all.

Though, on first waking and looking round, all appeared thus motionless and without life, five minutes sufficed completely to alter the scene. All were by that time on the alert, and ready for a move. I proceeded to a muddy pool close by, dipped the corner of my handkerchief in its turbid waters, and passed it across my eyes. The business of the toilet being thus disposed off, and a biscuit and cup of coffee hastily swallowed, I mounted my horse. The party again "fell

tic accounts have been received of the great lake, but no European traveller has yet reached it.

* The "vergette" waterproof cloth, will be found of the greatest service to the traveller or campaigner in South Africa.

in," silently and without beat of drum, moved rapidly off, and soon left far behind, our "bivouac-ground" on the heights of the Great Fish River bush.

(To be continued.)

Sporting Review, for March.

DANCING.

"Dancing being that which gives graceful motions to all our limbs, and, above all things, manliness, and a becoming confidence to young children, I think cannot be learned too early. Nothing appears to me to give children so much confidence and behaviour, and so to raise them to the conversation of those above their years, as dancing."—*Locke's Treatise on Education.*

"Mularum deliciarum comes saltatio."

Cicero.

Under certain vehement emotions, more especially those of a pleasant description, all men are, and ever have been, natural, spontaneous, involuntary dancers. The child is but "the father of the man," when in his first leap for joy he executes *le premier pas de la danse*, yielding to the impulses of our common nature without dreaming that the saltatory merriment in which he indulges, and which might not improperly be termed the laughter of the legs, has been solemnly termed "the art of expressing the sentiments of the mind, or the passions, by measures, steps, or bounds, that are made in cadence; by regulated motions of the body; and by graceful gestures; all performed to the sound of musical instruments, or of the voice."

"The connexion that exists between certain sounds and those motions of the human body called dancing, is assuredly a curious speculation that deserves more inquiry than has hitherto been bestowed upon it. Even between inanimate objects and certain notes there is a sympathy, if that term may be allowed, which is equally surprising and inexplicable. It is well known that the most massive walls, nay, the solid ground itself, will responsively shake and tremble at particular notes in music. This strongly indicates the presence of some universally-diffused and exceedingly elastic fluid, which is thrown into vibrations by the concussions of the atmosphere upon it, produced by the motions of the sounding body. If these concussions are so strong as to make the large quantity of elastic fluid vibrate that is dispersed through a stone wall, or a considerable portion of earth, it is no wonder they should have the same effect upon that invisible and exceedingly subtle matter which pervades and seems to reside in our nerves.

"Some there are whose nerves are so constructed, that they can-

not be affected by the sounds which affect others; while there are individuals whose nerves are so irritable that they cannot, without the greatest difficulty, sit or stand still when they hear a favourite piece of music played. It has been conjectured by profound inquirers into such subjects, that all the sensations and passions to which we are subject, depend immediately upon the vibrations excited in the nervous fluid above-mentioned. If this be true we shall immediately understand the origin of the various dances among different nations. One kind of vibration, for instance, excites the passion of anger, pride, &c., which are paramount among warlike nations. The sounds capable of such effects would naturally constitute the martial music, and dances conformable to it would be simultaneously instituted. Among barbarous people, in particular, this appears to have been an invariable occurrence. Other vibrations of the nervous fluid produce the passions of love, joy, &c.; and sounds capable of exciting these particular vibrations will immediately be formed into music for dances of another kind."*

As barbarous people have the strongest passions, so they are the most easily affected by sounds, and the most addicted to dancing, whatever be the nature of the music by which it is accompanied. Mr Gallini informs us, that the spirit of dancing prevails almost beyond imagination, among both men and women, in the greater part of Africa in some districts of which it arises beyond a mere instinct, and may almost be termed a rage. Upon the Gold Coast, especially, the inhabitants are so passionately fond of it, that in the midst of their hardest labour, if they hear a person sing, or any musical instrument played they cannot refrain from dancing. There are even well-attested stories of some Negroes flinging themselves at the feet of a European playing on the fiddle, entreating him to desist, unless he had a mind to tire them to death, as they could not cease dancing, so long as he continued playing.

The same involuntary, we had almost said apasmodic, obedience of the limbs to certain sounds, is found to prevail among the American Indians, whose saltatory orgasms are even more uncouth and irrepressible than those of the Africans. They love every thing, says Gallini, that makes a noise, however harsh and dissonant. They will also hum over something like a rude tune, to which they dance thirty or forty in a circle, stretching out their hands, and laying them on each other's shoulders; stamping and jumping, and using the most antic gestures for several hours, till they are heartily weary. But we need not refer to nations either barbarous or civilized, to prove this instinctive connexion between certain vibrations, and correspondent movements of the limbs; or to establish the pleasant intoxication of both the mind and body which dancing is calculated to produce. Singing and dancing have prevailed from the creation to the present time, says a very grave inquirer; and they will continue, according to all appearances, till the destruction of our species.

* *Encyclop. Britan, art. Dancing.*

How profane soever some may affect to consider this amusement, as at present conducted, it was at first, and indeed during some thousand years, a religious ceremony, as we have already intimated in noticing the festivals of the Jews. Some commentators are of opinion, that every psalm had a distinct dance appropriated to it. "In utroque Psalmo, nomine chori, intelligi posse cum certo instrumento homines adsonum ipsius tripudiantes." In the temples of Jerusalem, Samaria, and Alexandria, a stage for these exercises was erected in one part, thence called the choir, the name of which has been preserved in our churches, and the custom too, till within a few centuries. The Cardinal Ximenes revived in his time the practice of Mosarabic masses in the cathedral at Toledo, when the people danced, both in the choir and in the nave, with great decorum and devotion. Le Père Menestrier, Jesuit, relates the same thing of some churches in France, in 1682; and Mr Gallini tells us, that at Limoges, not long ago, the people used to dance the round in the choir of the church, which is under the invocation of their patron saint; and at the end of each psalm, instead of the *Gloria Patri*, they sang as follows: "*St. Marcel! pray for us, and we will dance in honour of you.*" From these instances, we may see that the modern sect of fanatics, called Jumpers, who seem to entertain the strange notion that he who leaps the highest is the nearest to heaven, have abused rather invented the custom of religious dancing. Nor do we see why any motion of the body should be deemed incompatible with the feelings and offices of devotion. Considered as a mere expression of joy, dancing is no more a profanation than singing, or than simple speaking; nor can it be thought in the least more absurd that a Christian should dance for joy that Jesus Christ is risen from the dead, than that David danced before the ark, when it was returned to him after a long absence. In these and similar cases the intention and the feeling, where they emanate from genuine piety, must be held to hallow the act.

The Egyptians had their solemn dances, as well as the Jews; the principal was their astronomical dance; of which the sacrilegious dance round the golden calf was an imitation. From the Jews and Egyptians the practice passed into Greece, where the astronomical dance was adapted to the theatre, with chorus, strophe, antistrophe, epode, &c. as we have already remarked in referring to the origin of their drama. In the hands, or, as we should rather say, in the feet, of this ingenious and highly civilized people, dancing, which among the barbarians was a mere ungovernable transport, became a regular art, by means of which, through the secret sympathies that cement sound and motion with feeling, any passion whatever could be excited in the minds of the beholders. In this way effects were produced upon the sensitive Greeks that to our colder temperaments appear almost incredible. At Athens it is said that the dance of the Eumenides, or Furies, upon the theatre, had so expressive a character, as to strike the spectators with irresistible terror; men grown old in the profession of arms trembled; the multitude rushed out; women were thrown into fits;

and many imagined they saw in earnest those terrible deities commissioned with the vengeance of heaven, to pursue and punish crimes upon earth. Plato and Lucian both speak of dancing as a Divine invention, although in the instance just recorded it seems to have been perverted to purposes of a rather demoniacal nature.

Of the importance attached to this subject by the ancients, we may judge from the fact that it engaged the serious attention of Plato who reduces the dances of the Greeks to three classes. 1. The military dances, which tended to make the body robust, active, and well disposed for all the exercises of war. 2. The domestic dances, which had for their object an agreeable and innocent recreation and amusement. 3. The mediatorial dances, which were in use in expiations and sacrifices. The Spartans had invented the first for an early excitation of the courage of their children, and to lead them on insensibly to the exercise of the armed dance. This children's dance, which used to be executed in the public place was composed of two choirs, the one of grown men, the other of children; whence, being chiefly designed for the latter, it took its name. The choir of the children regulated their motions by those of the men, and all danced at the same time, singing the poems of Thales, Alcman, and Dionysodotus. The Pyrrhic dance was performed by young men, armed cap-a-pie, who executed to the sound of the flute all the proper movements, either for attack or defence. It was composed of four parts; the first the *podism*, or footing, which consisted in a quick shifting motion of the feet, such as was necessary for overtaking a flying enemy, or for getting away from him when an overmatch. The second part was the *xiphism*: this was a kind of mock fight, in which the dancers imitated all the motions of combatants; aiming a stroke, darting a javelin, or dexterously dodging, parrying or avoiding a blow or thrust. The third, part, called the *homos*, consisted in very high leaps, or vaultings, which the dancers frequently repeated, for the better using themselves occasionally to leap a ditch, or spring over a wall. The *tetracomos*, the fourth, and last part, was a square figure, executed by slow and majestic movements; but it is uncertain whether this was every where performed in the same manner.

Of all the Greeks, the Spartans were those who most cultivated the Pyrrhic dance. This warlike people exercised their children at it from the age of five years to the accompaniment of hymns and songs. The following was sung at the dance called Trichogia, from its being composed of three choirs—one of children, another of young men, and the third of old. The latter opened the dance, saying, "In time past we were valiant." The young men answered, "We are so at present." To which the chorus of children replied, "We shall be still more so when our time comes." The Spartans never danced but with real arms. In process of time, however, other nations came to use weapons of wood on such occasions. Nay, it was only so late as the time of Athenæus, who lived in the second century, that the dancers of the Pyrrhic, instead of arms, carried only flasks, ivy-bound wands, or reeds. But even in Aristotle's time they had begun to use thyrsuses

instead of pikes, and lighted torches instead of javelins and swords, with which they executed a dance denominated the Conflagration of the World. A remnant of this military exercise, called the sword-dance, was currently performed by some of the minstrel troops, and has been occasionally presented in England by vagrant morris-dancers to a still later period.

Tacitus thus describes a species of sword-dance among the ancient Germans: "One public diversion was constantly exhibited at all their meetings:—young men who, by frequent exercise, have attained to great perfection in that pastime, strip themselves, and dance among the points of swords and spears with most wonderful agility, and even with the most elegant and graceful motions. They do not perform this dance for hire, but for the entertainment of the spectators, esteeming their applause a sufficient reward." Mr Brand tells us that he has seen this dance frequently performed in the north of England, about Christmas time, with little or no variation from the ancient method.

Of the Grecian dances for amusement and recreation, some were but simple gambols, or sportive exercises, which had no character of imitation, and of which the greater part exist to this day. The others were more complex, more agreeable, figured, and were always accompanied with singing. Of this character was that called the Wine-press, of which there is a description in Longinus; and the Ionian dances. These last, in their original institution, were decent and modest; but in time their movements came to be so depraved, as to be employed in expressing nothing but the most indecorous voluptuousness.

Among the ancients there were no festivals nor religious ceremonies which were not accompanied with songs and dances. It was not held possible to celebrate any mystery, or to be initiated in any sacred institution, without the intervention of these two arts, which were considered so essential, that to express the crime of such as were guilty of revealing the mysteries, they employed the word *kheista*—"to be out of the dance." The most ancient of these religious dances is the *Bacchic*, which was not only consecrated to Bacchus, but to all those deities whose festival was celebrated with any kind of enthusiasm. On his return from Crete, Theseus instituted a dance at which he himself assisted, at the head of a numerous and splendid band of youths, round the altar of Apollo. It was composed of three parts—the *strophe*, the *antistrophe*, and the *stationary*. In the strophe the movements were from right to left; in the antistrophe, from the left to the right; in the stationary, which did not mean an absolute pause or rest, but only a more grave and slow movement, they danced before the altar. Plutarch is persuaded that in this dance there is a profound mystery. Theseus gave it the name of *geranos*, or "the crane," because the figures which characterized it bore a resemblance to those described by cranes in their flight.

In the elaborate eulogium which Lucian has left us, it appears that the pantomimic powers of the ancients were equal to the representation of any of their mythological fables—and that they succeeded

in expressing by gesture alone all those inflections of the passions, of which we find the enunciation so difficult with the help of those organs that seem to have been expressly provided us for that purpose by nature. He gives a decided preference to this dumb show over both tragedy and comedy, with all their vocal powers; and even insists that the actors in the scenes he describes must have been endowed with every elegant accomplishment and amiable virtue.

From Greece these dances, with different modifications, found their way across the Adriatic. Rome adopted her manners, her arts, and her vices;—thence they were dispersed over the rest of Europe. In the reign of Augustus two very extraordinary men made their appearance, who invented a new species of entertainment, which they carried to an astonishing degree of perfection. Nothing was then talked of but the wonderful talents and amazing performances of Pylades and Bathyllus, who were the first to introduce what the French call the *Ballet d'action*; wherein the performer is both actor and dancer.

Pylades undertook the hard task of representing, with the assistance of the dance alone, strong and pathetic situations, and may be called the father of that style of dancing which is known to us by the name of grave, or serious pantomime. Bathyllus represented such subjects as required a certain liveliness and agility. Nature had been excessively partial to these two men, who were endowed with genius, and all the exterior charms that could captivate the eye; and, who, by their study and application, displayed to the greatest advantage all the resources that the art of dancing could supply. These, like two phenomena, disappeared, and never did the world see their like again. Government withdrew their protection, the art gradually sank into obscurity, and became even entirely forgotten on the accession of Trajan to the empire.

Thus buried with the other arts in entire oblivion, dancing remained uncultivated till about the fifteenth century, when ballets were revived in Italy at a magnificent entertainment given by a nobleman of Tortona, on account of the marriage between Galeas, Duke of Milan, and Isabella of Arragon. Every resource that poetry, dancing, music, and machinery could supply, was exhausted on the occasion. The description given of so superb an entertainment excited the admiration of all Europe, and the emulation of several men of genius, who, improving upon the hint given them, introduced among their countrymen a kind of spectacle equally pleasing and novel.

It would seem, however, that at first the women had no share in the public or theatrical dance; at least we do not find them mentioned in the various entertainments given at the opera at Paris, till the 21st of January, 1681, when the then Dauphiness, the Princess de Conti, and some other ladies of the first distinction in the court of Louis XIV., performed a ballet with the opera, called *Le Triomphe de l'Amour*. This union of the two sexes seemed to enliven, and render the spectacle more pleasing and brilliant than it had ever been before. It was received with so much applause, that on the 16th of

May following, when the same opera was acted in Paris, at the Theatre of the Palais Royal, it was thought indispensable for the success of that kind of entertainment, to introduce female dancers, who have ever since continued to be the principal support of the opera.

Dancing subsequently continued to encroach upon the sister arts of poetry and music, until it came to be considered by many, particularly at Paris, as the paramount attraction. To the monotony and tiresome length of the recitatives may be chiefly attributed the disfa-vour into which music had fallen. A wit, being one day asked what could be done to restore the waning taste for the opera, replied, that they should lengthen the dances, and shorten the petticoats. In the first instance, music supplanted poetry, and dancing now superseded both; usurping a pre-eminence which several distinguished ballet-masters contributed to maintain. The art, however, of composing those grand dances which are now so much admired, was for many years in a state of infancy, till Monsieur Noverre gave it a degree of perfection which it seems impossible to exceed. In an elaborate book upon the subject, this celebrated ballet-master and performer has with great eloquence and ingenuity delineated the nature, objects, and powers of dancing, and shown how much it may be ennobled by an acquaintance with the kindred arts.

Ballets, he observes, have hitherto been only faint sketches of what they may one day become; for, as they constitute an art entirely subservient to taste and genius, they may receive daily variation and improvements. History, painting, mythology, poetry, all join to raise it from that obscurity in which it is buried, and it is only surprising that composers have hitherto disdained so many valuable accessories and resources. "If ballets, therefore," says he, "are for the most part uninteresting and uniformly dull; if they fail in the characteristic expression which constitutes their essence; the defect does not originate from the art itself, but should be ascribed to the artist. Are then the latter yet to learn that dancing is an imitative art? I am, indeed, inclined to think that they know it not, since we daily see them sacrifice the beauties of the dance, and give up the graceful *naïveté* of sentiment, to become the servile copyists of a certain number of figures known and hackneyed for above a century.

"Ballet-masters should consult the productions of the most eminent painters. This would bring them nearer to nature, and induce them to avoid, as often as possible, that formality of figures which, by repeating the object, presents two different pictures on one and the same canvass. Such figures must give way to nature in what we call *Ballets d'action*. An instance may serve to support and elucidate my argument.

"At the sudden and unexpected appearance of some young fauns a troop of nymphs take themselves to flight with equal terror and precipitation. The former are in pursuit of the latter, with that eagerness which the very hope of pleasure can inspire. Now they stop to observe what impression they have made on the nymphs; these, at the same time, and for a similar reason, check their career; with fear

they survey their pursuers, and endeavour to guess at their intentions, and provide for a retreat to some spot where they may rest secure from the dangers that threatened them. Both troops now join, the nymphs resist, defend themselves, and at last effect their escape with no less swiftness than dexterity.

"This I call a busy active scene, in which the dance, as it were, should speak with energy. Here studied and symmetrical figures cannot be introduced without a manifest violation of the truth, without weakening the action and lessening the effect. The scene should be conspicuous for its beautiful disorder, and the art of the composer must here be the hand-maid of nature.

"Perhaps some ill-disposed critics, so far strangers to the art, as not to judge of it from its various effects, will maintain that the above scene should pursue only two different objects; the one portrayed in the love-sick fauns, the other expressed by the affright of the nymphs. But how many shades may serve to embellish these pictures? how varied may be the strokes of the pencil? how opposite the lights? and what a number of tints ought to be employed in order to draw from this twofold situation a multiplicity of images, each more lively and spirited than the other? The truth of imitation, and the skill of the painter, should conspicuously appear in giving a different aspect to the features; some of them expressing a kind of ferocity, others betraying less eagerness; these casting a more tender look; and to the rest the languishing air of voluptuousness. The sketch of this first picture naturally leads to the composition of the second: here some nymphs appear divided between fear and desire; there some others express by the contrast of their attitudes the various emotions of the soul. This *ensemble* gives life to the whole picture, and is the more pleasing that it is perfectly consistent with nature. From this exposition you will not hesitate to agree with me, that symmetry, the offspring of art itself, should never find place in the *Ballet d'action*.

"I shall beg leave to inquire of all those who reason from habitual prejudice, whether they will look for their favourite symmetry in a herd of sheep flying from the wolf, or among wretched peasants leaving their huts and fields, in order to shelter themselves from the fury of a party of enemies. Certainly not. But the art lies in concealing art itself; my aim is by no means to introduce disorder and confusion; on the contrary, I will have regularity even in irregularity. What I most insist on is the introducing of well-conceived groups, situations forcibly expressed, but never, beyond nature; and above all, a certain ease in the composition, which betrays not the labour of the composer.

"A ballet, perfect in all its parts," our author proceeds to observe, "is a picture drawn from life, of the manners, dresses, ceremonies, and customs of all nations. It must, therefore, be a complete pantomime, and through the eyes speak as it were to the very soul of the spectator. If it want expression, if it be deficient in point of situation and scenery, it degenerates into a spectacle equally flat and monotonous."

According to Plutarch, a ballet is, if the expression may be allowed, a mute conversation, or a speaking and animated picture, whose language consists of motions, figures, and gestures, unlimited in their number, because there are no bounds to the varieties of expression. A well composed ballet, therefore, may do without the assistance of speakers. M. Noverre indeed remarks, in the very spirit of his profession, that these only serve to weaken the action, and partly destroy its effects; and he declares that he has no opinion of a pantomime, which, in order to be understood, must borrow the help of verbal explanation. "Any ballet whatever," he says, "destitute of intrigue, action, and interest, displaying nothing more than the mechanical beauties of the art; and, though decorated with a pompous title, unintelligible throughout, is not unlike those portraits and pictures to which the painters of old subscribed the names of the personages and actions they meant to represent; because they were imperfect in point of imitation, the situations weakly expressed, the outlines incorrect and the colours unseemly."

"When dancers shall feel, and, Proteus-like, transfer themselves into various shapes to express to the life the conflict of passions, when their looks shall speak their inward sensations; when extending their arms beyond the narrow circle prescribed by pedantry, and with equal grace and judgment, giving them a fuller scope, they shall by proper situations describe the gradual and successive progress of the passions; when, in fine, they call good sense and genius to the assistance of their art, then they may expect to distinguish themselves; explanatory speeches will become useless; a mute but powerful eloquence will be substituted, to much better effect; each motion will be a sentence; every attitude will betray a situation; each gesture convey a thought; each glance a new sentiment; and every part will please, because the whole will be a true and faithful imitation of nature."

Whether human beings can be found to realise this *beau idéal* of an accomplished dancer we cannot determine, not wishing to compromise ourselves upon a matter of such vital importance; but it must be confessed that the enthusiastic ballet-master disserts upon the subjects, *con gusto, con amore*. Had he written with his feet he could not have been more earnest, eloquent, and impressive, though we cannot help still suspecting that the eight parts of speech are capable of expressing our feelings more effectually and intelligibly than the five positions, however they may be imbued with a mute conversational power under the plastic modification of M. Noverre.

"If an exercise so sociable and enlivening were to occupy some part of that time which is lavished on cards, would the youth of either sex be losers by it? I think not. It seems to me there can be no impropriety in it, any more than in modulating the voice into the most agreeable tones in singing, to which none, I think, will object. What is dancing, in the most rigid sense, but the harmony of motion rendered more palpable? Awkwardness, rusticity, ungraceful gestures, can never surely be meritorious"—*Fordyce's Sermons to Young Persons*.

From the preceding part it will appear that ballets are in some degree subject to the rules of poetical composition, though they differ

from the regular drama by not requiring the three unities of time, place, and action. The ballet, therefore, may be termed the brother of the drama, unrestrained by those stricter regulations which only serve to cramp the imagination and confine genius. M. Noverre considers tragedy as the subject most suitable for the art of dancing, since it abounds in those noble incidents and situations which produce the best stage effects. Besides, the passions are more forcibly expressed in great characters, the imitation is of course less difficult, and the action in the pantomime more significant, natural, and intelligible. The business of a skilful master (he observes) is to foresee, as it were at one glance, the general effect that may result from the whole; and to forget for a while the principal characters of the drama. If his entire attention should be taken up with the parts of the first dancers of both sexes, the action is suspended, the scenes are slow in their progress, and the whole performance must fall short of its desired effect. Every thing that may thus tend to weaken the ballet ought to be carefully avoided, and only that number of actors should be introduced which is requisite for the proper execution of the performance, the whole of which must have its beginning, its middle, and its end, or in other words, exposition, plot, and *denouement*.

In fine, a ballet-pantomime should be dramatic in all its parts; and the figure dancers who succeed to the principal performers ought to continue the scene, not by a number of symmetrical figures and studied steps, but by that kind of animated expression which keeps up the attention of the spectators to the main subject for which the preceding actors have prepared them. Yet, either through ignorance, or in consequence of a vitiated habit, there are but few well-supported ballets. Dance is introduced for the mere purpose of dancing; the end is supposed to be answered by the mechanical motion of the feet, or by high jumping; and inactive performers are introduced, who mix with and jostle each other, presenting a confused heap of pictures, sketched without taste, awkwardly grouped, and totally devoid of that harmony and expression, the offspring of the soul, which can alone embellish art by giving it life.

In considering the knowledge necessary for attaining perfection in this art, M. Noverre observes, "that mythology, ancient poetry, and chronology, should form the primary studies of a ballet-master, who ought also to possess a genius for poetry and painting, since the art borrows all its charms from a perfect imitation of nature. A slight knowledge of geometry also cannot but prove highly advantageous, as it will help the master to introduce his figures in due proportion, to calculate exactly, and to execute with precision. By means of that unerring guide he will retrench every superfluous accessory, and thus enliven the performance. Taste will introduce elegance, genius create variety, and judgment direct the whole.

"Ballets are often founded on preternatural subjects; several of these, particularly such as are taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, will require the assistance of machinery, to secure the success of which the ballet-master should himself be an expert mechanist. None are to

be found out of the capital but journeymen and scene-shifters, whose capacity scarcely extends beyond the first rudiments of carpentry. A ballet-master will often find himself greatly embarrassed, if, from his ignorance of the mechanical arts, he cannot convey his ideas with propriety, by constructing small models, which are better understood by the generality of workmen than the clearest verbal explanation.

"The theatres of Paris and London are the best supplied with these resources. The English are very ingenious, their stage machinery is more simplified than the French, and of course produces a quicker effect. Among them all works of this kind are most exquisitely finished, the neatness, care, and exactitude, which are remarkable throughout every part, greatly contributing to the precision of the whole. Those *chef-d'œuvres* of mechanism particularly display themselves in their pantomimes, which, however, are low and trivial, devoid of taste and interest, and built upon the meanest incident. This kind of entertainment, which is got up at a prodigious expense, is only calculated for the vulgar, and would never succeed on the French theatre, where no other pleasantries are permitted but such as is compatible with decency and morality, and is recommended by its delicacy and its wit.

"A knowledge of anatomy will serve to render more clear and intelligible the precepts which the ballet-master has to lay down for his pupils. It will enable him to distinguish between the natural and the habitual defects in their conformation, which so often impede the progress of young beginners. Drawing is so useful in the composition of ballets, that the master cannot dispense with that accomplishment: it will contribute to the beauty of the forms, will give to the figures an air of novelty and elegance, will animate the groups, and show the attitudes in a just precision. That he must be a proficient in music it is not necessary to repeat. Unless he is endued with that sensibility of organ, which is more commonly the gift of nature than the result of art, study, or application, he will not enter into the spirit or character of his airs, nor be able to regulate the motions of his dancers with that delicate accordance which is absolutely indispensable. If this knowledge is combined with taste, he will either set the music himself, or at least furnish the composer with the principal outlines to characterise the action of the dancer. Music well composed should paint and speak; and the dance set to those sounds will be, as it were, the echo to repeat the words. If, on the contrary, it be mute, if it speak not to the ear of the dancer, then all sentiment and expression are banished from the performance.

"To insist that the ballet-master should be a proficient in all these studies would be requiring too much. All that can be deemed strictly requisite is a slight tincture of those sciences which by their connexion with his art may contribute to its perfection; for there can be no doubt that the ballet-master will ennoble his composition with the most fire, spirit, liveliness, and interest, who possesses the greatest share of genius and imagination, and whose knowledge is the most various and extensive."

The architect who, in enumerating the requisites for his profes-

sion, began by saying that a builder ought to be a good lawyer, in order that he might be sure of the validity of his title to the ground, before he erected his house, had but a narrow estimate of his art in comparison with M. Noverre, who seems to have imagined that no man could deserve the name of a ballet-master, unless he were a species of admirable Crichton. When we refer to his public triumphant coronation on the stage, we can scarcely wonder that he should from a lofty, not to say an overweening estimate of the importance of that pursuit, his success in which had procured him a higher popularity, and more flattering honours, than the phlegmatic English are in the habit of bestowing upon their most distinguished poets, heroes, and statesmen. Pre-eminence in dancing, and in the composition of ballets, is willingly conceded to the French by all the world; and M. Noverre was perhaps excusably jealous of the national honour, as well as naturally influenced by personal vanity, when he exalted, somewhat extravagantly it must be confessed, the profession of which he was so distinguished and unrivalled an ornament.

Others, however, have maintained, not less strenuously than himself, the capability of dancing not only to express all the human passions, but to characterise the movements of allegorical and supernatural personifications. A French author tells us, with a solemnity becoming the subject, that the *pas*, called the *gargouillade*, is devoted to the *entrée* of winds, demons, and elementary spirits! It is formed by wheeling on either side a half-pirouette, on both feet. One leg then rising, makes almost simultaneously a turn outward, the other inward; the dancer lights on the same leg with which he commenced, and forms the other half-pirouette with the one that remains in the air. This step, being composed of two turns, is seldom equally well performed on both sides. The celebrated Dupré at Paris, used to dance the *gargouillade* excellently among the demons, but he gave it less elevation than is practised at present.

It was performed in the most exquisite manner by Madame Lionnois, who, in the character of *Hatred*, figured with Monsieur Dupré's *Despair*, in the fourth act of *Zoroaster*. She is the first female dancer who has accomplished this difficult and hazardous step, which is considered so peculiarly and admirably calculated to inspire terror on the entrance of spirits.

Another ingenious Frenchman, in his enthusiasm for the national art, goes so far as to assert, that it is a mere prejudice to suppose there is any thing ridiculous in expressing fear, anger, sorrow, and indeed all the passions, and even the agonies of death, by singing and dancing, which he maintains to be the most natural and forcible modes of representing all the violent feelings. "Let," says he, "a company of Italian singers be cast away on a desolate island, and let them people it themselves with a new race of beings, who should never hear any other language, nor see any other gestures than those in use at the opera; you would soon perceive what an improvement they would exhibit in education and behaviour; you would find that those brought up under such advantages would look down with the same contempt

upon the best-bred youths of the present system, as these do on our country clod-hoppers; and that their ears and eyes, formed upon such models, and accustomed to so much harmony and grace, would be immediately shocked by the dissonance of our tones of speech, and the awkwardness of all our steps and actions."

That other dancing-masters, besides M. Noverre, have a lofty sense of their own high profession, and of the respect and reverence with which they should be consequently treated, will be seen by the following extract from a work entitled, "*Chorography, or the Art of Dance-writing*"—Remark as to the Lesson:—

"It is the duty of the scholar to go to meet the master when he arrives, and to receive him with the utmost politeness: in doing this he must observe to make two bows—one very profound, the other not quite so low:—he will then cause him to be shown into the room, and offer him a *fauteuil* or a chair:—as soon as he is seated, the young lady or gentleman, whichever the scholar may happen to be, will present him both hands, place himself in the first position, and make four more reverences, the first very profound, the second less so, and the same of the other two; with the knees well divided, and the heels firm to the ground.

"After this salutation, the young lady or gentleman, whichever it may happen to be, will march forward and backward—to the right—to the left—sideways, or any way the master may direct."

"The lesson finished, the scholar will reconduct the master to the door of the apartment, and then make him two more bows, one very low, the second less so, and will thank him in the politest manner for the kind attention he has bestowed, and the trouble he has so obligingly taken, &c. &c."

Would not any one imagine that these kit-carriers, these heroes of the heel, these tyrants of the toe, whom

The captain salutes with a *congé* profound,

While her ladyship curtsies half way to the ground,

were generous enough to bestow their lessons at their intrinsic value—that is to say, gratuitously? Not they! Provided they are foreigners or have a French termination to their name, they may safely demand a more exorbitant price than would be paid for lessons in the most important studies from the first philosopher of the age; and English parents will cheerfully lavish upon these brainless caperers of the Continent, what they would grudge to a college professor of their own nation. Strange that we should witness M. Gardel's ballet of the *Dansomanie*, and not perceive that the "capering Monsieur from active France," is turning us into ridicule, and laughing at us to our face, for suffering him and others of his countrymen to pick our pockets. The satyrs, we know, were dancers, whence M. Gardel, perhaps, inferred that dancers might write satires, even upon their patrons and supporters.

M. Noverre, from whom we have so largely quoted, is perpetually calling upon artists, masters, and pupils, to imitate nature, and yet, in

the following passage, he seems to admit that the art he is celebrating owes its chief excellence to an unnatural distortion.—“ To perfection in dancing nothing is more necessary than the outward turn of the thigh ; yet nothing is more natural to mankind than the contrary position ; it is born with us. It will be superfluous, in establishing this truth, to cite for example the Asiatics, the Africans, or any people who dance or rather leap and move without art or principle. If we attend only to children, or the rustic inhabitants of the villages, we shall see that they all turn their feet inwardly. The other position is purely invention ; and the proof of its being only the result of tuition and pains, is, that a painter would transgress as much against nature as the rules of his art, were he to place the feet of his portrait in the situation of a dancer's. It is plain then that to dance elegantly, walk gracefully, or address ourselves with ease and manliness, we must absolutely reverse the nature of things ; and force our limbs, by artificial applications, equally tedious and painful, to assume a very different situation from what they originally received. Such a change, however necessary in this art, can only be accomplished by laying its foundation in the earliest stages of infancy, when every bone and muscle are in a state of pliability, and capable of receiving any direction which we choose to give them.”

“ Music and dancing,” continues the eloquent ballet-master, “ are kindred arts ; the tender and harmonious accents of the one excite and produce the agreeable and expressive motions of the other, and their union entertains the eye and ear with animated pictures of sentiments ; these two senses again convey to the heart the interesting images which affect them ; while the heart in its turn communicates them to the mental faculty ; thus the pleasure resulting from the harmony and intelligence of these two arts enchants the spectator, and fills him with the most seducing pleasures of voluptuousness.”

After this grandiloquent peroration, we must dismiss M. Noverre, respectfully tendering to his memory those four profound reverences which, we are taught, should be the invariable homage offered to so august a personage as a dancing-master !

Other teachers of this art having observed that music was capable of being pursued and conveyed by written characters, imagined by analogy that the like advantage might be extended to the composition of dances. Upon this plan they attempted what is called *chorography*, an art which they suppose to have been utterly unknown to the ancients, or not transmitted to us from them. The track or figure of a dance may indeed be determined by diagrams and engraved lines, but these will necessarily appear so perplexing, so intricate, so difficult, if not impossible, to seize in their various relations, that they will only disgust and discourage, instead of conveying any satisfactory or retainable instruction.

We have spoken of the restoration of dancing as a polite art at the revival of literature ; but however rude and uncultivated might be its nature, and however little it may seem to be adapted to the genius of our countrymen, it seems never to have been out of favour and

fashion in England. In the middle ages it was reckoned among the genteel accomplishments necessary to be acquired by both sexes; and in the romances of those times the character of a hero was incomplete, unless he danced excellently. This recreation was constantly put in practice among the nobility upon days of festivity, and was countenanced by the example of the court. After the coronation dinner of Richard II., the king, the prelates, the nobles, the knights, and the rest of the company danced in Westminster Hall to the music of the minstrels. Sir John Hawkins mentions a dance called pavon, from pavo—a peacock, which might have been proper for such an occasion. "It is," says he, "a grave and majestic movement; the method of dancing it anciently was by gentlemen dressed in caps and swords, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by the peers in their mantles, and by the ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in dancing resembled that of a peacock." Several of our monarchs are praised for their skill in dancing, and none of them more than Henry VIII., who was peculiarly partial to this fashionable exercise. In his time, and in that of his daughter Elizabeth, the English in general are said to have been good dancers; and this commendation is not denied to them even by foreign writers. Polydore Virgil praises the English for their skill in dancing; and Hentzner offers a similar testimony to our salutory skill.

In their attachment to this recreation the common people imitated the superiors; and it appears that neither the grave doctor nor the reverend priest could deny themselves the gratification of now and then "spotting a toe." For this imputation, as some may perchance deem it, we have the authority of the *Ship of Fools*, as paraphrased by Barclay:

The priestes and clerkes to dance have no shame,
The freer or monke, in his frocke and cowle,
Must dancee; and the doctor lepeeth to play the foole.

Stow laments the abolition of the holiday evening dance which he remembered to have seen in his youth, and considered it as not only innocent in itself, but as a preventive to worse deeds, which he feared would follow the suppression.

In Shakspeare's *Henry V.*, the Duke of Bourbon, alluding to the military inferiority of his countrymen, exclaims:

Our madams mock at us;
They bid us to the English dancing schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos,
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Whence we not only gather that the French were then, as now, the principal teachers of this art in our schools, but we learn the name of two of the most fashionable dances of the time. The lavolta, says Mr Douce, is of Italian origin, as its name implies. The man turns the woman round several times, and then assists her in making a high

spring or cabriole. This dance passed from Italy into Provence and the rest of France, and thence into England. M. Bodin, an advocate in the parliament of Paris, and a very savage and credulous writer on demonology, has gravely ascribed its importation into France to the power of witches. It seems to have borne some resemblance to the modern waltz, at least in its effects, if we may judge from the observations of Arbeau, a French writer, who, after giving directions for conducting this dance as decorously as possible, adds, "Ce fait, vous ferez par ensemble les tours de la volte, comme c'y dessus a esté dit : et après avoir tournoyé par tant de cadances qu'il vous plaira, restituerez la demoiselle en sa place, ou elle sentira, (quelque bonne contenance qu'elle fasse) son cerveau est branlé, plein de vertigues et tournoyements de teste, et vous n'en aurez peult estre pas moins. Je vous laisse à considerer si c'est chose bien seante à une jeune fille, et si en cette volte l'honneur et la santé y sont pas hasardez et interessez."

During the civil wars, and under the sway of the gloomy Puritans, dancing, like other sports and pastimes, suffered a temporary eclipse only to revive with greater splendour at the Restoration. From the time of the merry monarch, to our own days, this recreation has never for a moment been out of favour and fashion, though it has frequently varied in its modes. Beau Nash, who was for so many years master of the ceremonies at Bath, may be considered the founder of modern ball-room dancing, which has been divested of much of its formality, and improved in various other respects, since the time of that singular person. Let it not be understood, however, that we include among the improvements the discontinuance of the graceful minuet, derived to us, perhaps from the stately pavon of former times.

The French country dances, or *contre-danses* (from the parties being placed opposite to each other), since called quadrilles, from their having four sides, which approximate nearly to the cotillon, were first introduced to France about the middle of Louis XV.'s reign. Previously to this period, the dances most in vogue were la perigourdine, la matelotte, la pavane, les forlaues, minnets, &c. Quadrilles, when first introduced, were danced by four persons only; four more were soon added, and thus the complete square was formed, but the figures varied materially from those of the present period. The gentlemen advanced with the opposite ladies, menaced each other with the four fingers, and retired clapping their hands three times; they then turned hands of four, turned their own partners; and *grand rond* of all concluded the figure. From this period the art of dancing may be said to have degenerated, rather than advanced, until the time of the French Revolution, when the splendid apartments of the Hotel de Richelieu were opened as dancing-rooms for the accommodation of the higher classes. A band of twenty-four eminent musicians was found, tunes were composed in different keys, with full orchestral accompaniments, a new æra commenced in dancing, the old figures were abolished, and stage steps were adopted. Minnets and forlaues were still continued, but M. Vestris displaced the latter by the gavotte, which

was first danced at a fete, given by a lady of celebrity, at the Hotel de Valentinois, Rue St. Lazar, on the 16th of August, 1797, upon which occasion M. Hullin introduced an entirely new set of figures of his own composition. These elicited general approbation, they were danced at all parties, and still retain their pre-eminence. The names of pantalon, l'été, la poule, la Trenis, &c., which were given to the tunes, have been applied to the figures. The figure of la Trenis was introduced by desire of M. Trenis, it being part of a gavotte danced in the favourite ballet of Nina.

Practised by Jupiter himself, the saltipotent monarch of Olympus forming a distinguishing attribute of Apollo, the orcheistes, or dancer *par excellence*, as Pindar calls him, and deemed a divine art by the ancient sages and philosophers, dancing, even in the degenerate days of the moderns, has been held in a becoming reverence, and distinguished by many flattering, though perhaps inadequate honours. We have alluded to the public and enthusiastic coronation of M. Noverre, whose head, usurping the guerdon that belonged more especially to his heels, was wreathed with laurel for the composition of a successful ballet; we have seen opera figurantes evince such incontrovertible proofs, in their pirouettes and entrechats of their possessing all the conjugal and domestic virtues, that they have obtained peers for husbands, and have been removed to cut capers for the special delight of the aristocracy, when the most exquisite singers and musicians failed to command silence at the opera; we know that the whole enraptured theatre was hushed in a breathless dumb delight, the moment the younger Vestris commenced a *pas seul*; and now, in order that his posthumous renown may even transcend his living glories, a not unworthy bard, "Thespiadum decus immortale sororum," has embalmed and apotheosized his memory in a mock-heroic poem, which, taking this *dieu de la danse* for its sponsor and inspirer, celebrates his praises with a happy combination of learned research, sparkling wit, and mellifluous poetry.* From this work we shall extract a few passages as a pleasant and appropriate peroration to our chapters upon dancing.† Vestris, summoned into the presence of the Queen of England at Windsor, claims freedom of speech as the peculiar privilege of the land to which he has become a visitor, and then ventures to draw the following unfavourable portrait of the natives:—

See but how *gauche* they enter a saloon,
Almost enough, I vow to make one swoon!
Where'er I meet them at a ball or play,
I'm half disposed to turn another way.—

* See The Vestriad, a poem, by Hans Busk, Esq., author of "The Banquet," "The Dessert," &c. London, 1819.

† Of which the materials have been chiefly compiled from The Vestriad and its notes, Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, Douce's Illustration of Shakspeare, &c.; but more especially from an elaborate article in the Encyclopædia Britannica, founded upon the work of M. Noverre.

You call them statesmen, and you call them true,
 So mighty stately in whate'er they do ;
 Born bankers, coachmen, bruisers, financiers—
 But dance they cannot,—no, not for their ears !
 The plants the Graces set but ill succeed,
 Or on the Thames, the Liffey, or the Tweed :—
 Cross the North Sea,—the German, Swede, and Dane,
 Of clumsy feats ridiculously vain,
 Twirl, as they simper round their Gothic halls,
 Their frowzy Juffrouws in a vulgar waltz ;
 Or trampling loudly with tumultuous heel,
 Shake the rude rafters with the clattering reel.—

But for the French, kind nature from their birth
 Elastic *soles* prepares that spurn the earth ;
 With prodigality of hand has given
 Heads that aspire beyond the clouds of heaven ;
 Has given an air, &c.

Canto ii. p. 75.

Vestris challenges his rival, Duport, to a public trial of skill on the boards of the Parisian opera, which is thus described :—

- Hark ! hark ! what prodigy their transports hushes
 Ajax again across the welkin rushes,
 So fluent spins, so voluble he wheels,
 Th' unconscious floor his touch no longer feels,
 With nice precision and with just command,
 Through air he steers, and scarcely deigns to land ;—
 Terpsichore exults, nay, all the nine
 Lean from their boxes, and exclaim “ divine !”
 Apollo, bending from the lofty dome,
 Prepares to snatch him to the heavenly home,
 With silver fingers sweeps the golden lyre,
 And breathes o'er all his frame ethereal fire.—
 Now both the heroes, with extended toe,
 On the loose air their weight corporeal throw,
 Together wind the whirling pirouette,
 Like tiptoe Mercurics on an old gazette,
 Full three times ten revolving on one knee, •
 Then on the other axis ten times three, •
 With simultaneous heat and concrete graces, •
 Their backs alternately eclipse their faces.—
 Ajax at length his cyclick labour ends,
 And his firm person one one leg extends.—
 His rival, to secure his tottering frame,
 Leans for support towards the Paphian dame,
 But from distraction, or some secret cause,
 Her proffer'd aid she fatally withdraws.

Still with one *entrechat* he tempts his fate,
 But the last struggle comes, alas ! too late.
 No more his *sole* aspires the sky to reach,
 His treacherous heels his failing skill impeach,
 By one false movement all his strength betray'd,
 He and his towering hopes are prostrate laid.

Here ends the dancer, demigod, and sage,
 Europe's delight—the wonder of the age !
 On the cold ground his beauteous figures lies,
 No more to rise and dance before our eyes :
 He whose proud boast enlarged the bounds of art,
 And taught the feet to climb above the heart,
 Whose radiant track with emanations bright,
 Mark'd a new era in the age of light.

Canto v. p. 215-221.

Smith's Festivals, Games, &c., Ancient and Modern.

A LAY OF DONCASTER MOOR.

" *Nec fortuitum spernere cespitem—leges sinebant.*"

HORACE.

The bells of ancient Mary-le-bone
 Within their tower swing ;
 But 'tis not to hail a victory,
 Or greet an infant king ;
 They usher in no festival,
 They honour not a bride ;
 But deep death-notes, from their
 iron throats,
 Along the breezes ride.

Within yon ducal portals, (1)
 So shadowy and grim,
 A gallant heart lies pulseless,
 A gallant eye is dim :
 Lo ! through those portals issuing,
 In inky-black array,
 Bearing its shrouded passenger,
 A hearse moves forth to-day.

E'en hard men's eyes were glis-
 tening,
 As the vault that coffin hid,
 And the dark earth rattled dis-
 mally
 On its gilded velvet lid :
 Methinks the world's cold sophistry
 Some hearts not wholly scars,
 As I viewed the bitter D'Israeli,
 In an agony of tears.

Those tears are worthy of thee ;
 Thou wert with him in the
 van,
 As his cause became more hope-
 less
 And his check became more
 wan ;

(1) Harcourt House.

When Cobden overcame him,
 "No truce!" was still his call,
 But he, like another Pericles,
 Denied he'd had a fall.

Throw wide his chamber window,
 Let the noontide light rush in;
 'Twill wake not one who erst has
 slept

His wakeful sleep within:
 That chair and desk will recognise
 Their careworn lord no more,
 As in winter night, or in grey
 twilight,
 He worked till the clock told
 "Four."

Stern in the path of duty,
 In his heyday of renown,
 'Mid all his proud imaginings,
 The Loyal George goes down:
 As England's tars with Kempen-
 felt,
 Died 'neath their native *surf*;
 So the death-sweat gathered o'er
 him,
 As he trod the springy *turf*.

Welbeck's fair park is desolate,
 And the rippling waters moan;
 For the grave's dark mystery has
 claimed
 Their seion for its own:
 No more within St. Stephen's
 Shall he ground his flag on
 truth;
 No jovial sounds of horn and
 hounds,
 Shall conjure up his youth.

No more shall he at Doncaster
 Each foal and yearling pat;
 Nor ride up Goodwood's leafy
 slopes,
 To the trial ground, with Nat;

No more with Kent and Marson
 Shall he scan each pet "in form;"
 Nor view their place, as in the race
 They sweep past like the storm.

E'en thus did ancient memory,
 Upon its arrowy track,
 With all its dreams and fancies,
 Come flashing sadly back:
 Then I left the great metropolis,
 All troubled life and motion,
 And sought the land where Ouse's
 stream.
 Seeks outlet in the ocean.

I lingered on "The Heath" at
 morn—
 Saw Surplice in his stride;
 And many a sheeted two-year-old,
 With "jockeys up," beside:
 'Tis thus, thought I, right care-
 lessly,
 The heartless world glides on;
 For scarce I heard a single word,
 Of their Master Spirit gone.

I sought the mound where Pavis (1)
 In silence sleeps below;
 And the stone which told, that
 the hands are cold,
 Which handled Plenipo:
 Then I halted at Long Orton, (2)
 Where Strathavon's elms wave,
 In amorous dalliance with the oak,
 O'er old Frank Buckle's grave.

It seemed that last September
 Was right redolent of death;
 That the wind which whispered
 through the boughs,
 Bore some dread fiend on its
 breath:

(1) Conolly and Pavis are both buried at Newmarket.

(2) Frank Buckle is buried in the beautiful churchyard of Long Orton, near Peterborough, where he resided till his death, in February, 1832. Lord Strathavon's ground are hard by his last resting-place.

Fresh turf sods, near Meaux Abbey,
 Their awful lesson read—
 Where the steersman of Sir Tatton
 Sleep in his narrow bed.

Light lie thy earth upon thee !
 Now thy pilgrimage is o'er ;
 Forgotten be thy failings,
 Since thy heart was sound in
 core ;
 Still may " Brother John," from
 Malton,
 To the post his winners bring ;
 As when in Mundig's days ye were
 Twin terrors to the Ring.

I sped my way towards Ebor,
 And viewed, before nightfall,
 The skeleton of Blacklock,
 At Bishop Burton Hall ; (1)
 That symmetry and slashing size,
 That large coarse head, I ween,
 Have found their best reflection
 In that Leger *trump*, The
 Queen.

To Walmgate Bar I hastened,
 Slave to my wayward will,
 And beheld the York turf Nestor,
 Quite hale and hearty still ;
 Though well nigh ninety summers,
 He can reckon 'mong the past,
 God grant his health and happiness,
 Through many more may last.

To talk with him of other days
 Seemed converse with " Old
 Time ;"
 He remembered 'feats of Bunbury
 And Mellish in their prime :
 " *Hambletonian*" and " *Diamond*"
 Seemed but yestre'en ; from his
 lips,
 Fell tales of Young Bay Malton—
 Of the colts got by Eclipse.

Game Lanercost was in his box,
 His foals hard by at romps ;
 And I pictured for them victories,
 Like War Eagle's and Van
 Tromp's :

I remembered how their sire's
 sides,
 And Newcastle pockets bled,
 When he challenged Beeswing for
 the Cup,
 And beat her by a head.

I wandered over Knavesmire,
 And thought, with many a
 chuckle,
 How the *pseudo* Mrs Thornton
 Here defeated Francis Buckle ;
 How " the Prince," some sixty
 years ago,
 When the turf was all his rage,
 Saw Chifney, senior, on his steeds
 And Miss Farren on the stage.

I thought o'er Stubbs's glories,
 That crack veteran of the brush,
 How he scanned the seat of Jack-
 son,
 And caught old Pierse's rush ;
 How he sketched the form of
 Queensberry
 Who, in contests short and quick,
 Snapped his matches at Newmar-
 ket,
 With his jockey, " *Hell-fire*
Dick."

The veteran's dead ; but Herring
 Still to canvass charms imparts,
 When he sketches down a contest,
 To warm up sound racing
 hearts ;
 Kelburne invoked his pencil,
 When at Ebor " one-eyed
 Harry,"
 Sam Chifney's rush, on Memnon,
 With Acton dared to parry.

(1) Blacklock was dug up some years after his death, and his skeleton is pre-
 served to this day, at the hall here alluded to, near Beverley.

Then I hied away to Doncaster,
I wandered o'er the course,
And images of olden time
Rose in my mind perforce;
A mist curled o'er the heather
The Moor was still as death,
From Rose Hill to Carr-Potterie,
Where the Childers drew his
breath.

I seemed to view, like Britomart,
In Merlin's magic glass,
Spectres of mounted racers,
On wings of wind fly past;
O'er "four miles," in the Low
Pasture,
I heard the galloways blow, (1)
As in days of the Pretender,
A century ago.

Then came the first St. Leger—
A race of five—'tis done;
And the shout arose that Singleton,
For Lord Rockingham had
won: (2)
As I looked for 1800, (3)
Betting spectres turned more
pale,
As Buckle, upon Champion,
Rode calmly back to scale.

Next, Singleton, on Orville, (4)
Came past the chair alone;
Then the D'Orsay, Colonel Mel-
lish (5)
Made the pallid fieldsmen
groan:
Near him, 'mid seedy touters,
Drawling out their lying tales,
Unmindful of the *growing hemp*,
Dan Dawson "hugged the
rails." (6)

Soothsayer and Octavian (7)
Were A.1. in their turn;
Then I heard a loud hoof clatter-
ing,
That made my old blood burn;
Now Goodisson! now Johnson!
Be dire—do your worst!
Lord Strathmore's beat, and Ot-
trington, (8)
By half a head, is first.

They're here again! John Jack-
son
Try with knee and hand to
lift!
Hurrah! Altisidora
Has balled William Clift; (9)

(1) In the year 1746, and for many years both previous and subsequent to it, "*A Purse for Galloways, 9st. each, give and take; four mile heats,*" formed a leading feature of the "true and correct list" of the day. The Doncaster races were then run on the Low Pasture, a large field on the opposite side of the Great North Road to the present race-course, and sometimes (*vide cards*) "before dinner."

(2) In 1776, "Lord Rockingham's br f. Albacwlia, by Sampson; John Singleton," won the stakes which, in 1778, first received the name of the St. Leger Stakes.

(3) Champion won the Derby and Leger, in 1800.

(4) 1802—Orville won in a canter.

(5) 1804—Colonel Mellish won with Sancho, the first favourite.

(6) Dan Dawson was *hung* at Cambridge, August 8th, 1812. He was one of the most illiterate of the touting fraternity; and amongst many others, destroyed two blood mares, at Doncaster, by mixing solutions of arsenic with their water.

(7) Octavian won the Leger in 1810; Soothsayer the following year.

(8) Ottrington won in 1812; Lord Strathmore's Benedict 2nd; 22 others started.

(9) Altisidora, ridden by Jackson, won in 1813 by half a head; W. Clift, on Camel Leopard, running second.

There Filho sails victorious; (1)
 Blacklock's heat, though well
 in front; (2)
 Now Sammy King and Catton (3)
 In Cup battles bear the brunt.

R. Johnson, upon Reveller, (4)
 Takes the lead from full score;
 And the "big coach horse," Antonio, (5)

Rolls lumbering to the fore:
 There cheers for bold St. Patrick! (6)

Three cheers for young Bill Scott!

As mounted on Jack Spigot, (7)
 He first draws the winning lot.

"Two hundred pounds to one
 I'll lay it;"

See! listening Jackson mourns; (8)
 Lame Theodore has felt the spurs,
 And quite forgot his corns;
 Now, Jackson, keep him going,
 He's in front at the hill top—
 By Jove! he's half a length to
 spare:

Well, Powlett, won't you swap?

"All Harlequin," on Barefoot, (9)

Makes Watt's heart right merry;

Brave Brutandorf has owned the stride

Of Smolensko's best son, Jerry; (10)

'Mongst twenty-nine competitors,

Young Memmon leads the van;

While his jockey's face of triumph
 Seems to breathe a "Catch who can." (11)

George Nelson, on Tarrare, (12)
 Beats Mulatto through the mud;

The "weather clerk" laid fearful odds,

And his hopes crushed in the bud:

False starts will floor bold Mameluke, (13)

Spite of all that Sam can do;
 Who'd mind his temper going,
 If his legs would but go too?

(1) Filho da Puta won in 1815.

(2) Ebor came up wide of his horses, and snapped the race, in 1817, much to the chagrin of Blacklock's jockey, who, not seeing him, was actually pulling back to his horses.

(3) "King and Catton" is still a toast at Sandbeek.

(4) 1818 was Reveller's year.

(5) 1819.

(6) 1820.

(7) 1821.

(8) 1822—In this year, Jackson considered Theodore so bad that he actually cried when he received orders to mount him. £1000 to £5 were the current odds against him at starting. Mr Powlett's grey colt, 'Swap, the leading favourite, was disgracefully beaten.

(9) 1823.

(10) 1824—Jerry beat Brutandorf in the Leger of this year.

(11) 1825.

(12) 1825—The mud caused by heavy rain, just before starting, entirely destroyed Mulatto's chance.

(13) 1827—Mameluke's fretfulness, which the other jockeys took care to aggravate caused seven false starts.

<p>Thunder, and rain, and lightning, (1) May well sound an alarm; Great Priam's beat by Birmingham, At the road near Intack Farm; There Chorister and Saddler (2) Struggle head and head along, And the winning Duke may thank his stars Day senior "came it strong." James Robinson, on Margrave, (3) Taps casks of Acworth ale; Physician can't dose Gully, Nor Birdcatcher salt his tail: Sam Darling lets out Rocking- ham: (4) At the corner of the Stand, Touchstone has headed Chassè, (5) With a gallant race in hand.</p> <p>With her Oaken crown upon her, The white-faced Queen flies in: (6) Next, the chesnut caravanner (7) Dares the northern mare to win: (8) There's Bill Scott rolling in the ditch, (9) Shoulder-broken in the crush; "Twixt The Banker and The Doctor, Sam Day effects his rush.</p> <p>Scott makes the pace terrific: (10) Five lengths ahead he's gone,</p>	<p>Like a greased flash of lightning, On Lord Chesterfield's Don John: See, locked in mortal combat, Euclid and Charles abreast; They may shout "Dead heat!" but of it The Chesnut had the best.</p> <p>Go it, you cripple, Launceclot! Your leg will give way soon: No! Holmes is true to orders, And pulls double on Maroon: Coronation, stretch your muscles; Sure some "Cockney butler" trained thee! Hadst thou been ten days at Pig- burn, No Satirist could have pained thee.</p> <p>Hark! "Attila is beaten;" And in front I can descry The tatan vest and yellow cap Of Mr Thomas Lye: Hurrah! for young Job Mason, Thou hast given Scott's a sweater; In the days of "genius genuine," Old Clifney rode not better.</p> <p>Old Forth's white hat is flung aloft, Faugh-a-Ballagh heads the Curé; Irish Baron gets a verdict, With Clark for judge and jury.</p>
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(1) 1830—All these elements were raging just before Priam's defeat.

(2) 1831—John Day senior's riding was splendid. Birdcatcher was second, and Physician fourth.

(3) 1832.

(4) 1833.

(5) 1834.

(6) 1835.

(7) 1836.

(8) Beeswing.

(9) 1837—Scott this year got his collar bone broken, by a kick from the Prime Warden, after Epirus fell.

(10) 1838—From this point the years are alluded to in succession.

Scott spurns the proffered glasses,
With something more than rum
in;

"'Tis none of the Pigburn fu-
mily,

But Sir Tatton's that's a com-
ing!"

Struggle along, game Cossack!

Van's no tortoise, though he's
Dutch;

For Platoff pipes, the Leger
course

Is half a mile too much.

* * * * *

All the groups but one have flit-
ted;

See one, shortly doomed to die,
'Mongst the stewards, to his teles-
cope,

Applies his anxious eye.

They're off—Assault is in the
front;

Alas! his day is o'er;

"Out Jim" in Grafton scarlet,

Leads them up the hill at score;

Justice to Ireland is coming—

'Tis a mere flash in the pan;

No triple wreath this year shall
bind

The brow of Templeman.

Sponge can't retain his running;

With Escape 'tis all U-P;

And thundering to the distance,

Rush on the dauntless three;

Nat holds his horse together,

Flatcatcher dies away;

Frank Butler comes with Canc-
zou,

And boldly shows the way.

Now Pigburn! now Newmarket!

Lord Stanley's mare prevails:

No! Surplice runs, with lurching
strides,

Betwixt her and the rails;

They're head and head, they're
stroke for stroke,

Nat's whalebone's in the air—

Surplice is past the Judge's box,
With half a neck to spare.

Through the mist each form has
faded,

Loud whistles the keen blast,
O'er the murky moor just peopled

With the spirits of the past;

And I felt a chequered feeling

Of solemn joy and pain;

For in one short hour I had lived

My boyhood o'er again.

The night dews kept descending;
Towards the town, in anxious
haste,

I walked the North-road avenue,
Like Holmes when "out to
waste:" (1)

And these were my reflections,

When I took my tea and sta-
tion,

In a comfortable parlour,

Within the Salutation.

Once more for thee, fair Doncas-
ter!

May sporting men combine,

And cause a glorious era

To commence in Forty Nine:

"Twixt Newmarket nags and
northern,

Here may contests oft wax hot;

But may thy race-course ever
prove

The vantage ground of Scott.

COLONEL CHASSE.

London, 21st Jan., 1849.

Sporting Magazine, for Feb.

(1) Holmes is, in our ideas, the *most* rigorous waster of the day.

KNAPSACK WANDERINGS.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

April 18th, '38, quitted my lodgings, in Maddox-street, about 7 A. M.; walked to London-bridge, and got on board a fine steamer for Hull; and in less than half an hour we were fairly under weigh, threading the river amongst the numerous vessels, which, for the first half hour, obliged us to go only at half speed; but, on clearing the maze of shipping, the word was passed to the engine room, and we steamed down the river at a rapid pace. The morning was fine, with a light air from the westward. As the day advanced, the wind freshened, and before night it blew hard, and eventually increased to a sharp gale, with heavy squalls and a nasty sea; so that, at times (to use a sailor's phrase), it was as much as we could do "to hold our own;" at least, such was the steward's report, on coming below to the assistance of some of my *compagnons du voyage*, who were as sick as landmen generally are in a gale of wind.

About six o'clock the following afternoon we had the satisfaction of landing at Hull, and, as a matter of course, some half dozen hours later than the usual time of the vessel's arrival. After securing my bed and taking a short stroll about the old town of Hull, which was the first to close its gates against the unhappy Charles, I returned to a tea-dinner; and as may be supposed, after knocking about in a gale of wind the previous night, I did not linger very long over the blazing fire, in my snug little sitting-room, but soon betook myself to bed.

The next morning, at 9 o'clock, I went on board a small steamer about to start for Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire. I had scarcely set my foot on the deck before I observed some slight bustle, and presently found there was something going wrong below in the engine-room—a quantity of steam and smoke escaping up the hatchway. In a few minutes it was ascertained that the boiler had burst, which caused rather a commotion amongst the passengers; however, by that time it was too late to be frightened, as the danger was passed. Providentially, no one was injured; but, only a short time previous, a most frightful accident, attended with the loss of several lives, happened at Hull, from the blowing up of a steam-boat, which melancholy event will doubtless be fresh in the memory of some of my readers. But to continue my story: we were informed that another steamer would be got ready with the "utmost dispatch;" and after waiting about on the quay for *three or four hours*, on a cold, rainy, snowy morning (for, although late in April, the weather was cold and bleak in the extreme), I transferred myself and knapsack to the new boat; and presently we were steaming up the Humber, and in the afternoon entered the river Trent, and about 6-30 P. M. reached Gainsborough, where I halted for the night, and supped (I believe) with a tailor, who expressed many hopes and fears that "he did not intrude" into the little room where

I had taken up my quarters. As my companion appeared to be tolerably well acquainted with the road which I purposed travelling; viz. from Gainsborough to Derby—I soon learnt that it would take me three days to coach a distance of less than seventy miles; and being in no mind for such pastime, I determined, ere supper was over, to start on foot the next morning with my new acquaintance, who I found was going some fifteen or sixteen miles on my road, and thus commence my walk from Gainsborough instead of Derby, as I had at first intended.

The next morning broke fair and bright, and by six o'clock my knapsack was strapped on my shoulders; and, with my rods in one hand (for I carried two, a double and a single-handed fly rod) and my walking stick in the other, I commenced my walk to the far-famed Windermere Water. I found my acquaintance of the previous evening all ready for the start; and the paving stones of the narrow streets through which we passed on quitting the town were made to ring by the brisk tapping of my companion's walking-stick, which (as might be expected) was duly adorned with a brass ferrule. After walking about seven or eight miles, we breakfasted at Retford; and whatever might be the station in society of my *compagnon du voyage*, he was by no means backward in putting down his money to pay for his share of the breakfast and with more apparent honesty than I have seen displayed by gentlemen who would not have used a walking-stick with a ferrule of brass at the end of it. Breakfast over (I am not quite sure that my friend did not take a glass of cold gin-and-water), I borrowed a pair of steelyards of the good-natured-looking landlady (for, mark ye, we had breakfasted in no parlour, but a little room with a sanded floor) and weighed my knapsack, which, for the benefit of those who may chance to want a thing of the kind, was made at Allen's Camp Equipage Manufactory, at No. 18, Strand, and suspended by straps, after the manner of a soldier's knapsack, with breast strap, which is, in my opinion, decidedly superior to any other plan, both as regards strength and comfort to the wearer; though I have seen various methods used for attaching the straps to knapsacks, both in England and abroad: it, together with a large loose Macintosh coat, amounted to twenty-two pounds, which, by the way, I found quite enough before I reached Ambleside; for, unlike the generality of pedestrians, I travelled with no other wardrobe than that contained in my knapsack, knowing full well the trouble and difficulty of sending a carpet-bag across the country, which will, I believe, be found much more plague than profit; as it invariably happens that where the said bag is most needed, there it assuredly is not. And I don't know a greater nuisance, on arriving at a place, expecting to find a relay of baggage than to learn, after running from one end of the town to the other, and back again, enquiring at every inn and waggon-office in the place, that your carpet-bag is not forthcoming; and having written some half-dozen letters in quest of it, and waiting, perchance, for three or four days in the very place whence you particularly wish to depart, you have the satisfaction to hear that the landlord, who had been

instructed to forward it, had either forgotten to do so, or else that it is at some place to which you never thought of going, about fifty miles ahead of you, having been taken on by mistake, the direction card lost, and therefore of necessity "waiting for further orders."

At Worksop I bade adieu to my travelling acquaintance. In the course of the day's walk, I passed Manor House, a seat of the Duke of Norfolk, the road running through his park, and likewise that of the Duke of Portland, of whose courtesy I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. The path took me close to Welbeck Hall, the mansion of his Grace of Portland, in whose fine park stand three noted trees—"The two Porters" and the "Green-dale Oak." The two former are elms of an immense size and of a singular appearance; their top branches being dead, and looking like fantastic horns; but of what gigantic animal it would be difficult to determine. I threw off my pack, and after making a sketch of these remarkable trees, I had the curiosity to measure the circumference of their trunks; one of which was $31\frac{1}{2}$ ft. and the other 25 ft. in girth. The "Green-dale Oak," which stands in another part of the park, and through which a carriage-and-six is said to have been driven, is now fast falling to decay; but in days of yore it must have been a noble tree, as may readily be imagined from the circumstance just mentioned, of a carriage having passed within its enormous trunk. When I visited this famous tree, the only evidence of vegetation observable was a solitary and not very wide-spreading branch, which formed a bushy and picturesque head to this once lore of the forest. The trunk of the tree was supported by several props, or shores; without which precaution, this noble monument of "long years gone by" must have been prostrated by the first high wind. I spent some time in examining the "Green-dale Oak," walking round about and through the immense and arch-like cavity in its trunk, on which I observed traces of the carpenter's axe, as if it had been employed to smooth or enlarge parts of the natural tunnel through the tree. Whether or not the coach and-six stuck fast by the way, and the axe was resorted to, to release it, I cannot pretend to determine; but such was its appearance when I saw it. I likewise sketched this tree, whose aspect is most singular.

The afternoon now began to wear away; so, striking again into the path which I had quitted for the purpose of visiting the old forester just described, I pursued my way to the little village of Norton, six miles distant from the town of Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, where I arrived about 6 P. M., after a walk of three-and-twenty miles. I found comfortable accommodation at the little inn, where I remained until Monday the 23rd, making it an invariable rule to halt upon a Sunday. In the course of conversation with the landlord, I learned, that in my proposed route, I should pass within a short distance of a good trout stream, which runs through property belonging to the Duke of Portland; and as I had undertaken this pedestrian excursion for the sole purpose of fishing, I at once made up my mind to wait on his Grace, at Welbeck Hall, and ask permission to cast my fly on the water in question. Accordingly, on Monday morning, after breakfast

(for which by the way, and all other accommodation, they did not forget to charge at the said little inn at Norton), I walked over to Welbeck Hall, about four miles distant, rang the bell, and asked if his Grace of Portland were at home; upon the servant answering in the affirmative, I enquired if I could see the Duke, and gave him my card, by which he perceived that I was a military man; and with the prompt civility which is characteristic of servants belonging to establishments such as that at Welbeck Hall, he immediately showed me into a room, requesting me to wait while he carried my card to his Grace. During the very few minutes which elapsed before this functionary's return, I began to think I had certainly done rather a cool thing, in calling *sans* introduction (save the passport of my cloth), in a shooting jacket and leather gaiters, on a nobleman, to make the request of being allowed to catch his trout. However, in less time than I have taken to write it, the door opened, and the servant begged me to follow him up stairs. The fine old Duke (who was the personification of an old English gentleman, in his blue coat with yellow buttons, leather breeches, and brown top-boots) received me in his study, and with a degree of courtesy which, under the circumstances, I had hardly a right to expect. After apologizing for my intrusion, I told his Grace that I was walking through the country with the knapsack and fishing-rod, and hearing he had some trout-fishing, near to which I should pass, I hoped he would allow me to try the water. In a manner which evidently showed that he was *not* annoyed by the abruptness of the request, he immediately gave me his permission. My business thus satisfactorily concluded, I was about to withdraw; but the Duke begged I would retain my seat, and after chatting with his Grace for about ten minutes, I took my leave, well pleased at the prospect of sport before me, and much gratified by the very polite manner in which his Grace of Portland had condescended to accede to my request. In my way back to Norton, I saw a great number of pheasants in the grounds about Welbeck Hall, and thought if the trout were only half as plentiful as these elegant and truly beautiful birds, I should be well repaid for my morning's walk. Arrived at my little inn, I packed my knapsack, paid my bill, and started about 2 p.m. for Mansfield, seven miles. The roads were not in good walking order, much rain having fallen during the preceding night. The road from Norton to Mansfield is uninteresting; but a circumstance occurred which rather amused me. Diverging from the high road, for the purpose of reconnoitering the Duke's trout stream, I encountered a countryman; and upon interrogating him respecting the fishing, he cautioned me not to fish there, for, "one of them keepers would pretty soon be after me." I thanked him, but said I was not at all uneasy on that score, and wishing him good day, we parted; but I saw the fellow looking after me, with the end of his nose at an angle of about 45°, and a something in his manner that seemed to say—"Aye, you'll tell a different story presently, when one o' them keeper chaps just catches you." When I saw the stream, I immediately gave up all idea of fishing it; the water was the colour of mud, in consequence of the late rains.

On reaching Mansfield (which place possesses a considerable trade in corn and malt), I ordered my bed, and proceeded to call on a gentleman in the town, who, I understood, had some good pike-fishing in the neighbourhood; not that I am a very great admirer of that kind of sport. Permission to try for a pike was immediately granted me. The next morning was very cold and unfit for fishing; however, I did not like to pass on without trying the pond in question, and having arrived at the water, took off my pack and endeavoured, for the space of an hour (though without success) to catch some bait, being unable to obtain any before quitting Mansfield in the morning; so, feeling rather disgusted with such pastime, I put up my rod, resolving for the future to bid adieu to pond fishing for the rest of the trip, to which resolution I strictly adhered.

From Mansfield I went to Horsley Wood House—fifteen miles—through Pinxton, Langley, Henor, and Smalley. During this day's walk, and whilst lunching at a small public-house, some colliers (for this county abounds with coal pits) came in to drink, and game away their hard-earned wages; and I was not a little amused by one of them, who was anxious to know whether the Macintosh rolled up on the top of my pack, and which had a chequered lining, such as these garments are generally made with, "was not stuff for making shirts." The fellow evidently took me for a dealer in such wares, in which I did not undeceive him, but humoured his fancy.

25th.—From Horsley Wood House to Turnsdlitch, through Kilbourne and Belper—seven miles and a half. In one of the cotton mills at the latter place the machinery is driven by two immense water-wheels, one of them being 40 feet in length and 18 ft. in diameter; the other, 48 ft. long and 12 ft. in diameter. The axles of these ponderous water-wheels (for which purpose no timber of sufficient size could be procured) are constructed in a singular manner, being made of a number of pieces, hollow, and bound together by massive iron hoops: these shafts are severally six and nine feet in diameter. The last two days' walk was through an ugly country, amongst stone walls, coal pits, and roads as black as my hat. Turnsdlitch is a small village, offering but poor accommodation to the traveller; and my only inducement for remaining the night in such poor quarters as the public-house afforded, was a small stream, which I crossed on entering the village. But my sport was not to begin here, the water was too much out for fishing; and the report I heard of the brook, was not such as to sharpen the appetite, even of the keenest disciple of Izaak Walton. However, there *was* a stream, and my time my own. "Throughout the whole of my rambles I did not meet with worse accommodation than at the poor little inn at Turnsdlitch, where I was half frozen (for, although I had a fire, to warm the room was out of the question); and the incessant noise and drinking in the opposite apartment was intolerable. However, I beguiled the evening in the best manner I could with overhauling my fishing tackle and examining my maps, of which I carried one of each county through which I purposed travelling.

Most heartily glad was I to start the next morning, after break-

fast, for Matlock Bath, through Crompton and Wirksworth—nine miles. The greater part of the distance, the country through which I passed was uninteresting and ugly; and the degree of pleasure I experienced on turning the abrupt angle of the road, on entering the beautiful and romantic valley of the Bath, will long be fresh in my recollection. It was late in the afternoon when I got to Matlock; but so delighted was I with the beautiful and singular appearance of the scenery around me, that I lingered long, and frequently stopped and leaned over the parapet wall which bounds the road, to admire the beautiful river Derwent that glides beneath, and the fine overhanging and feathering wood by which it is skirted, and with which the hills and precipices forming this lovely valley are clothed from their very summits to the water's edge. As you advance up the vale, the beautiful heights of Abraham, on the south side of the river, open to view. The mixture of dark and lively green displayed by the numerous trees (but principally larch and Scotch fir), with which the heights of Abraham are clothed, is truly beautiful; and the various and tasteful little villas and cottages *orné* that are dotted about the abrupt and lofty heights, have a singular and most picturesque appearance. The heights of Abraham—where there is a curious cavern to be seen, and which I explored with much interest—are threaded by numerous and well-kept gravel paths. The privilege of rambling about these charming walks is secured for the small sum of 2s. 6d., which purchases a season ticket. Arrived near the High Tor (a magnificent perpendicular limestone rock, rising abruptly from the bed of the river, to a height of more than 300 feet,) I saw “Lodgings to let,” and presently found myself in the neat little parlour of Rose Cottage; and being well pleased with the appearance of the person who showed me the rooms, I immediately engaged the lodging for a week, threw off my knapsack, ordered a tea-dinner, a kind of repast too well understood by travellers of the present day (and especially grateful to the weary pedestrian, to need a word from my pen in its favour), and took my stick for a stroll, the delights of which I shall never forget. The whole style of scenery of the Bath was so novel to me, that had daylight lasted till twelve o'clock at night I should have rambled on, without, perhaps, giving a thought to the *thé à la fourchette*, which, on my return to my snug little quarters, I found so comfortably prepared for me, and to which I did ample justice. As may be supposed, I had, though almost wholly engrossed during my evening's walk by the romantic and uncommon scenery that surrounded me, scanned with a fisherman's eye the picturesque and beautiful river Derwent, which alternately glides over its rocky bed, and dances and foams amongst the fallen fragments of rock and underwood which continually interrupt its rapid course; and I now began in imagination, to realize the charming fly-fishing in the far-famed Derwent, of which I had thought not a little during my walk on the previous days. In the course of the evening, I entered into conversation with Mr Jones, the husband of my obliging landlady, and very soon found, that he was not only a very clever preserver of birds and animals, but a good fisherman into

the bargain; and during my sojourn at Matlock Bath, he frequently accompanied me on my fishing excursions up and down the beautiful Derwent, and many a good fish has he landed for me. I never saw a cleverer hand with a landing-net; though a friend of mine, a gallant Captain, formerly of the 7th Fusiliers, can also handle a landing-net in a very creditable manner; and should these pages ever meet his eye, I doubt not they will recall to his recollection, four brace of trout, a horrid bad head-ache, and a day spent on the banks of the Ax, in September, 1836, when

Three gentlemen fishers who for breakfast drank beer,
Swore never again to start on such cheer.

I remained at Matlock Bath five weeks, and had tolerable sport; but the weather was sadly against the fly-fisher, the season being rainy and consequently the water very often too brown for the fly. I was only out nineteen times altogether, and was indebted for the best sport I had to the kindness and liberality of Peter Arkwright, Esq., who gave me permission to fish through the whole length of his preserve; and I much regretted never killing a dish of fish, during my stay at Matlock Bath, that I considered worth that gentleman's acceptance. When the weather was too wet to leave the house (though I have often fished for hours together in the Derwent, under a heavy rain), I used sometimes to sit by Mr Jones, and take lessons in the art of bird-stuffing, in which he excelled, as may be supposed—when I state that he has subsequently preserved above 1,500 birds and animals for a newly-established museum at Burton-on-Trent. During my lengthened sojourn at Matlock, I rambled with unabated interest and delight over every accessible spot, I believe, in the beautiful vale of the Bath and neighbouring country. In the grounds belonging to Arkwright Castle, stands a picturesque little church, to which I went each Sunday I was at the Bath; and although habited (for reasons already stated) only in a grey shooting-jacket, made by a French tailor, I never, either at Matlock Bath, or in any of the numerous churches I attended during the whole of my trip (which occupied a period of twelve weeks, and comprised a distance from London to Keswick, in Cumberland), was at a loss for a sitting; for never, upon a single occasion, did I traverse the length of the aisle, without a pew-door being opened to admit me. How different to the Episcopalian Church in Scotland! where I have been obliged, after walking up and down the entire length of St. Paul's church, in Edinburgh, with a uniform coat on my back, to leave the church and seek accommodation in one where the pew-opener, *chanced* to be in the way to do his duty; for to these functionaries was I, with one solitary exception, invariably indebted for a sitting; though I often had to seek them, and in so doing, of course passed many pews only partially filled. But the owners of pews in the Scotch episcopal churches will not put a stranger (though he may perchance be habited in her Majesty's livery) to the blush by their over politeness; but their *lamentable deficiency* in this respect *might well cause them to blush*. One most glaring instance of

this inhospitality (to call it by the mildest name) occurred in St. John's church, Edinburgh. The pew-opener had conducted the wife of an officer of the — regiment to a certain seat. She had been in the pew about ten minutes (the service having commenced), when the door was again opened by the same functionary; the new comer, who was a female, stopped short in the doorway, and said in a voice loud enough to be heard, not only by the pew-opener, but *by every ear within half-a-dozen yards of her*, "It is my order that you do not show any strangers into my seat, as I intend in future to occupy it myself." The pew had accommodation for about six.

The petrifying wells at Matlock Bath are very curious. I visited one of these, and there saw a number of things in a partial state of petrification, as the owner termed it; but in reality the substances were only covered by an incrustation, which is formed in the course of a few months by the continual dropping of this singular warm spring. Amongst other things in the well, as it is called (but, more properly speaking, it is a kind of cellar), I observed a man's wig, a crow's nest full of eggs, baskets, bones, small branches of trees, &c. There is a museum at the Bath, where you may purchase all such curiosities, and likewise the beautiful Derbyshire spar, manufactured into a hundred different forms. But the manufacture that most attracted *me* was Hartell's flies, which are made with a degree of nicety I have seldom seen equalled. The waters throughout Derbyshire, and the north in general, are exceedingly clear; and unless your flies and tackle be very fine, you must not look for much sport. The first day I fished in the Derwent, I was told by a Matlock angler that "I might as well throw in my hat" as fish with the west country flies, with which I was whipping; but he was rather mistaken, for I presently killed a trout and a brace of very good grayling; and should this meet the eye of a brother of a certain noble Earl, and one of the first sportsmen, in Ireland, who kindly sent me three or four dozen of real Irish flies, just before I left London, I would tell him, that I have since been often indebted to these admirably tied flies for capital sport; for, as he premised, "*they do tickle the fish.*" However, I took the hint, and in future used the finest tackle.

They have a very neat and excellent method in the North of England of attaching the dropper, or bob-fly; it is effected by passing the gut of the bob-fly through a slip-knot in the casting-line, which is then drawn tight, and the bob-fly secured by a knot tied at the end of the gut, which effectually prevents its escape from the slip before mentioned. And there is another great advantage which this plan possesses over the common way of attaching the bob-fly; it not only causes it to stand in a *better position* with respect to the casting-line, but it is disengaged from it in one moment, by withdrawing the slip-knot, and without any fear of injuring the gut, which is so often the case in taking off a bob-fly, looped on in the clumsy manner generally practised; and from the time I adopted this new method for the bob, I killed upon an average, three to one. The bob-flies are frequently used with too long a gut, and in consequence frighten more fish than

they hook, by reason of their twisting round the casting-line and causing a considerable wake in the water ; and thus are rendered not only useless, but tell considerably against the chance of taking a fish with the tail-fly, which, by the way, should be *knotted* to the casting-line, or collar, and will be found more killing than when looped on. Many persons object to this, because the gut is thereby shortened each time it is removed. True, so it is ; but, if done with care, only in a trifling degree ; and when too short for an end fly, throw it away, or make a dropper of it and replace it by a new one, which will not be found very expensive, while flies are sold at two shillings a dozen. But a good fisherman will seldom change his tail-fly, which ought always to be such as he can depend on killing fish with—if indeed there be any to kill. Rely on it, when you see a man given to changing his flies often, he is no fisherman. However, if it suits his fancy, he may, if he adopts the slip-knot for his bob-flies, make use of fifty different sorts in the course of the morning without much danger of injuring his tackle ; but, as I have already hinted, such fishermen generally find more diversion in looking over their ponderous fly-books, and selecting therefrom the various-coloured trash which looks so pretty in a tackle shop, and with which the fly-books of Cockney sportsmen are so amply stored, than in killing trout.

I took a good many grayling, as well as trout, in the Derwent ; they are rather a difficult fish to handle, especially if you get hold of them in a rapid stream ; for, when hooked, they frequently leap out of the water three or four times in quick succession, and invariably commence spinning with great vivacity ; and being a tender-mouthed fish, often break their hold. In fact, you must never call a grayling your own until he is in your landing-net. Perhaps a critic would say, "Nor any other fish either." But I am not writing about grayling fishing to please these gentlemen, but myself, and such disciples of the rod who may read as I have written—with a sportsman's feelings.

(To be continued.)

Sporting Review for March.

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A FOUR DAYS' VISIT TO NEWMARKET, WITH A PEEP AT THE THOROUGH-BREDS.

BY FETLOCK.

" Come, gentle Spring ! ethereal mildness, come !
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend !

* * * * *

Nor only through the lenient air this change
Delicious breathes ; the penetrative sun,
His force deep darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
At large to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues, but chiefly thee, gay green !
Thou smiling nature's universal robe !
United light and shade, where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight !"

So wrote Thomson, the poet of the Seasons, whose works, in listless idleness, we were perusing some few days since. Truthful indeed in his description of the genial influence of spring upon all nature, men and horses included. The book fell from our hands, and our cosy arm chair was incontinently pushed away from the fire-side ; for our thoughts had wandered far away over heath and moor. In fancy we snuffed the fresh breeze of early spring, as it swept in wanton wildness o'er those well-known spots which for many dreary months had worn the appearance of barren wastes, but which now were beginning to doff their winter clothing in obedience to nature's glad summons, and replace it with the holiday attire of gentle spring. Again we peopled them with well-known forms ; again we saw the gallant victors of many a well-contested field, fitting themselves for fresh conquests, whilst in their wake appeared a throng whose names were yet unknown to fame, but who within a few short months are destined to occupy conspicuous positions in our sporting annals. The rein once given to imagination, there was no holding her ; and we longed to be off on the wings of thought. We felt as if we could not breathe the murky atmosphere of the "modern Babylon ;" for imagination conjured up the cloudless sky and balmy yet exhilarating air of Newmarket.

There was no help for it ; so, giving the bent to inclination, we hastily deposited a couple of clean shirts, our shaving-tackle, and ourselves in a "patent safety," and rattled off to the Eastern Counties Station, determined on a visit of inspection to head-quarters, for our own amusement and the edification of our friends.

Thanks to recent alterations in the managerial department, you may now manage to calculate on arriving at your journey's end within

a reasonable time, and without fear of a "spill" or a "scalding," as in days of yore, when a trip by the Eastern Counties Rail was indeed, as the insurance offices would say, a "doubly hazardous" experiment; but *nous avons changé tout cela*; and those who now rail at this rail, do so without a cause.

Arrived at Chesterford, we felt at home, for it reminded us of many a bygone trip and "pull up" at Owen Edwards's, when the "four-in-hand" or the "chaise-and-pair" were the order of the day, and steam was undreamed of in our philosophy. But little time was allowed us for reflection; for with the change of carriages that is here effected came another and a monstrous form, to remind us that we were nearing the locality sacred to England's national sport; for the puffing, snorting locomotive that was to drag us to our journey's end bore in giant characters on its brazen sides the name of "Van Tromp"—fit symbol of the town, the turf, and of the speed at which we were to progress towards it. Away we went! and within another hour we were comfortably seated, taking "our ease in our inn," and doing justice to the smoking viands that were placed before us. "Ho!" thought we, with a smile of satisfaction, "here we are once more, at the metropolis of racing!"

Newmarket in the summer is a very different place from Newmarket in the winter. Of course the locality remains the same, but here the similitude ends; for who would recognise in its dull, spiritless, and dreary aspect, the town that with the advent of the Craven Meeting becomes one scene of bustle and excitement, wrapt in a perfect lethargy? Newmarket during the winter months, only occasionally wakes up from its dose when Nat and Charles Boyce get up a cocking match, a coursing meeting is on the *tapis*, or "the players" come to fret their hour upon the stage; but then the town has only "one eye open"—the other remains closed until the merry spring-time, with its genial sunshine, comes round, and warns the natives to be up and *doing*; for interest then warns them to be "wide awake."

Walk through the town during the winter, and the thought strikes you at once that the plague or the cholera has swept off the inhabitants *en masse*. The streets are silent and deserted; the doors of the Subscription Betting-rooms, round which thousands congregate, where thousands change hands, and where the fate of thousands is disposed of, are closed. Pass onwards. Those hostleries at which sporting men most love to congregate are deserted; no well-known familiar face, cigar in mouth, greets us from their porches as we pass along; but, with half-closed doors, the very houses at which revelry runs riot, and wild disorder reigns supreme at times, seem but now partakers in the general repose. The vision of "a lad" (in racing *parlance*) crossing the street or bounding against a stable-door, or now and then of a specimen of the *tout* genus, whose scanty wardrobe and woe-begone looks denote his longings for the return of spring, and with it those racing swallows, "flats" ready for "plucking," alone destroy the illusion, and convince you that you are not traversing a "city of the dead." But no sooner do the "ides of March"

appear, than the whole scene is changed, as if by the wand of a magician. Dull torpor is shaken off; the busy hum of preparation sounds on every side; the streets once more exhibit symptoms of life and bustle; even the "smoky" puts on a clean face, in readiness to welcome its customers; whilst groups of stable-boys are seen in every direction, on whose countenances are depicted expectation and anxiety, and trainers, touts, and tradesmen are on the *qui vive*, for "their good time is coming." The dreary heath once more invites us to wander o'er it; for the note of preparation is being sounded, and nature smilingly backs the invitation. The "scant herbage" puts on a more luxuriant form; the budding trees give evidence of returning vitality; whilst "the feathered songsters of the woods" gaily carol forth their delight, and tell us, in nature's own language, that the "merry spring-time" has come again. In the paddocks, the foals are frisking round their dams; the yearlings are undergoing their first lesson—the breaking for the saddle; whilst the more mature candidates for turf honours are prancing and neighing, and in serried ranks bounding o'er the plain, inhaling health and vigour at every stride.

The man who goes to Newmarket for the purpose of getting "a peep at the prads" must be no sluggard. He must be up with the sun or others will skim the cream of inspection before him. Knowing, therefore, that "early to bed, and early to rise," must be our motto, if we hoped to profit from our visit, we had had our first dose of "beauty sleep" ere the clock had struck the witching hour, and were up and ready for the fray in time to bid the sun good-morrow, brush the glittering dew-drops from the grass, and hear the matins of the lark, as soaring high in air, he carolled forth his gratitude to nature's God. Those only who love the country can understand our feelings as we sauntered forth to inhale the morning breeze, and be in time to catch a glimpse at the "strings" as they came out for exercise.

The first to meet our view was young Stephenson's, whose team, of all ages, consisted of just "one score and one," including Footstool, Sagacity, Wanota, Loadstone, Tiresome, St. Antonio, Hidallan, Czarina, Sidus, Le Beau, Spikenard, Caeus, Sycion, Warner, Torpor, Cotton Lord, Flycatcher filly—all looking "pinky" and well; but of the lot that attracted most attention were Surplice, the Champion, Derby, and St. Leger victor of last year, who bowled along with that lazy, lurching stride of his, the picture of health and condition; then came Honeycomb, the hero of the Stable for the present year—he, too, looked "fit as a fiddle;" but there was still another—Pontifex—the nag, they say; for 1850; but we shall see anon. All were at their scholastic exercises—walking, cantering, galloping, and sweating—under the careful tuition of young Stephenson in person.

Next appeared the elder Stephenson's, under the head lad's guidance, comprising Tufthunter, Tarella, Jane Eyre, Memento, Firefly colt, Goodwood, Adelgund filly, Sotterley, Doctrine, Mundane colt, Canadian, Bastile colt, Marpessa colt; St. Leger, &c. Old Tarella and Doctrine looked up to the mark, and fit for anything; whilst, among the younger branches of the family, the Marpessa colt took

our fancy, as looking all over a racer; the Bastile colt also giving promise of future greatness.

But lo! here comes Sam Rogers with "Father Joseph's" team, headed by the old Cur, who, as he passed us looking like himself, excited our wonderment why he had cried "non content" for every one of his spring engagements in the great handicaps; but we presume he is meant only for his "foreign trip," and there will the flag of City Crawfurd wave triumphant. In the wake of this worthy son of Bran followed Brandyface, Watchdog, Swivel, Reciprocity colt, Brother to Alboni, and Glutton, who will gormandize on many a *stake* throughout the season, whilst the "red-faced Cogniac" will be found at Bath, and march in front too, or we are much mistaken.

Next came Charley Marson, with the deposed pontiff, Pins IX., Oquetos, Sister to Goose, Bedlam, John Orridge, and Tordesillas; but *alack* and *alas-a-day!* where was War Eagle, the pride of the gallop, for whom we had pictured many victories in store? Echo answered "where?" for our old Chester favourite, our oft ill-used and disappointed friend, was *non est*, having retired from the field of contest to a quieter sphere of action—racing made easy.

Lastly came William Beresford, who gave us a view of Dover and Sidney Herbert in perspective. There was a *slug* about the picture we did not admire, although the fair ones, Eugenie and Letitia, were there to light it up.

Such was the result of our first morning's ramble on the eastern side of the town.

No matter how we whiled away the day—it passed; and on the following morn we were at our post, near the Bury Hills.

The first glance we obtained here was at Cooper's string—a goodly-looking team, of all ages. Sesostriis, Dacia, Taffrail, Lola Montez, Iodine, Indus, Tadmor, Cracow, Vasa, Franciscan, The Admiral, Sister to Iodine, and Sea-kale filly. The Derby crack of this stable—Tadmor, a "monstrous pot" of the Newmarket *touts*—is a neat, roundy-looking nag, and known among them by the name of "The Dumpling." He looks like a tit to stay a distance, but greatly deficient of length and power, when compared with the Dutchman. Indus we have no fancy for; but The Admiral is a stout, hardy-looking animal.

Harlock showed a lengthened train that called the Lord of Burleigh owner—St. Demetri, Cosachia, Tisiphone, Tophana, Sword-player, The Cob, Gardenia, Silistria colt, Grace, Medi, Skudar, Velvetten, Mecca, Trueboy, and Marmora colts, Glenalvon, Ulysses, Turban, Nutcracker, Nutbrown, Nutmeg, Nutshell, &c., numbering in all a string of twenty-two—a goodly array for the ensuing campaign, all looking the pictures of health and condition, doing the greatest credit to Harlock's skill; but among all the three-year-olds, our choice would fall on Glenalvon.

William Butler, with his *Saddle* and *Bridle* too, now came to the fore, with Retal, Miuto, La Belle, Odiel colt, Minaret colt, St. Rosalia, Malmsbury, Newport, Beauvale, Sobraon, and the impostor

Justice to Ireland, with his Milesian appellation dropped; and now that he is plain Justice, may he have better luck! He looked in excellent fettle; but our pick of this basket would be Saddle and St. Rosalia.

Henry Boyce has a *Fiddler* that has only played once in tune for the noble Duke of Belvoir Castle. Paladin, Keraun, Peyletes, St. Ann, Nina, Ondine, Flambeau colt, Paul, Cowslip colt, Postilion—this lot of eleven were all in work, and, when fine-drawn and hardened, will produce some winners. Keraun has wonderfully improved; and Nina is a fine slashing mare, who, if well on the day, will take some beating for the Oaks.

Smith had diplomatic General Sale, Sir Peter Laurie, and Brother to Melbourne—a short team of good-looking thorough-breds. Hargreave's trainer, with Primrose and Burleigh—more for the purpose of a "blind" to watch the others at work—next passed.

Daly, with Patriot the aged, Wee Bit, and Mustard filly. The old ones well known and fit; and the youngster showing signs of sprightliness.

R. Boyce showed us but a solitary one, with which, however, he has some hopes he shall be able to *Fleece* the public.

W. Edwards' ruck we did not see out, and were told we should experience no disappointment.

We have enumerated upwards of a hundred animals now doing good work. Many others are preparing for action; but we have spoken only of those that came within our ken during our sojourn at headquarters; and during none of our previous spring visitations of inspection have we ever found the nags displaying such general good health, so fit and ready for the fray, as they are at the present period. The past winter has been most favourable: its mild and open nature has precluded the necessity for straw-beds and confinement. Thus the various teams have been kept almost constantly at work, which has been of the greatest advantage to the juvenile fry for the early gathering of 'forty-nine.

A youngster of more than ordinary size, if he has quickness in getting on his legs, ought to be well looked after by speculators in the raw material; for they have had more than ordinary chances of early initiation into the mysteries of racing, which has given, and will give, any slashing two-year-old a double chance of preparation for the early fixtures; and from what we have seen, we shall not be surprised to see the youngsters cut up remarkably well this spring. But the Craven will soon be here now; and with its advent we shall return to Newmarket, to see how far the word of promise has been kept or broken to the ear. Till then, adieu to the great metropolis of racing!

Sporting Magazine, for April.

AN ECCENTRIC ANGLER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," ETC.

There is no portion of the body politic more selfish than sportsmen; and in the success of their brethren, either of the angle or the gun, they feel about as much satisfaction as a village lawyer evinces when told how cleverly young Mr Kite, a gentleman who has recently opened a legal opposition shop, had conducted a complicated cause at the last assizes. I have gone to the river with one of these invidious disciples of the immortal Isaak; and when we have topped the high ground that commanded one of its noblest sweeps, his colour became anything but "incarnadined;" for there was the gauger threshing the very pool in which, for the better portion of the morning, he had centered his affections. I have been on the hill-side with a selfish grouse-shooter. A brother sportsman was seen a mile off; and every explosion, although it was only at some passing plover, thrilled every nerve of my camarado, and elicited a jeremiade. He was near-sighted, and my delight was to torment him. Bang! went our distant friend's gun; the object at which both barrels were delivered being a jack-snipe, who went off unscathed, and never parted with a feather. "What was that?" he inquired, tremulously. "Lord! what a glorious covey! No; there were twenty if there was a bird, and a couple of families must have packed together; no single hen could have brought out that magnificent brood." "Could you see if any dropped?" "I saw a brace fall distinctly; but as they sprang together within the dimensions of a drum-head, I would not be surprised that there were double that number bagged." "Are they flying his way?" was eagerly demanded. "No, they have gone in the opposite direction; they'll pitch behind that hillock; he's sure to get them again. See, yon shepherd's boy has marked them down—ay! to the very inch, no doubt—and he beckons to the captain. What luck some people have!" A groan, in which envy, hatred, and uncharitableness equally united, was the response. I need hardly tell the reader that the report to my blind friend was apocryphal; but it answered the desired purpose, and made him superlatively wretched.

I have witnessed the same selfishness, or even greater, in an angler. An anxiety to keep his experience to himself, and leave youthful candidates for piscatorial honours in deep ignorance.

One of these unamiable characters we personally knew. None loved him living, none mourned him dead. We were quartered at Tullamore some twenty years ago; and a distressing event made our sojourn there a melancholy passage in the history of the regiment. We had got, in exchange, an elderly Indian officer; not one of the Company's but a King's-service man, who had, from the tardy system of reliefs then common at home, been nineteen years abroad. Though still low down in the list of captains, he had been thirty years in the

service—for he had no interest, and luck had been decidedly against him; for now although verging upon sixty, he joined us, of course, as junior captain.

Saunders, as he was named, never had been remarkable for good looks, and a twenty years' residence in the far East neither smoothed away natural asperities of the temper, nor acts upon the complexion like Rowland's Kalydor. Much to his honour, he had risen from the ranks; and when he came from India he brought with him old-fashioned notions of men and things, civil, social, and military, that were clearly behind the onward march of European progress the quarter of a century. In a word, we found him an encumbrance—argumentative, egotistic, and bigot to exploded systems. We would have parted with him with great pleasure; ay! and given him a dead bargain had he been demanded. Saunders had, in our eyes, but one redeeming quality; he was, judging by success, that best of tests, a splendid fly-fisher. But even there he was selfish and uncompanionable; mystifying his operations, and keeping the secret of his good fortune like an alchemist far advanced in the art of transmutation, most scrupulously to himself. One thing was certain: the Captain brought in trouts in size and number ten-fold in amount to all others who tried the river—and the river was then a good one. Where lay the secret of his success? What were the agencies by which it was effected? We knew that he used to often spend a bright morning in tying flies, his door securely locked; and if a knock came to it, a cloth was instantly thrown over the *material* he was working up. The celebrated "Whisperer" did not wrap the secret influence he exercised over vicious horses in more profound mystery than Saunders preserved that touching the colours and construction of his flies. He never would fish in company, but always sneaked to the water *solus*. His servant smuggled his rod out by the back gate, while his master walked innocently past the sentry at the front one. We delighted to annoy him; and when we could discover his flank movements, we were sure to dodge him to the pool or stream he had selected for his operations. The moment we began to put our rods together, he immediately dismounted his, growled a little, left the river, and returned to the place from whence he came.

In a corps like ours, a dashing Peninsular one, the elder portion of the officers, were men who had earned honourable reputations, or were cadets of family or fortune, who flocked to a crack regiment, whose past deeds of arms were a *prestige* that gave promise of future glory. Captain Saunders, in such a corps, would not be quite at home. In military matters he was slow as a snail; and whilst the youngsters listened to discursions, mess reminiscences of this march and that battle, this advance and that retreat; while a score of deeds "of high emprise" emblazoned on their colours, and interwoven on their table-linen, caught the eye upon parade, or presented themselves in the re-union of a mess-table; when a bivouac in front of Soult's or Marmont's pickets was alluded to, or the escalade of Badajoz or San Sebastian was recalled, the youthful aspirant after military glory

"held his breath to hear;" while Captain Saunders' minute details of a forced march in a palanquin, or a tiffin in Sir Oliver Oldbuck's bungalow—in which every dish was particularized with its Indian denomination—were never listened to, except when he caught one ear of some of the unhappy civilians, who, dining at the mess, had for his sins been placed with a flank exposed to the endless narrations of the gallant Captain. Wearied at last with wasting, of Indian adventure, "its sweetness on the desert air," or with receiving an ungrateful return in curses upon curries, and a pitching of elephants, driver, rider, and appointments, all included, to the gentleman in black, Saunders sought in the country-town auditors, who would at least listen to him with civility. He succeeded: for Mr Roger O'Dowd, a gentleman of ruined estate, and a daughter of sweet sixteen, would stand these interminable tales until from the clock tower the chimes were heard at midnight.

I never read of any body, except the young lady in the "Arabian Nights," who could tell endless stories without an occasional sip of half-and-half; or better still, something cold and alcoholic. A man already in advanced progress to become a mummy, as far as parched skin went, could not be expected to have the organic coating of the throat fluid and flexible as it was before he went to India. Heavy wet is, in the south and west of Ireland, a luxury unknown. The people are a patriotic people, and hence encourage native manufacture. Potteeine was procurable at a low figure; and a pleasanter drink never removed the cobwebs from the apple of a *raconteur*, and so said Captain Saunders.

Now potteeine-punch is "a marvellous searching liquor" as Dame Quickly described her "Canaries" to be. Roger's sixteen-year-old was very pretty; and after a deep potation of diluted mountain-dew, Captain Saunders, as he toddled home one evening, fancied that he would be the better of a wife. Had the old gentleman sought a stout sexagenarian to nurse him, he would not have been much astray; but under an unhappy mental aberration, he determined to commence house-keeping with Miss O'Dowd. He proposed forthwith under influence of tumbler number five, and Roger most graciously listened to the plea of love. We were kept in profound ignorance of all that was passing; and until the captain asked and obtained permission for three days' leave, for what turned out to be a hyemæal excursion, we knew not that a lady addition was to be added to the strength of the regiment.

He who at sixty forms an unholy alliance with sixteen can only plead insanity for an act, whose consequences, with rare exceptions, must prove ruinous to the happiness of two beings by every law of nature interdicted to unite. Saunders, unpopular before, was now regarded with marked contempt; and the cold formality of the married ladies of the regiment was evidenced in the formal transmission of a card to a bride anything but welcome. Of course, on his inmarriage Saunders had retired from the mess; and regimental displeasure at his recent silly conduct was so far evinced as to produce what in

common parlance would be called "a cut general," excepting when professional duties intervened. There was a subaltern with the regiment, who had come to it, and also by exchange. He too, as a fresh addition, was not approved; although he had many advantages in a good person, confident address, and large pecuniary resources. Not long emancipated from the stool of an uncle's counting-house in the City, and fancying that an accidental ten thousand (which he had unexpectedly succeeded to) with a little indirect influence at the Horse Guards were all that were required to become aristocratic at a jump, he tried the experiment; and so far as the obtaining a commission, and afterwards a lieutenancy within the shortest possible time, he had no reason to complain; and as there went whispers abroad that through female agency and present from Storr and Mortimer's his ladder had been raised, the story obtained belief; and in a regiment the bad consequence of an unfavourable introduction is extremely difficult to be removed.

In the military family of a regiment there are little friendly alliances which bind together certain portions of the greater body politic; and hence cliques, whose tastes and ages best assimilate, commonly are seen lounging on the public walks, or collected after mess round the fire, smoking a cigar, and indulging in military gossip in turn, and in each other's barrack rooms. Mellington was unfortunate: for the young ones looked upon him as a *parvenu*, and consequently would not fraternize; while the old hands had set him down a puppy, and consequently from their circle he was *tabooed*. Mere money does nothing in a regiment. Mellington kept three horses and a private servant; although the colonel had but one, and a *butman*. You would meet half-a-dozen of the youngsters riding and laughing as they passed up and down the street; but even the inhabitants remarked, within a month after we arrived, that Mr Mellington's rides were confined to the company of his groom. Probably it was a community of misfortune that first produced the intimacy; but, certain it is that Captain Saunders and Mr Mellington became inseparable. The Indian commander religiously believed that the young lieutenant was fascinated with the pleasant reminiscences he dealt out by the hour; but the secret attraction that led the *roué* to the Captain's lodgings was confined to his pretty and wayward wife.

In a week the scandal-mongers of Tullamore were active in their whispers, and in a fortnight all were in full cry; and all, young and old, unanimously declared that Mellington and the fair daughter of Roger O'Dowd were travelling on the road to ruin with railway speed. There was, however, one exception—the besotted proprietor of the lady; for he, "good, easy man," in the Lieutenant's devoted attentions to his wife saw nothing but an indirect complimentary return for some agreeable narrative with which he had favoured Mellington the night before. At last, the affair became too barefaced to be longer overlooked. The solitary rules; the indiscretions on both sides so frequently repeated, and with impunity, even in the presence of the drivelling fool whose frown should have repressed them; all these

united to call for regimental interference: and, after a mess-room meeting, the displeasure of the corps was intimated by the Adjutant to Mellington; while the senior Major undertook the delicate office of apprising Captain Saunders that the sooner he ended the dangerous intimacy between the young Lieutenant and his lady, it might be better for all concerned.

The reception of these communications was a contemptuous refusal by Mellington to obey the hint, and a stupid disbelief expressed upon the Captain's part that ought existed between his wife and friend than what was rigidly correct; and, as it would appear, to brave public opinion, the lady and gentleman paraded the town on horseback, and remained afterwards in Saunders' lodgings until past midnight—the gallant Captain being that day on guard. This audacious display brought on a crisis quickly; another morning visit from the Adjutant officially intimated that Lieutenant Mellington had better send in his papers by that day's post, as the officers would not corps with him. Nothing accordingly remained but to retire from the regiment. He wrote to the Horse Guards, was gazetted out in a week, sent away his baggage and horses; and followed them in a few days afterwards, taking with him Mrs. Saunders as travelling companion.

We may as well, and briefly, give the future history of the guilty pair. The fallen woman, deserted by her ruffian seducer, descended rapidly in the scale of infamy, and the end of her career was very wretched. He was not more fortunate. From the turf, after a loss of every guinea, he became member of a hellite fraternity; and when last seen was so reduced as to have become marker at a low billiard table!!

When the elopement of his wife was communicated, and rather suddenly, to Captain Saunders, the extent of his folly and disgrace burst on the unhappy man with astounding violence. He never uttered a word; for palsy had stricken him. Medical assistance was unavailing; and in two hours death relieved him from suffering and shame.

It may be readily imagined that such an occurrence in a regiment would produce a painful and long-enduring sensation, and that for weeks afterwards it almost engrossed the undivided conversation. When the mess-cloth was removed as usual, the *escapade* of a guilty wife, the villany of a pretended friend, and the murder of a weak-minded old man, were generally discussed.

An officer's effects, after death, are carefully taken charge of: in quarters they are retained for the disposal of his nearest kindred; in the field, auctioned at the drum-head—and what they may produce is placed in charge of the Major of the regiment and in trust for the heir-at-law of the deceased. Nobody had ever heard Captain Saunders allude to a living relative, or hint remotely at the place of his birth; and the unusual and melancholy circumstances under which he died, required that his effects should be formally taken possession of, and a rigid search made for any papers which might lead to a discovery of his kindred, if he had any. The result proved that he was afflicted

with a miserly monomania ; while on all other points he was liberal, nay, generous. He had but a trifling sum in the agent's hands, and not twenty pounds in those of the regimental paymaster ; while numerous acknowledgments were found among his papers from decayed soldiers, their widows, and their orphans, all breathing gratitude for attention to their petitions, and reporting the safe reception of sums of money—many of these secret donations, in amount, absolutely munificent. It was only as an angler he was misanthropic. He would give a broken soldier a five-pound note ; but, I verily believe, would refuse a brother officer a cast of flies, would the gift have saved the recipient from transportation.

In the safest of his depositories the valuables his heart doted on were found ; and the great cause of his superiority over other rival anglers was thus posthumously discovered. Besides an invaluable collection of the genuine feathers of tropic birds, of native *material* he had a larger stock than a life prolonged beyond Old Parr's, and spent the year round upon a river bank, could have by possibility expended. Hundreds of dozens of tied flies, and quantities of others that were mere skeletons, filled a drawer. The latter, as we gathered from his servant, he took with him in their unfinished state to the water ; set him, the servant, at work to hunt for insects ; and imitated them to perfection, and with a rapidity of manipulation that seemed extraordinary. He was not owner of the thread of gut ; but encased in oil-skin, we found half the tail of a cream-coloured Arab stallion, every hair two feet long. Faithful to nature, the bodies of his flies were meagre, and the wings beautifully attached. Here, then, lay the secret of his art : the fly was a veritable copy of the original and his casting-lines were single hairs.

A year had passed—no heir as yet appeared to claim the piscatorial or monetary treasures of the departed commander ; when one morning a raw-looking youth was ushered into the orderly-room, and announced himself next of kin. He was a Borderer—spoke very broad Scotch—and informed us that accidentally hearing of his uncle's demise, he came to look after his effects. By letters from the minister he proved himself the real Simon Pure ; and the departed Captain's cash and fishing-tackle, with all other goods and chattels, were accordingly directly handed over.

Now came out an exposition of the mystery which had puzzled us touching who Saunders could have been ; and how a man, twenty years in India, could be an angler. He was bred upon the banks of Tweed ; and his family were fly-tiers by profession. No artist could kill a salmon better ; but in the matrimonial lottery, poor man, he was fated to draw blanks. During the fair of Berwick he had led a lady to the altar at Lamberton Bar, who had annually gone through the hymeneal ceremony for the last six years ; and was a regular customer at that convenient temple. He listed next morning when he became sober ; and for five-and-thirty years none knew, cared, or inquired whether he was in the flesh or out of it.

The Captain—peace to his ashes!—was the most stupid story-

teller, generally as great a bore, were the Army List searched through, as ever was inflicted on a smart regiment; but he could fish.

We had an old brevet Colonel, as slow to the full—an Indian also—who tormented everybody about shooting tigers and wild pigs; when, as it was ascertained, after he had turned his sword into a plough-share and taken his departure from us, that the only animal of the feline tribe he had seen larger than a cat were those he contemplated peacefully, through grated bars, in the Zoological Gardens.

There was a salmon fishery immediately in the vicinity of our quarters. It was a hired one; and the gentleman who rented it most liberally gave us the right of angling—all fish taken being of course delivered at the salmon-store, to await the weekly transit to Liverpool by the steamer, or the casual demand that occasionally the internal supply required.

Our old Colonel availed himself of this permission; and set out one beautiful morning to prove his skill. The day was not one that is particularly recommended in angling directories. The water was low, the sky unclouded, and there was not an air of wind that would have deranged a lady's ringlet. To the gallant Colonel all this made but trifling difference; for his operations were as likely to be equally successful in sunshine as in shade. He perambulated the river bank for half an hour; and came to a conclusion that the number of salmon he was destined to destroy would equal the wild pigs and tigers which he had assassinated in India, and also in imagination; but "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." He came to a small sandy pool; the water was not three feet deep, and brilliant as woman's eye. He looked casually into this pellucid basin; and at the neck of the pool there were a score of salmon resting quietly upon the gravel. The gallant commander might have remarked that, at both ends, the pool was closely stoeceaded with wooden rails; but good, easy man! he never through life was remarkable for keen observation.

There is, in Galway, a coarse and brutal method sometimes resorted to, when the river is low, and when the fish, waiting for water to carry them into the Lake of Oranmore, are then seen lying in dozens on the gravel of the ford: they call it "creeping." A strong line, with three of the largest-sized salmon hooks tied against each other, back to back, is projected by means of a small leaden plummet over the fish, pulled back with a jerk, and occasionally one of the triple hooks will catch the back or side of the reposing salmon; but for one landed by this blackguard expedient a dozen are uselessly wounded. The Colonel looked wistfully at the salmon in that bright and unruflled pool: he might expect a fish would take a fly when he would swallow the landing-net. He remembered the Galway "creeping" plan; and, for his sins, he had unluckily the means to effect it.

The Colonel "erect," and caught; until, wearied with success, he found he had eleven fish, upon the grass. These he despatched, by his attending boy, to the salmon-house; then, proudly mounting his horse, he returned, a piscatorial conqueror, to the barrack just in time to dress for dinner. Before the cloth was removed, the Colonel

modestly announced his morning's exploit: concealing, however, the means by which it had been effected. Eleven salmon on a bright and blessed sunny day! We looked at each other in amazement; while the assistant-surgeon laid his finger, *con espressione*, on his forehead: thereby mutely intimating that the commander's upper story was a little out of order. Were he romancing! He stood a cross-examination well; and another hour proved that his story was correct to the letter.

A boy, with a horse and panniers, entered the gate; and a note, with a suspicious-looking slip of paper, was delivered by the mess-waiter to the Colonel. The first document intimated that he had invaded the fish-preserve, where the salmon were kept fresh for the arrival of the weekly steamer; that besides the amount of the fish actually dead, on sweeping the pool with a net, as many more had been found wounded and unmarketable. A bill accompanied the note; in which the weight of some two-and-twenty salmon was correctly set out to the ounce; and the Colonel was not even treated like a wholesale dealer, as he ought to have been, but charged the market figure, which was high at the time.

He remained with us another year. He never told a tiger story during his stay; and absolutely turned pale if, in the cook's *carte*, his eye detected a jowl of salmon.

Sporting Magazine, for April.

A LAY OF THE SOUTHERN TURTLE.

"Nec fortuitum spernere casum,
Leges senebatur."

HORACE.

Blot out the gay Athenian from the tablet of the heart;
To the world his fair humanities he can never more impart:
Let each classic dreamer wander by the blue Ægean wave—
By the chalk cliffs of Colonus—by the Persian's sea-girt grave.

*Lông not fondly for bright Venice, with her century of isles;
The spirit of young Freedom no more within her smiles: (1)
Let the sea-bride mock her husband with her coronet of towers;
Let her gilded slaves crouch hopelessly in corridors and bowers.

Why should scholars bend for over Livy's pictured tone? (2)
Why ponder o'er the terse writ lore of dying pagan Rome?
Why sigh to view the chariots career mid dust and spray?
Why long for oil and sawdust, and an ancient circus-day?

Yet 'twas worth Apelles' pencil—'twas a sight to woo the chisel
Of a Phidias, when each Roman chose to die before he'd mizzle ;
While the Latin tens of thousands sat and gloried in the "foight,"
At the clashing of the cæstus, at the glancing of the quoit.

'Twas there the supple wrestler tried each rapid clip, and ruse,
Like a Chapman, or a Jackson, or a private in the Blues ; (3)
While such Latin-Devon phrases were on the breeze upborne,
As "*Abraham Cann is not the man to wrestle with Pokinhorn.*"

Oh! then there were no crosses, when a man once dared to peel ;
No lyings down, no compromise, no turning on the heel :
Each loved the slip of palm tree far more than Bætic gold,
Each loved the crown of parsley, (4) in the plucky days of old.

Then men retained their sinews and their giant strength of limb,
Till old age made them totter, and their eagle vision dim ;
Then a man could hit out gallantly though verging on four score ;
There were no cigars and brandy in the ruddy days of yore. (5)

Though for men the palm is with them, by the waters of the Styx,
I'll boldly swear no ancient mare could collar Crucifix ;
In verity 'twould baffle all the false Epirote's cunning, (6)
To live a mile with Camarine, or Lucetta "making running."

Let the Macedonian Surplice (7) keep his 'deathless fame ;' with us,
In the levelling 19th century, he might have drawn a buss.
Let the Medes tell how Darius won his kingdom by a neigh, (8)
Let Rome boast Ineitus with a gold rack for his hay. (9)

Let the wild horse snuff the lion, and dread his martial law ;
Let the Cossack train his charger to career in mimic war ;
Let the Arab love his dappled mare far dearer than his bride,
As she whinnies forth her greetings, or slumbers by his side.

With sires-like Slane and Melbourne, Touchstone and Pantaloon,
We want no "Daughters of the Star," (10) no "scious of the moon."
Let them keep their soft-heart milers abroad, to mend their bellows ;
Give us English blood of Whalebone, with a stain of old Prunellas. (11)

Loud roar the dismal breakers, loud shrieks the wild Wa-gull,
Round barks with golden cargoes of thorough-breeds from Hull :
Free-martins (12), cranks, and weedy-ones, "as slow as any man ;"
From whose pyramids of forfeits their owners eut and ran.

Hence 'mid grim ancestral castles where Rhine's dark waters roll,
Oft have German maidens fondled each young Actæon foal ; (13)
While their fathers on the dais, as the wassail bowl they pass,
Carouse to future glories of the colts by General Chasse. (14)

Baron Grogzwig's on his pedestals (supporters of no ghost),
 He gazes slap at vacaney, and stutters out his toast—
"My chestnut against anything I'll back at 2 to 1,
D'ye hear?"—loud rings the banquet hall with guttural grunts of
"Done."

As their Wildgrave (15) winds his bugle the hermit steals to prayer,
 And counts his beads as the phantom steeds whirl through the chill
 night air;
 Hail their Erl-king (16) in the twilight tried our Turpin to caress,
 In his crown and shroud—his steed had bowed to the pace of Dick's
 Black Bess.

America has Priam, and she growled a sturdy nay,
 When we offered her £4000 as the ransom of the bay;
 No son of old Emilius, who 'neath the Yorkshire lea
 Lies buried (17), with his fillies (18), "creation flogged" as he.

The pickers in the vineyards 'neath Gallia's sunny sky,
 Pause 'mid their merry labours, as the blood colts are led by;
 Sting and Gladiator wonder, of their royal sheets hereft;
 But though Palace Mayors (19) have bolted, La Republique's mares
 are left.

One thought for thee, young Orleans: may the gentle violets bloom
 Entwined with the elematis, round thy cypress planted tomb;
 From the eyes of feverish democrats the seething tear will start,
 And they would fain bring back again the life of thy young heart.

Shall gratitude be absent? 'twere baseness to forget—
 No, oft of Duke Cesarewitch kind thoughts will haunt us yet,
 As we view some feather leading at-a-devil-of-a-bat,
 The many-coloured phalanx, from the Ditch turn o'er the Flat.

Hurrah! I'm off for Epsom! one of a merry three, (20)
 And the Elephant-and-Castle is miles upon our lee;
 At a premium is pleasure, forgotten is the hay
 Throughout the fields of Surrey, the lads are "off" to-day.

One she-dragon of tuition ferociously can tell,
 How the gardening boarders tittered as I styled her "My old
 Girl;" (21)
 How she pounced upon the prettiest, dragged her house-ward by the
 wrist,
 And swore, I trow, an awful vow, that her hand to me she'd kissed.

Short-sighted ladies wondered (22), and straightway fell to thinking
 Of some young relation like me, when they viewed my bows and
 winking;

Deserted are their kitchens, for hours above their heads
Indjudicious Sarahs linger "a-making-of-the-beds."

I requested posts as sponsor, and each lassy starts to laugh;
While her lad breaks out indignantly " * * * * you're a one to chaff."
I from burgesses promiscuously requested "price of mutton?"
Dealt comfort to disciples of intrepid William Button. (23)

They alluded to my eyes (24), but still without remorse,
I upbraided them for getting on the *outside* of a horse;
Of the rashness of their conduct, of danger from the winds
I spake, and bid them get *inside*, and mind pull down the blinds.

I assured a starched one groaning o'er " *this shocking sinful sight*,"
" *As I couldn't stop to lunch, when I reached my home I'd write*;"
As the hour by his gaiters (25) I enquired—in his wonder,
He turned his eyes unto the skies like a Muscovy in thunder. (26)

The tedious hill's ascended, at last we're on the Downs;
Men encourage Warren's blacking, and females dust their gowns.
For years above yon winning stand has floated the red banner,
Since Diomedé was victor (27), since Waxy floored Golianna, (28)

Here Eleanor and Whisker hung no signals of distress; (29)
Here Buckle steered Emilius at the speed of "The Express;" (30)
Here in Sailor's year the hurricane "Sam's" thinness made eter-
nal; (31)

Here Cadland in the second round out-generalled The Colonel. (32)

Though in less far than three minutes young Turquoise won—the
phrase

Is current, that "her winning was the work of three good Days;" (33)
St. Giles sped on, and Plenipo (34), the "Bay" knew not a fear,
Though a leash of future heroes (35) were handy in his rear.

The Oaks "a good thing over," (36) her "blue and white cap"
deemed,

In the van on Coronation (37) poor Patrick's "crimson" gleamed:
Once well round Tattenham Corner bold Bill cared not a pin;
For "black" or "white," on Cothstone or Attila (38) he'd win.

"Uncle Sam" in Gully's "lilac," (39) home his brace of winners
brings,

Though a kick at starting made him look unutterable things.
Next pelted by no snow storm, in fortune's sunshine basking.
Sly Simon nicks the double tricks at the second time of asking (40)

Hurrah for Russia's emperor! we will think of thee the while,
As the Ascot cup competitors sweep round in Indian file:

Blithe memories of her cup day the blood within us stirs,
And bid us chaunt the glories of her Battles of the Spurs.

There tramps the merry gipsy, with her eye of lustrous black,
While her nut-brown baby slumbereth 'mid the red folds at her back ;
She mutters venal horoscopes, like a sibyl, at command,
Tells each fair wight of her loving knight by the blue veins in her hand.

The champagne corks are fizzing, each lap is laid for lunch ;
The caravan drum mingleth with the shrill " too-root " of Punch ;
The juggler's wife begs halfpence beside the carriage doors,
While he spins a basin on a cane, or vaults in salmon drawers.

The yeoman prickers canter, the showman rings his bell ;
The gamester tout invites you within his canvass hell ;
Mingle Marquises and followers of Lady Moore Carew ;
Cries the trull, "*Three shots a penny* ;"—sneaks the pea-cove from
" the blue."

Poor Jerry, (41) the turf Yorick, hands up the running card ;
A bottle eye-glass connoisseur, philosopher, and bard ;
He loved from many-coloured life a daily part to borrow—
A cocked hat militaire to-day, a Yankee swell to-morrow.

Into sunshine from the forest a gay procession streams ;
And the gold and scarlet liveries are flashing in his beams ;
Rides the Master of the Buck-hounds in front, with bingle slung ;
There's a prayer on every heart—there's a cheer on every tongue.

" Hats off " to give her greeting as she mounts the royal stand ;
While her husband stands beside her, and the young prince grasps
her hand ;
Ah ! the Gallie " trees of liberty " have lost their healthy green ;
They may spurn their old Egalite ; (42) thank God ! we'll keep our
Queen. (43)

The satin napkin presseth each ghastly confined face
Of royal potentates, that erst smiled on us from that place ;
Tbrk's Duke was not unheeded, and we made the welkin ring
With cheers for George of Brunswick—for the cheery Sailor King.

Long may Ascot Heath have pleasures for our royal youthful tar,
Which steeds the best have yearly pressed since the days of old
Bizarre ; (44)
As in Chateau Margaux's era, (45) as when Zingane came up (46)
To his horses—as in Memnou's day (47) no *dregs* are in the cup.

The "Newmarket mares" and Cetus (48) knew no pause in their career,

When Sir Mark was up to pat them and Jim Robinson to steer ;

"The blue and red has won it" (49), there's a smile on Jersey's face, (50)

And twice the Lord of Eaton with his Touchstone tests the pace. (51)

The stout wind of Grey Momus sets his rivals "on the go;" (52)

And the bright star of Lanercost pales the brilliance of Flambeau, (53)

Old Orde, with beard and beaver a trifle worse for wear,

To Robert and the universe dilates upon "the mare." (54)

A length two years succeeding shields the Emperor from harm ; (55)

While a short neck from Jericho gives the victory to Alarm ; (56)

The hero grey of Waterloo from the balcony looks down,

As young Alfred and his chestnut twice snatch the olive crown. (57)

In his honour too at Goodwood old Zohrab scarce would yield,

When Slane and Arthur Pavis won a bold fight for "The Shield;" (58)

Long 'twill be a gallant tribute from the goldsmith's mimic forge,

To the hero of a hundred fights—to the memory of Lord George.

With the Beacon hill above it, with the Channel at its feet,

The field of princely Goodwood for slashing fights is meet ;

Twice it viewed the royal Fleur de Lis beat the speediest in the realm ; (59)

Twice it viewed great Priam winning, with Conolly at the helm. (60)

Here Scott, on wall eyed Hornsea, dealt a settler to each foe ; (61)

And the "maiden-bay," (62) and Harkaway, (63) ranked the foremost with Glencoe ; (64)

Young Orleans with his chestnut bore the prize across the main ;

And proud King Charles, the Hollow-back (65) twice led a brilliant train ;

Yet the victory's crown of victories was, when heedless of the throng,

Alice Hawthorn, (66) like a greyhound, slipped leisurely along ;

Young John, too, on the Hero tasted triumph to the fall, (67)

When, with Eryx at his haunches, near the stand he took his pull.

But the Tartan wreaked its vengeance ; at the summit of the hill, (68)

Pedley viewed the Dutch broom hoisted and his horse at a standstill ;

Again the trumpet soundeth, soon the high-born and the churl,

And the stable-boys e'en glory in the triumph of the earl.

Farewell ! and long may turfites throng thy avenue of limes ;

May Doncaster strive earnestly to bring back happier times ;

May the Jockey Club cleanse ceaselessly the Betting Ring from scurl;
May John Clark long continue the Chief Justice of the Turf!

London, Feb. 12th.

COLONEL CHASSE.

Sporting Magazine, for April.

(1) Venice once a year goes through her nuptials with the ocean. If that element is truly described as "the blue, the fresh, the ever free," it must be rather disgusted with the match.

(2) Tacitus.

(3) Two celebrated Cumberland wrestlers, of one of whom the song says,

"Chapman was the man,
Who bore away the prize from all,
At the merry sports of Flan "

The Blues distinguish themselves every Good Friday in this art.

(4) Palms were given as prizes at the Roman games of the circus; parsley crowns at the Nemean.

(5) In spite of my theory I frequently go to the "Garrick's Head," "The Coal Hole," and "Evans's," &c., in an evening.

(6) "Palmas Epirus equarum Eleadam mittit" (Georgicas); which being interpreted is—Epirus furnishes the "cracks" at Elis.

(7) Alexander's Bucephalus.

(8) When the seven Persian nobles could not agree who was to be king after Smerdis, they determined to settle it by taking a ride together, and watching whose horse nighed first. The groom of Darius allowed his horse to cover a mare on the appointed road-side; and these gentle reminiscences, produced a burst of feeling on its part next day, which secured its master the crown—*so the story goes*.

(9) Iucitatus was the horse of the Emperor Caligula, who made it high priest, and gave it a silver manger and a gold rack.

(10) Such animals are to be only found in the ideas of the Arabs, Mr Ainsworth and Mr D'Israeli.

(11) More great winners are descended from Prunella, than any English mare alive.—*Sunday Times*.

(12) An attempt was made to sell an animal of this class, under the nose of the Royal Agricultural Society at Newcastle in 1846, and I believe some have been "transported for life," as "genuine breeders," "very roomy," &c.

(13) Actæon was bought for a German baron, at the sale of the royal stud in 1837.

(14) His son General Chasse, after covering only three mares while Mr Kirby had him, was also sold to go thither.

(15) The wild huntsman of Germany is reported to nightly haunt the Black Forest with phantom steeds and hounds (see Mrs Hemans).

(16) The Erl-King, with crown and shroud, is all supposed to roam about the Black Forest, and to kill each stranger he touches.

(17) Emilius died in 1818, while let to Mr Jaques, and was buried at Easby Abbey, near Richmond.

(18) Priam's colts have generally been as bad as his fillies have been good.

(19) The old title of the French kings is Mayors of the Palace.

(20) On the Derby day, a few years back, I sat on the top of a coach all the way to Epsom, and heard the chaff I have detailed from the lips of a dirty, but facetious "nobby-one," who sat there with myself, and two friends.

(21) I trust this pretty girl who got into this scrape, has got a nice husband ere this.

(22) I believe this idea is stolen from Albert Smith, or from the imitators of him, who have sprung up like mushrooms with their "Histories," &c.

(23) The sorrows of William Button are well known to all lovers of the circus.

(24) The language of one of these gentlemen on that day, on receiving these equestrian hints, was truly awful.

- (25) A new mode of telling the hour which is not in general use.
 (26) I take this fact in natural history from hearsay only.
 (27) 1780.
 (28) 1793.
 (29) 1801 and 1815 respectively.
 (30) 1823.
 (31) In 1820 the hurricane was so fierce at starting that Sam Chifney, heavily sweated to come the weight, is said never to have got his flesh up since.
 (32) 1828.
 (33) J. Day, W. Day, and S. Day, rode the three first horses, or rather mares, this year.
 (34) 1832 and 1834.
 (35) In Bay Middleton's year, Slane, Gladiator, and Venison were well up.
 (36) The expression of John Day when he dismounted from Crucifix, after the Oaks, in 1840.
 (37) 1841. Conolly died during the Craven meeting of the following year, from brain fever, arising from the still lingering effects of his crash over the cords at Oxford.
 (38) 1843 and 1842. White and black are the respective colours of Colonel Anson and Mr Bowes.
 (39) 1846. Sam Day won the Derby and Oaks on Pyrrhus and Mendicant, the latter of whom was severely kicked at the starting post.
 (40) Cossack and Miami in 1847, and Surplice and Cyma in 1848, were all steered by Simon Templeman.
 (41) Jerry died at Chichester, the last day of last Goodwood meeting, from the effects of a crush from a carriage.
 (42) Louis Philippe's original name was Philip Egalite.
 (43) If I wanted to cure a man of democracy I should take him to see the Queen at Ascot, on the Cup day.
 (44) Won the Cup in 1824 and 1825.
 (45) Cup 1826.
 (46) 1829.
 (47) 1827.
 (48) Sir Mark Wood won in 1830, 1831, and 1832, with Lucella, Celus, and Camarine.
 (49) 1834, Lord Chesterfield's Glaucus.
 (50) 1835, Lord Jersey's Gleneoc.
 (51) 1836 and 1837. (52) 1838. (53) 1841.
 (54) Mr Orde, I believe, addressed his trainer Robert Johnson and the natives publicly on the stand, on his triumph, as was his wont at Newcastle and elsewhere.
 (55) 1844 and 1815.
 (56) 1846.
 (57) 1847 and 1848.
 (58) In 1837, Lord George gave this splendid imitation of the shield of Achilles, in honour of the Duke, to be run for at Goodwood.
 (59) 1829 and 1830.
 (60) 1831 and 1832.
 (61) 1836.
 (62) 1843. This cup in 1843 was, I believe, the first race ever won by Hyllus, though he had previously started nearly twenty times. "When (said Bell's Life) shall we see such a maiden again?"
 (63) 1838 and 1839.
 (64) 1834.
 (65) I should rather have said "Slack-back," but the rhythm of the line did not admit of my doing more than poetic justice to him.
 (66) Alice Hawthorn was the perfection of a galloper, and perhaps, taking her all in all, the best animal that ever trod the turf—*bar none*.
 (67) 1837.
 (68) 1848. Defeat of Cossack by Van Tromp for the Great Four-years-old Stake, and the latter's subsequent cup victory.

THE TURF.

Our last despatch left us in the middle of the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, and we then communicated to our readers that Nunnykirk won the 2,000 Guineas; we would now complete our account by stating that the 1,000 Guineas fell to the lot of an outsider, the Flea, an animal not mentioned in the ring, or backed for a shilling.

At Malton there were two fine days' sport, and exceedingly attractive to the inhabitants of the locality, but to the general speculator producing very little that was essentially interesting. The Two Year Old Stakes was won by a clever filly of Mr Allen's by Quid out of Speedwell. The Shorts, another two year old stakes was cleverly carried off by Mr Stebbing's Actress, defeating c. by Ithuriel and another.

The Claret Stakes, the most interesting of the meeting, then came on for decision. It was cleverly won by Lord Stanley's Caricature defeating Post-tempore, Mysticle, c. by Touchstone, out of Cast-steel, the Arab, and Andalusian.

At Chester, the meeting was every thing that could be desired, weather, sport and company all of the best; passing over the first day which presented nothing of importance, we come to the Wednesday and the all-important Chester Cup, for which no less than twenty-eight of the best horses in England came to the post.

After the usual parade and preparatory canter they drew together at the starting-place, and, with the most praiseworthy regularity, they took up their respective positions according to the lots drawn. All being ready, the start was accomplished at the first signal, the gallant competitors getting compactly off, with the exception of *Dulcet*, who lost a good deal of ground, and had no chance of making it up. He never once showed beyond the body of the pack. *Sponge* cut out the work with a strong lead, *Bingham*, *Lady Wildair*, *Chanticleer*, *Malton*, *Egret*, *Rathmines*, *Eagle's Plume*, and *Halo* comprising the front lot. On rounding the top turn *Chanticleer* took third place, *Malton* fourth, and *Lady Wildair* fifth, and at the Railway-bridge turn, *Rathmines* was seen moving up to them, but he soon fell back again. *Dacia* and *Halo* at this point headed the second division. In pretty nearly the same order as to the leading horses, the race proceeded until they were near the stand the second time, when *Malton* was found to be in hot pursuit of *Sponge*, with *Bingham* third, *Chanticleer* fourth, *Halo* fifth, *Egret* sixth, *Dacia* seventh and *Lady Wildair* and *Giselle* in their wake, *Executor*, *Cossack*, and *Inheritress* meanwhile lying near the centre, *Joc o'-Sot* and *Eagle's Plume* in the rear rank, both quite shut in. *Cheapside* thus early was so far beaten off that he was pulled up. At the Railway-bridge turn, *Malton* colared *Sponge*, and in the next stride or two took up the running, with *Chanticleer* second, *Giselle* third, *Gaffer Green*, *Melody*, *Halo*,

Loup-garou, *Joc-o'-Sot*, and *Fernhill* gathering up. At the Castle-pole *Giselle* was beaten, and *Loup-garou* took third place, *Cossack* at the same time began to improve his position. The tail was momentarily lengthened by the beaten, and the race became intensely exciting. *Malton* entered the straight run-in with *Chanticleer* so close upon him that "The grey wins, the grey wins!" was shouted by thousands in a burst of excitement. Ere they had reached the distance, however, up came *Cossack*, and at the half distance *Chanticleer* succumbed under his great weight. Still *Malton* maintained the lead—*Cossack* gained upon him—stride by stride elicited the most enthusiastic shouts—another effort—no—the gallant *Cossack* cannot get quite up—*Malton* achieves the victory by a neck! About half a length between the second and third, *Chanticleer* fourth *Joc o'-Sot* fifth, and *Melody* sixth, well up *Excutor*, *Fernhill*, and *Inheritress* the next three. *Ruthmines* broke down.—Run in 4 min. 17 sec.

The Queen's Plate was carried off by Flatcatcher, and the Members guineas by Ada Mary. On Thursday, the greater part of the morning was occupied in settling upon the Cup, which, so far as it went, was extremely good, the "ready" being plentiful. A great many large accounts stand over till Monday next, at the Corner, when we have no doubt, it will go off most satisfactorily. The race, as far as can be judged by present appearance, is likely to be a harmless one. The principal winners, as might be expected, are Mr Wm. Stebbings, Mr B. Green, and party. The former throws in for 15,000l.; he made a 10,000l. book upon the race, for which he knew his brother had a good horse in *Malton*. This, therefore, will account for the extensive nature of his transactions. Generally speaking, all the Yorkshire stables are winners upon the race, the horse having been greatly fancied in that quarter, Mr Stebbings having, in the kindest manner, advised all his friends to be "on." Had *Cossack* won, the Danebury party would have won an immense stake; as it was, they "saved themselves," we believe, by backing *Malton* at the last moment.

The racing of the day commenced with the Dee Stand Cup, won cleverly by *Athelstane*. The Dee Stakes fell to the lot of *Elthron*, and the Cheshire Cup to *Sylvan*. On Friday, the weather continued delightfully fine, and from an early hour the "old citie" rang throughout the length and breadth of it with the din of bells and excitement, parties congregating again from all quarters to see the last of the Spring Meeting, '49. Its life, it must be confessed, had not been remarkable for vigour, but it was hopeful, interesting, and joyous, and the remembrance of it will be green and pleasant. As it neared its end the sport increased the Free Handicap bringing out a field of thirteen, and the Grand Stand Cup a field of twelve; both were well contested. For the former, however, the start was a most bungling affair—three or four lost a considerable deal of ground; and *Cigarette* and *Energy* did not get off at all.

The favourite for the Wirral Stakes suddenly extinguished the hopes of her backers by swerving against the Half-mile Post, knock-

ing it down, and nuseating her jockey, the very clever rider of the winner of the Cup. It is to be hoped that by next year the rails will be continued up to the Castle Pole turn.

Magician, a *cracked-up* outsider for the Derby, showed, by his wretched performance in the race for the Cestrian Stakes, that he has not the ghost of a chance of conjuring that glorious prize into the pocket of his owner. The reports concerning him have been altogether a delusion and a snare. The contest between Inheritress and Maid-of-my-Soul, for the Cheshire Stakes, was beautiful in the extreme.

It was not determined to start Inheritress until after it was known that Cossack had been drawn, in order to save his chance at New-castle from the imposition of a penalty. "T'auld mare" gave nearly two stone, and was beaten by only a short head.

DERBY BETTING AT THE CLOSE.

9 to	4 agst.	The Flying Dutchman	16 to	1 agt.	The Knout
420 „	100 —	Nunnykirk (t)	16 „	1 —	Elthiron (taken)
6 „	1 —	Tadmor (offered)	20 „	1 —	Chatterer (taken)
10 „	1 —	Vanguard (t)	40 „	1 —	Montague (taken)
1000 „	65 —	Vatican (taken)			

Home News.

ON DOG-BREAKING.

My attention has been more immediately directed to this important subject, from having lately met with a pamphlet under the title of "Observations on Dog-breaking, by William Floyd, game-keeper to Sir John Sebright." Before I perused these eighteen pages, printed in a large type, I expected to derive many useful and practical hints from them, particularly as the *brochure* purported to come from a *game-keeper*; in this, however, I was greatly disappointed, for I found *error* instead of *information*, and so many gross mistakes, that I was induced to take up the pen myself, and to give you the result of many years' actual experience in *dog-breaking*; and, though not a *game-keeper*, I trust I am sufficient of a *game-finder*, and of a *sportsman*, to be able to lay down such rules for the *breaking of dogs* as cannot but prove acceptable to your readers, particularly to the youthful and inexperienced part of them. But, before I proceed to do this, I feel it my duty to give some instances of the absurd notions entertained by the author of the little essay in question; as mere assertion, *without proof*, should never meet with attention from any one.

In the second prefatory paragraphs, Mr Floyd observes: "Young dogs should never be hunted where there are hares, until they

are perfectly steady to partridge ; they may then be very easily prevented from running them, that is to say, in places where they are abundant, *for it is in vain to attempt it where they see them but seldom.*" If the work in question be really the production of a game-keeper, this quotation would, I think, clearly prove that he does not quite understand his business. The next paragraph contains some strange directions as to fastening " a cord, about *twenty yards* long, round the dog's neck, and the other end of it to a peg," &c. This cord is afterwards to be reduced to the length of " nine or ten feet ;" and is principally to be used, it seems, to make the dog, by checking him, drop at the word " *down !*" from which recumbent position he is on no account to stir " before he is touched with the hand ; this (adds the author) *is a general rule never to be departed from.*" Surely nothing can be more ridiculous than such a direction : if a dog drops at the distance of one, two, or three hundred yards, is it necessary, in order to induce the animal to rise, that the sportsman should walk that distance to *touch* him, when a *wave of the hand* would answer every purpose ?

The mode in which a dog should quarter his ground is next described, which, though by no means free from objection, is perhaps one of the least faulty of the author's directions : but what appears not a little extraordinary, even here, is, that the dog is to be taught to range *& where there is no game !*" After the young dog has become perfect in his preparatory lessons, Floyd thus proceeds : " When a young dog has been prepared by these previous lessons, choose a fine day in the pairing season, *when the huns lie well*, and hunt him for some time *where he will not find game !*" After a little more rambling incoherence, the author further observes : " A very absurd opinion prevails among sportsmen, that by killing game to young dogs you will make them steady ; it has, in fact, a contrary effect." Now, Mr Editor, I appeal to you, and to every sportsman, whether any thing could display a greater ignorance of the subject than this absurd observation. Need I tell *your* readers, nothing renders a dog *so steady*, either young or old, as *having abundance of game killed over him*. Having now, I think adduced sufficient proofs of the incompetency of this game-keeper to give any really useful directions in the *art* of dog-breaking, (for an *art* it confessedly is, of the last importance to the sportsman,) I will endeavour to lay down such rules as the result of my own experience have proved to be quite sufficient for attaining the desirable object of making the dog an *effective* coadjutor of the sportsman.

In the first place, then, it is indispensably necessary that the sportsman should procure dogs whose breed is unexceptionably good ; as well-bred dogs are more than half broke the moment you take them into the field. The dog is an animal possessed of an uncommon degree of sagacity ;—in short, he has *reasoning powers* to a very great extent, which may be converted to the pleasure or the service of his master ; yet, in this respect, dogs will be found to vary very much ; and while some will appear to exhibit *instinct* merely, others will be

found to evince a degree of acuteness very similar to reason. There is a countless variety of the dog tribe, many of the non-descript ramifications of which, with an ugly and diminutive form, seem to sink much below the general level of the canine tribe in sagacity, while the nobler kind appear to rise in the scale of importance in proportion as they are judiciously bred, and afterwards cherished by the fostering care of their humane protector. But the most sagacious of all the varieties of this highly interesting animal is, without dispute, the *Newfoundland dog*. His olfactory organs are of the first order; yet, as from his heavy, long, and loose form he is unable to support the fatigue of a day's range, he, on this account *alone*, is ill-calculated for the shooting sportsman. Similarly important disqualifying observations would apply to most of the other varieties of the dog, till we come to the *pointer* and *setter*, which appear altogether most admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are so generally used. We may, however, remark that the mere pointing or setting is by no means confined to these two particular kinds; on the contrary, terriers, hounds, and all dogs inclined to hunt, may be easily taught to *point* or *set*, or, in other words, to pause or stop, on their approaching game. Indeed, there are few dogs given to hunting but will point *naturally*, in the course of a little time, which arises no doubt from the following reason: as a young dog ascertains his proximity to game by his sense of smell, so, on his near approach, he is eager to seize it; but finding, after repeated trials, that he is unable to accomplish his purpose, he becomes more circumspect or wary, and will be observed to *pause* for a short space, and then make a sudden rush to secure his object. This pause is, no doubt, for the purpose of ascertaining, by his olfactory organs, the exact spot where the game is seated; and the observation of this very circumstance, there is not a doubt, originated the idea of the setting dog; the sportsman carefully improving, by education, a quality which he easily discovered would so essentially conduce to the pleasures of the field.

Taking it for granted, therefore, that all dogs which will range for game will naturally pause or set, yet none of the various kinds seems so quickly to adopt this sagacious manœuvre as the pointer or setter; nor is any one of them every way so admirably adapted as an auxiliary to the fowling-piece. Next to the Newfoundland dog, on the score of powerful instinct, or animal reasoning, may be ranked the *pointer*; his countenance is open, intelligent, and expressive; while his speed, strength, and persevering spirit enable him to continue the chase for a length of time almost incredible.

The *pointer* and *setter*, though used for the same purpose, offer, individually, a very different object for contemplation either as regards their external appearance or their mode of questing for game. Speaking on this subject, the author of the "Shooter's Companion" observes,—“The *setter* is the handsomest and the most generous of the canine race; but by what peculiar cross he originated is unknown; and all conjectures on this head, though very interesting to the sportsman, are too much involved in uncertainty to be, for a moment,

depended on." The setter is fleetier than the pointer; and, as his feet are small and much protected by hair, he has a decided advantage on hard ground, or in frosty weather; but, at the commencement of the shooting season, when the weather is oppressively hot, he suffers more from thirst than the pointer, arising, no doubt, from his long, thick, and warm coat of hair, which though extremely convenient in cold weather, nevertheless, exposes this generous animal to great inconvenience during the intense heat of the month of August, particularly on mountains where water is seldom to be met with. On the whole, the setter is a hardy, high-spirited animal; but he is often found troublesome to break, and can only be kept steady by incessant labour, backed, but too frequently, by *severe correction*. For those who follow the diversion very ardently, and are out almost every day, the setter will frequently be found a valuable acquisition; but they who enjoy the fascinating amusement of shooting only *occasionally*, will find greater satisfaction in the more steady and better regulated exertions of the pointer.

The *pointer* is of foreign origin, and is known, with but slight difference of form, not only in Spain, but in Portugal, and, also, in France. The pointers that have been brought immediately from Spain are heavy and clumsily formed; those from Portugal are somewhat lighter; while the French breed is remarkable for a wide furrow which runs* between the nostrils, and which gives to the animal's countenance a very grotesque appearance. All the pointers, however, exhibit a very different form and character from the setter; they are thick and heavy creatures, with large clubby heads, long pendant ears and are covered with short smooth hair; nor do they always possess that generosity of disposition which is so distinguishing a trait in the character of the setter; in fact, they are of little value till crossed with the more generous blood of these islands. Yet the conjunction of the setter and the pointer is by no means advisable, since the production generally unites the worst qualities of the two, without any of those requisites, perhaps, for which the two breeds are most highly prized. Sometimes, indeed, a first rate dog is produced between a setter and a pointer; but it rarely happens; the cross, at best, is never to be depended on: and for one good dog thus obtained, there will be found, on an average, twenty very indifferent or bad dogs; while not the least dependence can be placed on the offspring of the very best animals thus obtained. The most valuable dogs are, unquestionably, those produced between the *Spanish pointer* and the deep-flewed foxhound or deep-flewed harrier, particularly if the progeny incline much to the pointer; unless indeed, speed be more the object than acute olfactory nerves, when the lighter kind of hounds will be found to answer best. The *Spanish pointer* has been already so judiciously crossed, and is arrived at such a degree of perfection, as to leave little to be desired in the way of experiment;—good pointers are now to be met with in all parts of the kingdom. Pointers are very susceptible of education, are easily broke or trained, and not so apt to forget their lessons as the setter.

Having offered these preliminary remarks on the varieties of the dog, I will now proceed to a consideration of the subject more immediately under discussion. A very mistaken notion has obtained currency amongst sportsmen, namely, that those dogs which it is difficult to reduce to the required subordination, ultimately prove, when thoroughly subdued, superior to all others. How such an idea could have become prevalent I am at a loss to conjecture; but I have not the least hesitation in pronouncing it erroneous. That there have been good dogs of this description I am willing to admit,—one, perhaps, out of a hundred; but it must be acknowledged, after all, that the *steadiness* of the very best of these hardy, headstrong dogs is seldom to be depended on; they are always apt to spring the game, particularly when hunted in company; and it is only by hard labour, or excessive correction, or both, that their mischievous impetuosity can be retrained.

The *first* object to be considered in training a dog is the *animal's temper*: some dogs require frequent and severe correction, while, with others, mild treatment, and even encouragement, are indispensable. The most *philosophic patience* is an admirable quality in a dog-breaker; as many otherwise excellent dogs have been ruined by ignorance and brutal passion.

Well-bred dogs generally begin to hunt at an early period, though it will sometimes happen (but not often) that a dog will continue so long before he manifests a disposition for hunting as to induce a suspicion that he is good for nothing. Let no sportsman be too hasty in making this conclusion. At the age of five or six months, or even earlier, you should allow your dog to accompany you when you walk out, supposing it to be in the lanes or elsewhere; and, occasionally, lead him in a cord, or couple him with another dog. He may be allowed to ramble to a certain distance, so as not to be out of call; occasionally, making him come behind you at the word *back*. The fewer words that are used in each lesson the better, which should be always the same, of the plainest sound, as well as the most distinct from each other, as the dog is guided by the sound alone; any meaning beyond what the sound and tone convey is, of course, above the capacity of a quadruped. At this period, it will not be amiss to teach him to crouch at a piece of bread, or any thing else you may think proper, and not to stir till he is ordered; this may be easily done by *gentle correction* when he does wrong, and by rewarding him when he has done right. A good time for this introductory lesson is before you feed him, and he should never be allowed to eat till he has performed his task in a satisfactory manner. The word *down* is short, and sounds well from the mouth, and is all that is necessary to make the dog crouch, except when he shows any unwillingness to execute what you desire, when *sirrah!* spoken in an angry tone, may perhaps produce obedience; if not, the whip should be administered with moderation. Further, it may be as well to teach him, at the same time, words of caution, such for instance, as *take heed*: as well as of encouragement, as *good boy*; the latter should not be used *profusely* but applied

in the most judicious manner, as encouragement is very apt to induce a dog to commit errors. A plurality of teachers should, if possible, be avoided, one instructor being amply sufficient. Whenever a dog is corrected either at this period or afterwards in the field, he should not be suffered to leave you till he is satisfied that you intend him no further chastisement: for example, if a dog be guilty of so great a fault, when hunting, as to render a severe flogging indispensable, you should not allow him immediately to run away after the flagellation, but compel him to remain at your feet for some seconds or a minute, otherwise, you will not be able to catch him, perhaps, should he require a second chastisement. When a severe flogging is necessary, it is advisable to put a cord round the neck of the dog, by which means the punishment may be administered more effectually.

After the dog has been thus brought under subjection, or reduced to the requisite obedience, at any period, from the age of eight to eighteen months, according as he is strong and healthy, he may be taken into the field, either with or without another dog, and suffered to hunt whatever he pleases, (except sheep or domestic animals), and, in fact, to run riot. *Larks*, as they so frequently present themselves, will, most likely, be the first object of his attention; these he will spring and chase very eagerly; if *partridges* come in his way, he will do the same, with this difference only, that his eagerness will much increase; it will be still greater should he come in contact with a *pheasant*; and if a *hare* happen to rise before him, he will not fail to chase, with all imaginable ardour, and will, most likely, *open* in the pursuit. In this way he may be indulged till such time as he has become so attached to the sports that he may be checked without the least danger of his being *overfaced*, and thus induced to *blink* his game, or be otherwise rendered shy.

In a short period you will perceive him draw more cautiously upon the scent; on approaching his object, he will pause even at a lark; but when a partridge happens to be before him, his pause or stop will be more steady, and his manner altogether much more earnest; and the difference of the object will be very clearly manifested in his countenance.* He should now be taken out with an old steady dog, and whenever he comes to a point, the word *toho!* should be used, and afterwards the whip, if the word prove unavailing. Whenever he sets, approach him, at your regular pace, but seem not in a hurry, (as, if you run, he will be very apt to do the same,) and stand by him for a few seconds; if the birds do not rise, he should be allowed to advance, by saying *hold up!* be mindful, however, that he does not advance too rapidly, and in order to effect this make use of words expressive of caution, as *take heed!* When the old dog points,

* If, contrary to expectation, he should manifest no disposition to pause or stop, after having been taken into the field half a dozen times, every time he springs the game, he must be brought back to the spot whence it rose, and compelled to crouch; the word *toho!* must be angrily spoken, and the whip used, if, after repeated cautions, he should pay no attention.

the young one should be taught to *back*, which may be accomplished in the following manner :—As soon as the old dog settles to a point, supposing the young one happens to be at a distance, he must be observed, as the moment he perceives the point, he would, if left to himself, rush eagerly up : however, he must be prevented from so doing, by calling out *toho!* at the same time, holding up your hand.—If he obey not by gentle means, recourse must be had to the whip. By these means he will, most likely, soon become very steady ; for dog-breaking, if attended to, at a proper period, and in a proper manner, does not give half the trouble that is generally supposed. Holding up the hand is the signal for the dog to *back* ; and, in a little time, whenever he sees it, he will immediately stop, though he may be at the other end of the field, or at a considerable distance.

At the same time, he should be taught to quarter his ground in a proper manner, as well as not to break fence. In beating a field, care should be taken to give him the wind ; or, at least, he should never be suffered to run directly with the wind : if it blow in his face, so much the better, but a dog will hunt very well with a side wind. The dog should cross about 20 yards before the shooter, and if, after running down the field, he should not cross up again at about the distance just mentioned, he should be called to or whistled, and a wave of the hand should direct him across the field ; unless indeed he catch scent, when he should be suffered, of course, to follow it. In case of attempting to *break fence*, he should be instantly whistled to, or called by name, in an angry tone, using at the same time the words *'ware fence!* This will, in all probability, soon produce the requisite obedience ; but should he refuse to obey the whistle or the call, the *whip* must produce what more gentle means are unable to effect. If he refuses to pay attention to the whistle, he should receive a few stripes, (more or less, according to the disposition of the animal,) the whistle occasionally used during the operation ; and so corrected, should he not return implicit obedience when called to. Thus, he will soon become pleasingly tractable.

However, as some young dogs are alarmed at the report of the fowling-piece, it will not be amiss, on the game rising, after having been properly set, to fire a pistol, which will render him familiar to the sound. If his terror should increase on the firing of the pistol, so as to frighten him from the field, or induce him to run home, the experiment should be entirely abandoned till the shooting season, when he should be coupled to another dog, or otherwise prevented from running away till a few birds are killed and shown to him.—If a bird be winged, he should be induced to foot it, and even suffered to mouth it, which is by far the best method of reconciling him to the discharge of the fowling-piece.

We will suppose that the dog is already steady at partridges ; yet if he happens to approach a hare, he will scarcely fail to rush at her—at all events, he will chase when she rises. In this case, he must be brought back to the place whence he run, and made to crouch as before described, using the words, *'ware hare!* or *'ware chase!*

Hitherto, I have supposed that the dog-breaker has been engaged with a mild, good-tempered animal, which will be easily rendered tractable by the means just described; there are, however, dogs of a very different description, which require an excess of flogging, aided by other coercive measures, in order to enforce that indispensable degree of subordination, without which shooting, so delightful with well-trained pointers, is rendered irksome and vexatious.

If repeated severe flogging fail to accomplish the object of the sportsman, recourse must be had to the *trash-cord*, or rather *drag cord*. This is a cord something like a clock-line, about twelve or fourteen yards in length, to be fastened round the dog's neck, if in the fields; on the moors the dog will run with twenty yards, while twelve or fourteen will soon tire him in enclosed grounds: the greater the length of the cord, however, that can be used with propriety, the better: the cord may be shortened as the dog becomes fatigued. By the help of this cord you will be enabled to stop him whenever you please. However, we will suppose that he makes a point; should he attempt to run in, you must check him as smartly as possible, making use of the word *toho!* and the whip also if you think proper. This cord will be very useful should the dog not come in when he is called, &c. If, after a little practice with the drag-cord, the dog perseveres in springing his game, or continues otherwise refractory, the *spiked collar* must be used. The *spiked collar* is merely a leathern strap, through which are inserted a dozen or more small nails, the points of which should extend half an inch beyond the surface of the inside. On the out-side a piece of leather must be sewed over the heads of the nails, to prevent their starting back when the dog presses upon their points. This is to be buckled round the dog's neck, the points of the nails inwards, and the drag-cord attached to it. Thus, when it becomes necessary to check him on his attempting to run in, or behaving otherwise unruly, the admonition, or rather correction, will be much more impressive; in a little time, his neck will be very sore; and he must be contumacious beyond measure if this mode of punishment does not produce the desired effect.

The most difficult part of dog-breaking is, perhaps, the reducing of the animal to perfect obedience in respect to hares. In the first instance, a young dog will eagerly pursue larks or thrushes, or in fact any of the feathered tribe which he happens to meet with; the partridge being a larger object, and making considerable noise when taking wing, will be pursued by him with much more ardour; a similar remark will equally apply to the pheasant, which he will still more eagerly pursue: but very soon discovering the attempt to be hopeless, he will shorten the distance of his pursuit and ultimately abandon the chase altogether. Not so, however, with the hare; for perceiving that it does not leave the ground, but runs like himself, he will not

* On the moors, the cord is drawn over the top of the heath in a great measure, and therefore runs light; in stubble-fields and rough grounds many obstacles render the dragging of the cord very hard labour,

very easily relinquish the hope of overtaking her, but will rush forward with ungovernable ardour, and, even when lost sight of, will continue to follow the chase by the nose. But there are few dogs which may not be rendered steady in respect to hares by the means which we have pointed out; and that where hares are numerous much sooner, of course, than where they are seldom met with. There is one effectual mode of reducing a dog to obedience in this respect, should the whip, the drag cord, and the piked collar fail of the desired effect. For this purpose a living hare should be procured, to the neck of which a cord should be fastened: to the other end of the cord (which may be six or seven yards in length) should be attached a wire, which wire should be thrust through the snout or cartilaginous part of the dog's nose. The hare will, of course, spring forward at the sight of the dog, which will not fail to cause the most acute pain to the latter; the whip should be applied at the same time, accompanied with the words, *'ware hare!'** This may be regarded, perhaps, as the excess of severity, and should never be resorted to but when all milder means have been repeatedly tried in vain. To prevent an obstinate dog chasing hares, I have sometimes seen the fowling-piece used as a remedy. It may be regarded as a desperate one, which, though it will generally have the desired effect, should be used with the utmost circumspection. If a dog is to be shot at, care should be taken that he is at a sufficient distance, as well as to hit him about the rump, otherwise you run great risk of *killing* him.

In the earlier part of these remarks, I have mentioned mild-tempered dogs. It will be requisite here to observe, that well-bred dogs are occasionally met with so very shy as to require encouragement rather than correction; dogs of this description may sometimes prove excellent; but I must confess I do not like to see a *shy dog*. Animals of this sort should never be taken with dogs that need much checking or flogging, as the very sight of the whip alarms them to such a degree that they will not stir from behind you. Nothing is more difficult than to manage very shy dogs; they must be encouraged to hunt; and if they commit an error, the means of correction are difficult, and sometimes impossible: the least severity will most likely make them *blink*† their game: and when once this habit is contracted, it will require more than ordinary pains to eradicate it. Many young dogs will be much alarmed at the report of a gun; and yet, when reconciled to it, prove excellent. Few shy dogs are ever very prizeable; I never saw a good one.

As I have spoken of the various methods to be employed to render a dog steady at the point, to range, and also to *back*, I must observe, in this place, that a dog should never be suffered to *break fence*; or, in other words, to leave the field till you are ready to

* On all occasions of correction, the requisite word should uniformly accompany the punishment.

† *Blinking* is when a dog finds game, and, on being spoken to, draws off, and runs behind you, and frequently without being spoken to.

accompany him, as much mischief may ensue from his being suffered to ramble out of sight, or to a great distance. On his attempting to break fence, the whistle should be used, the dog should be called by his name, (in an angry tone,) followed by the words, '*ware fence!*—the whip, &c. to be resorted to, as in other cases, if necessary, to procure obedience.

Generally speaking, as little noise as possible should be made. The voice or the whistle should never be used, but when absolutely demanded: the dog will thus hunt steadier; and if you accustom him to the motion of your hand, he will regularly look for the signal whenever he is at a loss.

It is thought by some, that dogs *broke on the grouse mountains* are superior as to *ranging*: this is doubtful if not a mistaken notion altogether. In this respect, much will depend upon the animal himself.

Young dogs in general hunt with their noses closer to the ground than old ones, and are apt to puzzle on the scent a considerable time after the game has left the spot. A little practice will, however, most likely remedy these defects: if not, recourse must be had to the *muzzle-peg*, an instrument very well known amongst sportsmen, but which I will, nevertheless, describe. The *muzzle-peg* is merely a piece of wood hollowed out and formed at one end so as to fit or receive the under-jaw of the dog. From the dog's nose to the other end, projecting about nine inches, it is merely a round stick rather thicker than a man's thumb; though some persons, instead of one of these round projecting sticks, prefer two, forming an angle with the dog's nose. At the upper end of that part which is placed under the dog's nether-jaw, two longitudinal holes or slits are made, through which a strap is inserted, which is buckled behind the animal's ears; while the other end of the thick part of the muzzle-peg, or that which comes under the canine teeth, or fangs, is perforated with two holes, through which a leather thong is drawn, and tied immediately behind the fangs just mentioned. With this instrument, so fastened, the dog may be hunted without the smallest injury. At the first putting on, however, he will use every effort to rid himself of so disagreeable a companion, nor will he hunt till he has satisfied himself of the inefficacy of his utmost exertions to get free from this unpleasant restraint. At length, he will become familiar with the instrument, and run with it as unconcernedly as possible; and it will make him carry his head well up, as well as prevent his chopping young hares, or mousing in any way. A dog that *rakes*, (that is, runs with his nose close to the ground,) and follows his game by the track, will generally spring it. Whenever, therefore, a young dog is seen to follow the track of a partridge, (down wind in particular,) he should be called to, in an angry tone, *hold up!* he will then become uneasy, going first on one side and then on the other till the wind brings him the scent. If after a short period, he should persevere in keeping his nose to the ground, and in following the track, recourse must be had to the instrument which I have just described.

Grouse, partridges, or any kind of game, lie much better to a dog

the winds them, than to one which approaches by the track. The dog that winds the scent approaches the game by degrees, and that more or less as he finds it wild or otherwise, which he is enabled to discover by the scent which is emitted; and though grouse or partridges see him hunt round them, they will be much less alarmed than when they observe him following their track, and suffer his near approach; or, in other words, *lie well*. The reason seems evident:—The dog, I apprehend, is seen by the birds (generally speaking) as soon as he enters the field; or, at all events, at a very considerable distance; and the moment they perceive him approach by the track, they take the alarm, supposing themselves discovered, or at least, very likely to be discovered; but watching, as they assuredly do, the motions of the dog, and observing that he does not follow the track along which they have run, they conceive themselves undiscovered, and thus allow the dog to come to a steady point. It may, moreover, be further remarked that a dog which carries his head high will always find the most game, to say nothing of finding it in a handsome style.

Annals of Sporting.

GARLAND v. JEKYLL: A CURIOUS CASE OF HERIOTS;

With some Remarks on the Origin of Heriots.

In this case, which was tried in the Common Pleas, on the 15th of May last, the celebrated racer *Smolensko* was claimed by the plaintiff, as lord of the manor of *Weeks Park Hall*, as one of the *heriots* due to him on the death of Sir Charles Bunbury, his tenant. The Jury found that this horse was not claimed by the person who went to mark Sir Charles Bunbury's horse on the part of the lord of the manor. Mr Serjeant Pell, on a former day obtained a rule for a new trial. Serjeants Lens and Bosanquet this day showed cause against it; and Mr Serjeant Pell having been heard in support of the rule, Chief Justice Dallas said this was, undoubtedly, a claim of a very strict and severe sort, but that was not to counteract the fair application of the law to the facts of the case, though he might state it is a principle that where the law raised a claim of this harsh nature, the party seeking to enforce it should make it out in the clearest manner possible. The question was whether the party sent to mark or seize the horses conducted himself in such a way as to forego his claims to *Smolensko*, confining it to the two-and-twenty other horses which he saw. Twenty-two was the number he was told to claim; he examined twenty-two; and having done that, was told there were three others which he had not seen: his answer was, he had seen his number. If he intended to include

Smolensko, he would only have examined twenty-one. The Jury thought, under those circumstances, he claimed only twenty-two horses which he saw as heriots, under the directions he had; and, upon this view of the case, his Lordship thought there was not sufficient ground for disturbing the verdict. The other Judges concurred in the opinion of the Chief Justice, and the rule was discharged.

Heriot (*heriotum*) is, in the Saxon, *heregeat*; *bellicus apparatus*, derived from *here*, i. e. *exercitus*, an army, and *geat*, *fuses*, *effusus*, *quasi, furit quid in exercitum erogatum*; signifying originally a tribute given to a lord of a manor for his better preparation for war. By the laws of Canute, at the death of the great men of this realm so many horses and arms were to be paid as they were, in their respective lifetimes, obliged to keep for the king's service.—*Spelm.*

Sir Edward Coke makes heriot, or heregeat, (from *herus*, lord) the lord's beast. And it is now taken with us for the best beast whether it be horse, ox, or cow, that the tenant dies possessed of, due and payable to the lord of the manor; and in some manors, the best goods, piece of plate, &c.—*Ritch.* 133.

There is *heriot-service*, or *heriot-custom*:—heriot service is payable on the death of a tenant, in fee simple; and heriot-custom upon the death of tenant for life. When a tenant holds by service to pay a heriot at the time of his death, which service is expressed and especially reserved in the deed of feoffment, this is heriot service; and when heriots have been customarily paid time out of mind, after the death of tenant for life, this is heriot-custom.—*Co. Litt.* 185.

Heriots by custom are commonly paid for copyhold estates; and if a heriot is reserved upon a lease, it is heriot service, and incident to the reversion.—*Lutw.* 1366, 1367.

For a heriot goes with the reversion as well as rent, and the grantee of the reversion shall have it.—2 *Samed.* 166.

Although a heriot reserved upon a lease is called heriot-service, yet it is not like this case where a man holds lands by the service of paying a heriot, &c., because where a heriot is reserved on lease, the proper remedy is either a distress or action of the covenant *grounded on the contract*, for the lessor cannot seize, as the lord of a manor may do, the beast of his tenant who holds of him by heriot-service.—*Reilw.* 82, 84.

There may be a covenant in leases for lives, &c. to render the best beast or so much in money for a heriot, at the election of the lessor; in which case the lessor will give notice which he will accept, before action may be brought for it, or a distress taken, &c.—2 *Litt. abr.* 19.

For heriot-service the lord may distrain any beast belonging to the tenant on the land. Also it has been held, that the lord may distrain any man's beasts which are upon the land, and retain them till a heriot is satisfied.—1 *Inst.* 185; *Litt. Rep.* 33.

And if the tenant deviseth away all his goods, &c., yet the lord shall have his heriot on the death of the tenant.—*Stat.* 13—*Eliz. cap.* 5.

For heriot-custom, the lord is to seize, not destrain ; and he may seize the best beast, &c., though out of the manor and in the king's highway, because he claims it as his proper goods by the death of the tenant, which he may seize in any place where he finds it.—*Ritch.* 267. 2 *Inst.* 132.

The lord may properly seize for heriot-custom, and take a distress for heriot-service. And for heriot-eustom he may seize any where but for heriot-service on the land only. Though it has been adjudged that a heriot-custom or service may be seized any where, but one cannot distrain for them out of the manor.—*Plowd.* 96 ; *Reilw.* 84 ; 1 *Salk.* 356.

Where a woman marries and dies, the lord shall have no heriot-custom, because a feme covert can have no goods to pay as a heriot.—2 *Leon.* 239.

And when a heriot is to be paid by a certain life-holder of his own goods, an assignee is not liable to pay the heriot ; his goods not being the goods of such life.—*C. Car.* 313 ; 2 *Nels.* 932.

If the lord purchase part of the tenaney, heriot-service is extinguished ; but it is not so of heriot-eustom,—8 *Rep.* 105.

Annals of Sporting.

EXTRORDINARY SPORTING EVENTS.

Inquiries respecting the great deeds of our ancestors are always desirable, inasmuch as the contemplation of such inspire to emulation and excite to the best efforts of our nature ; so do *tales of other times* regarding the exertions and achievements of the animals sent for our amusement, recreation, and delight, by acquainting us with extraordinary feats and occurrences, teach us to expect the recurrence of similar feats at some future period, and to wonder less when, at length, they do happen again. To appear *astonished* at nothing that is told us, is a good general preventive against being surprised into the belief of any falsehood that may not strike us as lying beyond the reach of human probability,—or, what is worse, (and most common in such affairs,) being entrapped by mere conjurations of the brain of some sportsman *gifted in fable*, or designing jockey meaning subtly to deceive us. “Examine all things, and hold fast that which is right,” is also an axiom that belongs most appropriately to our present purpose, as it does to every other subject, where credence is asked for historical facts that are no longer demonstrable, but rest on written authorities that are liable to error, and require arguments for their support. In these however, we shall not deal at present ; but if such are requisite to obtain belief for our extraordinary relations, all we shall do in this way will be to furnish compressed and luminous

data whence the reader may form his own deductions at a glance, and come to right conclusions without the trouble of investigation.

1. *Mr Shafto's Match*.—So long ago as the 20th of March, "A Subscriber," dated Norwich, made inquiry respecting the particulars of this great match, and we now proceed to redeem the promise made at p. 289, of our first volume.

The match was made between Mr Shafto and Mr Maynell, for 2000 guineas : Mr Shafto to get a person to ride 100 miles a day, on one horse each day, during 29 successive days ; to have any number of horses not exceeding 29. A Mr John Woodcock rode the match at Newmarket : he started on the 4th May, 1761, at one o'clock in the morning, and finished on the 1st of June, about six o'clock in the evening, having rode 14 horses as follows :—

Mr Shafto's b. h. *once* ; Lord Chedworth's c. m. *thrice* ; Capt. Winyard's c. h. *twice* ; Mr Thistlethwayte's gr. h. *thrice* ; Mr Wildman's bl. m. *thrice* ; Mr Woodcock's b. m. *twice* ; Mr Scott's b. m. *twice* ; Lord Montfort's b. h. *twice* ; Mr Surrecolt's c. h. *once* ; Mr Shafto's r. h. *twice* ; Mr Calcraft's c. h. *once* ; Mr Rudd's c. m. *once* ; Mr Welch's b. h. *thrice* ; Mr Major's b. m. *thrice* ;—making together twenty-nine times on fourteen horses.

But the last-mentioned did not begin its last turn until ten o'clock in the day, Mr Woodcock having failed to bring in a horse (called *Quidnunc*) after it had done sixty miles, when it tired ; so that he did this day 160 miles, finishing it at about 11 o'clock at night. Indeed, the whole undertaking was a much more arduous one for the rider than for the horses. The course was measured from the *Hare-park* to the Ditch three miles, and thence round the Flat went another three miles on that side the Ditch near the town, the whole having posts and lamps, since he chose to do his work mostly by night.

2. *A close Heat*.—Letter addressed to the Editor. Dear Sir,—You must contrive to bring in the annexed account in your next Sporting Miscellany ; the like was never known in the annals of the turf, of horses running so close that the bye-standers could not ascertain which of them had it ; and even the *judge* was obliged to make oath as to which won the heat. It was for the *Town Plate* of £30, and was run at Epsom on May 25, 1754.

Mr. Rogers's bay horse, *Aaron* ; weight, 8st.
Glb. 2oz. 1 0 1

Mr. Lamego's chesnut horse, *Little Driver* ;
weight, 9st. 1lb. 12oz. 2 0 2

The second heat was run so near, that the judge could not determine which had won it, and the third heat he gave to *Aaron*. This, however, was not fully determined till September following, at which time, a paragraph appeared in the London Evening Post, including the affidavit of the judge in this affair.

"Isaac Tarratt, of Epsom, in the County of Surrey, Linendraper, maketh oath, and saith, that, in the month of May last past, he, this deponent, was requested to observe and give his judgment concerning

a certain horse-race, run on Epsom-downs, in the said month of May, between a horse, the property of Mr Aaron Lamego, known by the name of *Little Driver*, and another horse, the property of Mr Benjamin Rogers, known by the name of *Aaron*. And this deponent saith, that, according to his, this deponent's strict observance and belief, Mr Rogers's said horse, *Aaron*, clearly won the third heat, against Mr Lamego's said horse, *Little Driver*. And this deponent further maketh oath, and saith, that he had no bets depending, was nowise interested in, nor could he receive any benefit or advantage whatsoever from the decision or event of the said race-horse, [one way or the other.]

"ISAAC TARRATT."

"Sworn at Epsom, in Surrey, the 6th }
of September, 1754, before me, } EDWARD NORTHLEY."

"I do hereby declare my full consent to the above determination. September 14th, 1754. AARON LAMEGO."

3. *A fortunate Sportsman*. Sir,—If the following singular fact meets with your approbation, and should it be worthy insertion in your entertaining Annals, it may probably amuse a portion of your readers, which is the end desired.

It is well authenticated, and I can vouch for its truth. It occurred in the neighbourhood of Huntingdon a few years ago, and is quite unique in its kind.

I am, Sir, Your's,

ALOUETTE.

A labourer, returning home from his master's house late one evening, in the middle of winter, the moon, just rising from her bed, proved a good guide, while a smart frost made the walk pleasant to the tired husbandman; he had, however, been previously regaled with a good English supper and a "mug of nut-brown ale." As he came near the borders of a wood, which lay in his road home, he perceived something approach; at first, its colour appeared black; as it, however, came onward, and the beams of the moon reflected greater light upon it, he thought its hue changed, "and, lo, 'twas white!" But, having advanced within the distance of fifty yards he plainly perceived it was substance, and could distinctly tell its species;—a *Mister Reynard*, with a fine *goose*, swung carelessly across his back, came jogging contentedly towards the borders of the wood, in which, probably, was his retreat.

The labourer had a loaded gun with him, and was on the point of firing, when a fine *hare* started up suddenly before the fox, and began to frisk and gambol, and seemed to invite him to play; the fox, in the meantime, laid the goose gently down and complied with Miss Pussy's request; he crouched on his belly, and alternately lowered and elevated his head, after the manner of dogs at play. The innocent and unconscious hare was still performing her tricks, running round, each time forming a smaller circle, until she approached near enough for the spring of her wily enemy. On a sudden, he sprung upon and instantly killed her. The labourer thought he ought

to make the best use of his time, fearing he might lose the greatest part of the prize in view ; he accordingly fired.—Reynard fell, and he became sole master of the *goose*, the *hare* and *fox*.

He hastened to realize his good fortune. The hare and goose he kept for his own use, and the fox he sold for its skin, in order, as he said, to wash the other game down, and to drink a bumper in remembrance of his profitable shot.

THREE DAYS ON THE ORINOCO, AND A JOURNEY OVER THE LLANOS OF CUMANA.

Circumstances, which it is not necessary here to detail, induced me to visit New Spain in the year 1823. The scenes of lawless violence, of human nature in its most disgusting shapes, which on every side met my sight, it is not my intention to narrate. That the Spaniards had been, for many generations, hard task-masters, and cruel and grievous oppressors, few, even amongst themselves, will deny ; but the mireries they had so long inflicted upon the various races under their control have been retaliated ten-fold. The rancour, the hatred pent up for so many ages, broke out with a fury too often indiscriminate in the search of its victims. These cruelties were not inflicted so much by the patient though cunning Indian, as by the mixed races descended from Europeans and natives, from natives and blacks, the *Zambos* and *Mestizos*, in whom a development of fierce passions took place, which during that turbulent period when the strong hand was the lawgiver, had unlimited scope for the exercise of its blood-thirsty ferocity. Rapine, murder, sacrilege, were of daily, nay, hourly occurrence. The transition from one state of society to another produced effects resembling those of the irruption of a mountain-lake upon some quiet valley. It swept away every thing that was fair and beautiful, covering the surface with broken, soiled, and detached fragments, accompanied by the *débris* of its own turbid stream. That a better and more healthy order of things may arise from amidst these ruins, no one more sincerely wishes than I do. This is, however a consummation even yet remote ; the elements of social order have been so completely broken up that, as the storm subsides, little else than wrecks are yet to be seen ; and a long series of anarchy and confusion will devastate, and almost depopulate, some of the very fairest portions of creation.

On my arrival at Vera Cruz, I had suffered a very severe attack of yellow fever, which reduced me to a state of deplorable weakness.

When I had to some degree recovered, I left the pestilential shores, and proceeded to the table-land, formed by the northern extension of the Cordilleras, intersecting the centre of Mexico. In these delightful regions I spent several months, surrounded by scenery of the most magnificent description. The whole treasures of the vegetable world were profusely lavished around me—the productions of all climates and seasons were within my reach—the banana, cacao, the cotton-tree, the sugar-cane, the oak, the indigo, maize, wheat, coffee, manioc, the potatoe, of a species growing to an immense size, oranges, citrons, apples, gooseberries, the agave, and the pine. In this glorious table-land I completely recovered my health, and prepared for a visit to the more remote missions on the Orinoco and its tributary streams, a proceeding of infinite peril, but one with which my visit was intimately connected.

Descending from the high land, I again sought the marshy shores of the Caribbean Sea, and, after a variety of accidents by “flood and field,” was landed in December, 1824, at Cumana from a small vessel loaded with tobacco and maize. Our passage had been anything but agreeable; the captain, as he was styled, being a fierce-looking Creole, who apparently moved about from point to point, with many objects in view beyond the mere carriage of his cargo. I was however, put on shore safely enough, with two Zambos as attendants. Hitherto, in many trying situations, I had found them brave and faithful, and I had determined on carrying them with me throughout the whole of my intended journey. It was the more fortunate I had brought them with me from a distance, as this placed a sort of barrier between them and their fellows, many of whom were moving about the town and the surrounding district, subsisting by robbery—too often, when resisted, accompanied by murder.

I seemed destined to be plagued with sickness. On my passage I had been seized with intermittent fever, not severe, but the fits coming on at very inopportune times, and gradually weakening me, I was naturally desirous of getting rid of it before I proceeded to a district, which, at least, was not very likely to prove curative. In fact, the course of the Orinoco has ever been notorious for engendering low fevers; and a knowledge of this protracted my stay at Cumana much beyond what I had originally intended. It was not till the beginning of March that I thought myself sufficiently invigorated to start; during that period I had liberally dosed myself with Angostura bark and cinchona; and, though my attacks were become irregular, and often, very long intervals passed between them, still they did occasionally come on. I trusted, however, to the excitement of the journey, and to the hope of gaining the Orinoco about the commencement of the rainy season, which would enable me to make rapid progress; and, at the same time, be much more salubrious than earlier in the season.

After having completed all my preparations I set out on the 8th of March, attended by my two Zambos, an Indian guide, and eight mules, carrying luggage and water. On the first day we cleared the mountain range, separating us from the Llanos of Cumana. Few

sights are more imposing than that presented by the uniform aspect of these vast savannahs, unbroken for nearly 300 miles by any eminence sufficiently lofty to arrest the eye as it wanders over a brown, and apparently barren waste, till it joins the horizon. During the first day's progress, this monotony was broken by here and there a solitary palm erecting itself high over the waste, indicating the bed of a small spring—now, however, perfectly dry; and by the occasional passage of herds of cattle, which were slowly retiring to the less parched borders of the wilderness. It was the middle of the dry season, vegetation was totally checked whilst the remains of the plants, which a few weeks before had covered the surface of the earth, had become so many sources of dust. There was no wind; but little currents of air were incessantly playing along the scorched ground, raising low clouds of dust, which were exceedingly annoying. The *mirage* too often presented strange appearances to us; but my guide was too well experienced to allow me to deceive myself with regard to them. The heat was most oppressive; the sun of this torrid region, its heat reflected from the bare surface, unmitigated by the shelter of a cloud, and unsoftened by the presence of any distinguishable moisture, was almost overpowering. After a time the solitary trees too left us, and we appeared moving over a track of country utterly deserted by all living beings. Nothing produced more weariness than the interminable prospect before us; the horizon seemed to mock us, ever keeping at the same precise distance; there was nothing, therefore, save our own weariness to note our progress. On the afternoon of the third day a grove of palm-trees in a circular form, appeared in the distance. The aching of our tired vision was at once relieved, and we set off men and mules, whose instinct was as easily roused as our own wishes, at an increased pace. We were doomed to considerable disappointment. The effect of the *mirage* had brought the trees much nearer in appearance than they were in reality, and it was not before we had toiled on for nearly four hours that we approached them.

An accident happened to me here which had very nearly proved fatal, both in its immediate and remote consequences. Almost maddened by thirst and a violent irritation of the skin, brought on by being constantly covered with the fine vegetable dust in incessant motion over the desert, and which from its stimulating effects, must have contained a large portion of some very active rubefacient plant, I rushed forward in advance of my company, and penetrating the circle of the grove and forcing my way through a *sauzo* hedge, I found myself standing by a muddy-looking and stagnant pool. Without waiting to examine whether it would be safe to venture, I hastily stripped off a portion of my dress, and plunged into it. I sunk in a mixture of mud and water nearly breast high, and was congratulating myself on my comfortable position—which, however, had nothing very particular to recommend it, as the fluid had a temperature but little less than that of the atmosphere—when I suddenly felt a very smart shock on my knee, as if I had been struck by a musket-ball. I gazed about me with great surprise, expecting to see some maroon robber eyeing

me from the thicket. I had, however, heard no report as of the discharge of fire-arms, and I could see nothing to warrant my suspicions. Again I felt the same shock, but to a much more painful degree, extending along the whole of one leg and thigh; so powerful was its impression, that I had great difficulty in supporting myself, calling aloud to hurry on my attendants. I endeavoured to scramble out, but found myself almost benumbed by a succession of intense shocks, now extending themselves over both extremities and the lower parts of my body. Not only did I feel benumbed and in exquisite pain, but it seemed to me as if I was held tightly in the grasp of some animal. It struck me I must have been seized by an alligator, which I had disturbed in its retreat, when my attention was called to a portion of the body of a monstrous snake of a livid colour, which was gradually enfolded me in its horrid coil. I again called out in a voice of desperation for assistance. The Indian approached hastily, and seeing the predicament in which I was placed, threw me in the noose of an agave rope, which I had hardly power to hold, so completely was I paralyzed. The two Zambos now came up, and assisted him in extricating me from my perilous situation; but so completely exhausted and in such dreadful pain, that I verily believed I was dying. For a length of time I lay panting, momentarily expecting to breathe my last. It was not till the night was far advanced that I could stand at all; and even then I tottered about as weak as an infant. I found as soon as I was capable of inquiring, that I had incautiously and unknowingly jumped into a small lake, inhabited by the gymnotus or electrical eel, which infests many of the streams and pools in the Llanos and their borders. These fish, which here grow to the length of five or six feet, are the curse of the neighbourhood near which they harbour, not unfrequently proving fatal to horses and mules that have to ford the rivers. So powerful is the shock they are capable of giving, that had I been more extensively covered by the folds of the one by which I had been attacked, it is very probable I should at once have sunk under its influence, and perished.

The following morning I had a violent paroxysm of fever, brought on, doubtless, by fright and imprudent immersion. This detained us two days, as I found myself incapable of sitting on a mule till it was passed away. I was much weakened by this misfortune, and the remainder of the way was got over by riding. We now occasionally fell in with the Carribbee missions, located in various places of the Llanos, and now and then with the hacienda of some large cattle proprietor, generally placed either on the bank of a small stream tributary to Rio Pao—now, however, nearly, if not quite dry; or on some brackish spring, which served to keep in luxuriant vegetation, palms, mimosæ, and various grasses. We were every where received with cordial hospitality, and every thing done to assist and refresh me. The country now became more broken; an appearance something resembling a fog bank, indicated we were rapidly approaching the slight elevations bordering the Rio Pao, and extending to the Orinoco. As we entered on this region, it looked like paradise to me,

so completely was I wearied in body and depressed in mind, by the passage of the Llanos. I looked eagerly forward to embarking on the river, believing that the breezes flowing along its course would do something towards ridding me of my *ague*. Having forded the Pao with some difficulty, which we found swarming with crocodiles, we at length came in sight of the mighty Orinoco, looking like an arm of the sea, and descended to its shores, intending to cross it to the small town of Maitaca, on its southern bank. After some delay, a boat descending the river to Angostura, loaded with produce from the higher regions, took us on board, and shooting obliquely across the stream, deposited us at our place of destination. Here I was again compelled to wait for a time, in consequence of my deranged health: the place was tolerably salubrious, and the delay did not much disturb me, as several weeks were yet wanting to the season when the navigation of the river was most free. I took all the means in my power to entirely free myself from illness, which interfered very materially with my progress, and still more materially with my comfort. I remained till the middle of April, making short excursions amongst the Sierras, occupying the immense delta formed by the bend of the river northwards.

At length, having again partially subdued my fever fits, I embarked on board a large boat, which was carrying various articles of European manufacture, chiefly to the scattered settlements now much disorganized on the higher Orinoco and its tributaries. This was precisely the conveyance I wanted, as it was the intention of the *padrone* to touch at most of the villages, whether Indian or not, for the purpose of disposing of his cargo. He was a man apparently singularly fitted for the station he held. The banks of the river, and indeed the whole fastnesses wherever they were habitable, were infested by roving hordes of desperadoes—whom crimes of a blacker nature than usual had driven for a time from the pale of society—or by convicted felons, whom the disturbed state of the surrounding provinces had permitted to escape punishment. With the chief haunts of these the *padrone* seemed quite familiar; indeed, it was not very unlikely but that he himself had formed not long before a part of these hordes. He was a negro of giant proportions, admirably formed, and presenting as fine and muscular a frame as I ever saw. His bold bearing was more effective in consequence of several deep cuts which his half-covered chest exposed to view, and by a resolute and determined expression of countenance, showing plainly enough that few dangers could daunt, and still fewer feelings interfere with the commission of deeds of the most desperate character.

For the personal safety of myself and attendants, and for the protection of the property I embarked, I had no fear. I had become familiarized with recklessness. I had found that men of the fiercest natures and most lawless habits were faithful in the performance of voluntary agreements, and more particularly in cases where unlimited confidence was reposed in them. I left Maitaca, therefore, with a confident spirit, fearing nothing but my troublesome disease. The crew consisted of eight men of various races and colours, but all stout,

athletic, and determined-looking fellows, fit mates for their leader. To these were added my two Zambos, the Indian remaining in the town—where he had met with several persons of his own tribe—and with whom he intended to proceed to some settlements existing far away towards the south.

We started on the 20th of April, expecting the rainy season to be fairly set in before we reached any of the dangerous parts of the stream. What a glorious—what a magnificent river is the Orinoco! no man who has seen its mightiness can look back to it without feelings almost approaching to awe. The immense mass of waters which flows along its channel—the incredible nature of the many strange sights it develops—the striking scenery through which it takes its course—combine to leave an impression on the mind, which no subsequent wanderings can ever efface. It was now near the end of the dry season—the current was at its lowest ebb—leaving broad spaces of bare beech glistening beneath the torrid sun. These were bounded by thick hedges of sauso, through which were openings made by the innumerable animals seeking it for prey or to quench their thirst. To compare great things with small, it looked like a large canal with a towing path on each side. Nothing was more surprising than the vast numbers of crocodiles which we daily saw, basking themselves on the shores—a number, too, which would be increased threefold at the commencement of the inundations; the dry season having on them a similar effect to the cold of winter upon hibernating animals in temperate climates. It is a very singular fact, that when these monsters have once tasted human flesh, they ever after show a ferocity much greater than ordinary, and a disposition to seek the same food, which under ordinary circumstances is not seen. Whether it is that they find it a more palatable prey, or whether when they have once discovered their power over man, they are more disposed to exercise it, I do not know; certain however it is, that every village and town on the borders of the river are infested by one or more crocodiles of the largest size and fiercest habits, which during the period when it overflows its usual boundaries, and covers a great part of the streets and quays, never fail to carry off and devour several of the careless inhabitants.

For a fortnight we continued our upward course without meeting with the slightest accident. We had touched at many points on both banks—had ascended to some height, several of the smaller rivers debouching into the principal current—had carried on a brisk trade which had much lightened our boat—had undergone two or three narrow escapes from being plundered or worse—when on the evening of the tenth of May we fastened the vessel to a small granite rock, rising abruptly above the surface of the river, about four hundred yards from the northern shore. We had selected this because to a certain extent it removed us from the jaguars, which had lately plagued us night after night when we had taken our position on land, or within a moderate distance of it. The atmosphere had been gradually losing its blue tint, and becoming of a greyish hue—slight showers of rain had occasional-

ly fallen—thunder had been heard daily—all indicating that the wet season was about to set in. The river had already felt its influence—it was slowly rising—more rain having doubtless fallen higher up towards its source. We were anchored a short distance below the junction of the Rio Capanaparo. This was much more swollen, and was rising rapidly, and had already reached an elevation sufficient to overflow partially its banks. The scenery at this point was uncommonly beautiful; to the south lofty hills appeared; the whole intermediate space to which was covered by a sea of foliage, already showing the effects of the rain. On the north, the angle formed by the two rivers was sprinkled over by huge blocks of granite, amongst which were growing some large zamang trees, mingled with palms, and losing themselves in a thick forest at a little distance. About a mile beyond, the river was a sheet of foam, traversing a low ledge of rocks—the sound of which came to us like distant thunder. Flocks of flamingoes, spoon-bills, herons, with a few golden manakis, kept the air alive, as they were slowly seeking their roosting places.

Every evening we had been most miserably tormented by millions of stinging insects, which were issuing from the earth in countless swarms, as it became moistened by the occasional showers. No precaution we could take had been sufficient to defend ourselves from their incessant attacks. As these pests were most numerous in the lower portion of the air—that in immediate contact with the earth or the water—we had, when practicable, elevated our sleeping places as high as possible. For this purpose I had constructed a hammock of strips of manatee leather; and this I had generally slung either on the branch of some tree or on two oars. After arranging every thing on board, the greater part of the crew and myself swam on shore for the purpose of collecting fuel. Some time was spent by the men in this labour, whilst I strolled about as far as the nature of the ground would permit. Before returning on board, I scrambled upon one of the rocks, for the sake of enjoying a more extensive look out; when I reached its summit, for it was barely thirty feet high, I found that by a little stretching I could touch the extreme branches of a noble zamang-tree, whose round head and silvery and feathery-looking leaves had attracted the admiration of the whole party. By a still greater effort I managed to pull within my grasp a stronger branch, and swinging myself from the rock, after a good deal of struggling I landed safely in the midst of the thicker and stronger portions. Calling my Zambos, I desired them to swim on board, and bring me my hammock, which I at once had resolved to suspend in the tree. During their absence I selected two forked arms, as suitable places for attaching it to, and pleased myself with the anticipations of a delicious night's repose, free from the bites of mosquitos and the alarm of jaguars. They had some difficulty in getting the cot within arm's length, but we did succeed; and after desiring them to come in the morning to assist me in my descent, I dismissed them to sleep in the boat. Some time was spent in arranging my bed, slinging it by means of a rope to the points I had selected; this being

effected, I at once stretched myself out and prepared for rest. We had had a toilsome day, and as I freely entered into all the labours and perils of my companions, I felt much fatigued. The distant sound of the rapids, the hum of a myraid of insects, the remote calls of the monkeys and jaguars, the flapping of the wings of various flocks of birds, as they were leaving the river, produced, if I may so term it, a noisy silence favourable to repose. I must, indeed, have gone to sleep almost immediately, for my memory can recall nothing but a brief duration of such sounds.

When I awoke in the morning, I was much surprised at the manifest lateness of the hour, as it had been proposed to start early. The sun was not visible, in consequence of the haziness of the atmosphere; but from the nature of the light, I was certain that it must be at the earliest the middle of the forenoon. It must have rained heavily in the night, for I was drenched to the skin, whilst my leathern domicile had yielded, in consequence of the soaking it had undergone, and I found myself in a deep and slippery sack. I was chilled and still, and made instant efforts to free myself from my, by no means, pleasant trap. This was a work of no little labour; however, it engaged my attention so completely, that I had not even found time to look abroad; but when I did so, what a strange, dreadful, and perplexing scene presented itself! The promontory on which my habitation was fixed was now a sheet of water, which extended far—far as the eye could reach, till it was lost in the gloom of the forest. The rapids had disappeared; the solitary rock, to which the boat had been moored, was no where to be seen, and the boat itself was gone. In the first moments of my astonishment, I bitterly upbraided my companions, accusing them of treachery and desertion. Calmer reflection soon satisfied me that in so doing I erred; the rivers had doubtless risen rapidly during the night, when it was most probable all were soundly sleeping, had loosened the rope securing them to their anchorage, and drifted them down the current, where their surprise, it was not unlikely, would equal my own on discovering their change of situation. This view of matters was at all events very consolatory; I felt convinced that in a few hours they would beat their way back to where I had been left, never calculating what a great alteration had been produced by the inundation upon the land-marks, which might have enabled them to find me. The situation, indeed, was not very favourable for cool consideration. After having soothed myself with the hopes of a speedy release, I set about examining my prison-house. It was spacious enough; the tree was one of the largest of its kind, and a regiment of cavalry might have been sheltered beneath its capacious head; but it afforded nothing edible. Had I got into a banana, or bread-fruit tree, I might have done better; but here nothing but the extreme twigs offered any chance of a meal.

I have said that I awoke stiff and chilled, and my efforts, for a while, were directed to shaking off these feelings by passing rapidly from one portion of the tree to another. In doing this I had reached a point where a longer space than usual separated the boughs;

busily engaged in attending to my steps, my attention was aroused by a very loud hiss; hastily raising my head, I found myself within a foot of a full-grown iguana, whose eyes of living flame, erected crest and extended pouch so frightened me that it was by the merest chance imaginable I did not fall. From a child I had had a peculiar dread of the lizard tribe, the newt and the little brown lizard, so common in most parts of England, had ever been objects of singular aversion to me, and the feat of all others amongst boys I could never manage, was to permit one of these animals to creep up the sleeve. I retreated, therefore, with great precipitation till I had removed myself as far apart as possible from my frightful neighbour. I knew the thing to be perfectly innocuous, yet I shrank from it as if it had been the most deadly creature in existence. To my still greater discomfiture I soon discovered that the one I had stumbled upon had a companion of equally monstrous proportions with itself. My peregrinations, limited as they had been before, were now still more confined. With a fear I could not overcome, I watched the motions of these two reptiles with a sort of fascination, and as they moved about, flourishing their immense tails, I carefully kept myself from all chance of contact with them. To increase my miseries a violent ague-fit came on, attended with most execruciating head-ache and pains in all my limbs. Shivering so violently that I could hardly support myself, I crouched down in the fork of two large branches, and resting my head on my knees, abandoned myself to all the horrors of my situation. The expectations which I had reasonably formed faded from my mind, and as I looked abroad, and saw the waste of waters around me, swarming, as I well knew they did, with so many ferocious creatures, and upon the surrounding forests, at this time totally impassable, an utter despair gradually cowed and overwhelmed a courage, which had borne me safely through many scenes of most imminent peril. The very strangeness of the circumstances under which I was placed had at first rather excited than depressed me; but now, labouring under the attack of fever, I sunk down into total dejection.

The iguanas seemed to be aware of my present helplessness, as they approached nearer and nearer, swelling out their pouches and hissing as if they intended to attack me. The metallic lustre of their bodies, their vast length, their fiery eyes, and their erect crests, appeared to my disturbed imagination the very impersonification of all that was horrible. As I remained perfectly motionless, their boldness increased, branch after branch was passed, till now they had advanced within a quarter of a yard of me. By a desperate effort of volition I struck the foremost on the head, with almost convulsive energy, with my hand. This demonstration sufficed for the present to scare them away, and was besides of infinite service, by shewing me the power I possessed over them. My attention, too, was roused by the singular agility with which such large animals traversed the tree. The effort I had made had in some degree rallied my spirits; and shaking off the torpor which had crept over me, I again began to examine the capabilities of my situation. Nothing could by any stretch of fancy

he made more dreary ; my fever fit was abating and leaving me hungry and weak. Many hours had passed away. I looked eagerly forth in the vain hope of descriing the returning boat. I mounted still higher, but nothing partaking in any thing of humanity was to be seen. No boat but my own, even supposing any should pass down or up the river, was likely to avail me. The inhabited spots were principally on the other side ; while the vast breadth of the stream, enlarged as it now was, would prevent all hope of my being heard or seen in my leafy home. My sole hope was therefore fixed on the return of my own people ; the doubt was whether or not they would be able to find my locality. The junction of the Rio Capanaparo would be their only guide, and this was rendered to some degree doubtful by the inundation having extended itself so widely, as to render the precise current somewhat difficult to hit upon. Evening was already approaching ; heavy showers of rain fell at intervals, accompanied by loud peals of thunder. I gave up all expectation of relief for the present day, and endeavoured to allay the gnawing hunger now distressing me, by chewing the leaves and twigs of the zamang.

Since my display of strength, the iguanas had preserved a very respectful distance, confining themselves to one side of the tree. My disgust towards them was abated—their sight had become familiarized to me. Vast flocks of zamuro vultures winged their way over my head. Herds of eligures were swimming about in the shallow waters, their presence rousing into action numberless alligators, to whom they formed apparently the principal food. These were closely pursued too by several jaguars, to whose force they fell easy victims. Troops of herons and flamingoes were wading about beneath me ; a vast number of turtles almost covered the surface of the main river as far as the eye could reach, swimming against its stream ; proceeding probably to deposit their eggs, or having deposited them, returning to their usual haunts. Long files of monkeys were slinging themselves from tree to tree, howling in concert, or playing the most grotesque antics, whilst a shoal of porpoises came floundering amongst the broken rocks, speedily putting to flight both jaguars and crocodiles. Such sights, under more favorable circumstances, would have afforded me much gratification. I was so insignificant in my present position, and so screened from observation, that every thing went on about me as if the place had been tenanted by nothing save natures so congenial to it.

As evening advanced these gradually disappeared, and other races took place of them. Immense bats wheeled about me, and myriads of noctilucous insects one by one exhibited their light, till the whole forest resembled a fairy revel. The hum of mosquitoes, zancudos, and hosts of ephemeridæ, wakening into their brief life, sounded continuously, softening, nay, almost drowning the cries of larger animals, now seeking their night's resting-place. From these, my elevated station happily, as I believed, freed me of all danger. The smooth and lofty stem of the mimosa was little likely to be scaled—it stood so far detached from its neighbours that I thought it totally impossible any exertion of strength or agility would be great enough to reach it ;

and I prepared, as the shades of evening were closing around me, to pass the night in the best way circumstances would allow. I cut several strong sticks with a large pocket knife I luckily had about me, and which indeed was my sole weapon of offence or defence; with these I stretched out my hammock, so as to prevent the chance of its closing around me. It presented few inducements for repose, but still I could lay myself out in it—the uneasy postures I had been forced to assume had wearied my limbs, and my mental energies were still more exhausted. I was very wet, but as there were no means of remedying this, I rolled my cloak about me and committed myself for the night to the cot.

I sunk to sleep directly, in which state I continued till the first dawn of morning, when I was disturbed by the rustling caused by my fellow-lodgers, who were early astir, and feeding on the leaves and what insects they could catch. I really almost envied their lot—as with such manifest enjoyment they moved hither and thither, satisfying their limited wants, and provided with abundant means to live happily in their native dwelling. The rush of the mighty waters came to my drowsy sense, and I looked wistfully abroad in confident expectation of seeing the vessel. Disappointment, however, met me there; nor, indeed, was my view very extended—a dense mist covered the whole landscape, which was gradually thickening, till in a brief time it entirely enveloped every thing with so impervious a veil, that even the nearest trees were but dimly visible. These fogs at this season I too well knew were often of considerable duration; it swept and eddied round me, so loaded with moisture as to produce considerable sound as it was whirled amongst the branches. All hope was now gone—should my companions return in search of me, nothing but an ocean of mist could be seen, and this would as effectually exclude a discovery of me, as if I were deeply buried beneath the waters. I might have exhausted myself by vain shouts and cries, but that I felt how perfectly useless they must be. What was a solitary human voice, with the clang of the whole living world around me, with the noise of the mighty Orinoco?—an infant's whisper amidst the wildest hurricane—a dying groan amongst the storm-driven breakers.

The night had been fair, judging at least, from the dryness of my dress, but the vapour speedily deposited sufficient moisture to render me damp and uncomfortable. Another severe fever fit came on, in consequence of my continued exposure, and the absence of those means which were essential for keeping it in check. As I lay shivering and in great agony, I again lost all confidence—all hope. Naturally possessing to a considerable degree both active and passive courage, I had generally believed it impossible that any coincidence of common dangers should daunt me. But the fate which now was impending over me, joined to my enfeebled health, for a time overcame my spirits, and I lay perfectly still, filled with the gloomiest ideas. The ague-fits lasted commonly nearly two hours—the one on this miserable morning was more protracted, or it appeared to me to be so. As the pain and shivering slowly removed, the low and near growl of a

jaguar excited my attention. I raised myself partially for the purpose of reconnoitering, but the denseness of the fog prevented me seeing clearly even as far as the confines of my habitation. A sudden rush through the air, and a loud crash amongst the extreme branches of the tree, instantly roused me to prepare to meet a more pressing danger. Snatching one of the rods I had cut on the previous night, I scrambled out of my hammock and sheltered myself behind it. Looking towards the point where the struggling continued, I dimly saw a large tiger, or jaguar, making the most violent efforts to gain a lodgment. He had, however, miscalculated his leap, for crash after crash the branches yielded to his weight, and in spite of every exertion, he at last completely lost his hold and tumbled down a clear height of at least fifty feet. Had he fallen on a hard surface, it is most probable he would have been killed on the spot; as it was, I had hopes the splash he made in the water would bring about him crocodiles sufficient to devour him; and I flattered myself such was the case, for after a good deal of plashing and growling all became quiet.

I have before said, that after an ague-fit I was very hungry: but now, after a total abstinence from all nutrition for forty hours, my desire for food became almost maddening. There were but few articles which mankind has called edible, but of which I had partaken. Amongst others, the flesh of the iguana, which was, next that of the armadillo, most esteemed by the natives in Orinoco, had frequently afforded me a very palatable dish. It had, however, been brought to me divested of the most disgusting forms of the animal itself. But now, as I eyed them, the alternative rose within my mind of speedy starvation or eating the frightful creatures. Hunger is but a little respecter of external appearances, and I was already devising means to secure one of the lizards. This, however, I could clearly see would be a matter of no very easy attainment; their extreme agility, and their great strength, which would no doubt be called into vigorous action of self-defence, rendered it apparent that nothing but stratagem would enable me to contend with them. They had been as much frightened by the attack of the tiger as myself, and since then had betaken themselves to the most inaccessible parts of the tree. I should, therefore, at least, have to wait, till their alarm had subsided, and till they descended within my reach.

The mist was now clearing away; an under-current of air sweeping over the surface of the river, and the lake beneath me exposed them again to my view. Gazing upon the rock which my evil stars had induced me to ascend, I became sensible that it had now an occupant; and that in the shape of a large jaguar—whether it was the same individual that had already attempted my fastness, I had no means of determining. However that might be, it was evident enough that it was meditating the best means of reaching either me or the iguanas. He was crouched upon the highest point of the grey rock, distant about six feet from the nearest branches, and perhaps ten or twelve from the bole—a distance quite within the range of a spring. The perpendicular height of the waving boughs above him, with the

uncertainty of retaining his hold amongst them, seemed to have determined him to make his attempt upon the latter. From the advantage of my position, I had little fear as to the result, and congratulating myself on having discovered my enemy before he had made near advances, I descended as rapidly as my stiffened limbs would permit, to meet him before he had succeeded in getting amongst the branches, where in my present enfeebled state the contest would be much more doubtful. Arming myself again with the stoutest of the sticks, and grasping my open knife in my left hand, I stationed myself where the trunk first divided itself, waiting the attack. My motions had been closely watched by the jaguar; he was much below me, so that if he should succeed in fixing himself on the stem, I should have him at great advantage during his necessary slow ascent along its smooth bark. Curling up his body he prepared to spring, and in half a second he was clinging about ten feet below the point where I stood. Drawing up his hind-legs and fixing his claws firmly, he raised his fore-paws cautiously, and commenced his approach. My intention was to permit him to come almost close to me before I opposed him. I had supposed that I could easily dislodge him; but when I saw how firmly he held himself, I at once became aware this would be more difficult than I had anticipated. Step after step, growling fiercely, he came on; his hot breath steamed up in my face, whilst his eyes like living emeralds glared upon me, evidently aware of my hostile intentions. The situation in which I found myself was not peculiarly fitted for observation, still I was confident in my resources, and I could not but admire the strength and elegance of his frame. He was a large sized male, and as the muscles of the loins and hind-quarters were brought into full play, the fine contour of his body was fully shewn. Already his paws were within reach of my hand, and it behoved me to try my means against him. Laying my knife in a wide fork of the tree, I raised my club and struck him with my whole force on the muzzle. A deep growl answered me, but he retained his hold, and continued his advance with the same cautious footing. He did not, however, seem by any means emboldened by this salute, and slightly altered his course for the purpose of avoiding me. This change was so far advantageous to him that it removed his head to a point where, in consequence of the projection of an arm of the tree, I was unable to hit him where my light weapon could alone be available. To have battered his body would have been a loss of time, which was becoming every moment more valuable. I now endeavoured, by fixing the end of my pole in the angle of his jaw, to force him down by mere strength. This for a few minutes retarded his progress, and gave him great pain. He was rendered only more fierce by this means, and drawing up his body till he was nearly round, prepared for an advance which would have placed a branch within reach of his paw, which if attained, would have at once enabled him to compete with me on more equal footing. Finding my pole insufficient to repel him, I laid it down, and seizing my knife, stooped down on one knee, hoping to strike him in the eye, in the

expectation that the blade was strong enough to penetrate the bone separating the orbit from the brain. My situation was becoming momentarily more critical, for if I failed in the direction of my blow, the character of the contest would be changed, and would have to be carried on in a way that might speedily prove fatal to me. His huge fore-foot was now resting in immediate contact with my knee; he was steadily drawing up his trunk, when stooping over him, I plunged my knife into his eye. A roar of anguish broke from him, and loosing his claws, he endeavoured to strike me. He did, however, no farther injury than slightly scratching my arm; and, withdrawing my hand, I prepared to repeat the blow. It did not appear that the wound I had inflicted was of a very serious nature beyond depriving him of the vision of one eye. He retreated a little, and I was now in hopes that he would relinquish his attack, as it often happens that when foiled at first they retire. He now changed his course, still persevering in his intention, and wound partly round the tree before he again made any effort to climb higher. Laying down the knife, I again seized my staff, and fixing it firmly in the socket of the injured eye, I exercised my whole strength in a vigorous push. This was to some extent successful, for he receded a few feet, leaving deep indentions by his claws as he was forced downwards. He was now fairly at bay, and my confidence was completely restored. His position, and the mode of his clinging to the bark, prevented him from hindering my efforts to repel him. He growled incessantly, partly from rage, but partly too from pain, and a pause of a few minutes now took place. I kept my eye warily fixed upon his motions. Suddenly fixing his hind claws firmly, and giving a hideous snarl, he endeavoured to make a spring upon a projecting branch. His rage had overcome his cautious instinct. Aiming a blow at his muzzle, which took full effect, and the cheek given to his impetus by the attachment of his nails to the bark, he lost his footing, and fell into the shallows. Here his fate was quickly decided. The noise of the combat had attracted the attention of many of the denizens of the wilderness, and amongst others, several large crocodiles had stationed themselves, as if watching the issue, at a little distance from the tree. By these he was instantly attacked, and almost as instantly devoured, much, I have no hesitation in saying to my satisfaction.

I was now enabled to look around me. The mist still hung in a dense mass, totally obscuring the light of the day. I had become raised about a hundred yards above the surface of the waters, impending over them like a moving sea. I looked about for my reptile-companions, but they were nowhere to be seen. During my struggle with the jaguar they had contrived either to escape, or so to hide themselves as to elude the most anxious scrutiny. Strange as it may sound, I felt their removal keenly. The solitariness of my situation seemed more perfect, and I should have hailed their sight as the mariner hails the buoy which tells him he is near safe anchorage.

This was quite independent of all feeling, that I might possibly have converted them to an article of food, as the mental excitement I had undergone had for the time freed me from the pains of hunger. The loss I felt was that of living companionship—strange as that companionship had been. Gone, indeed, I satisfied myself, they were, after a minute search throughout the vast extent of the head of the zamang.

All the violent craving for food shortly returned—the innutritious nature of the twigs and the leaves did but little to allay it. The mere bulk served to assuage the painful gnawing sensation in my stomach but no more. If I dared to descend, it was probable I might succeed in catching a tortoise, crowds of which were still floating beneath me. This, however, was fraught with such imminent peril, that as yet it appeared to me madness to attempt it. I might perhaps swing myself from the tree down upon the summit of the rock; but if, in doing this, I should lose my footing, and be precipitated into the water, my doom was certain: beside that danger, in my present enfeebled condition, all hope of return to the tree were vain; and there at least I was safe from many attacks which would doubtless be made upon me should my locality be transferred to the block of granite.

Notwithstanding the forlorn and miserable prospect of a life which at best could not long continue, I still clung to it. I had almost given up all expectation that the boat would return; I did not think it possible that she could have drifted so far but that long ago she might have worked back. My hopes of delivery were as baseless as those of the drowning man who catches at straws on the surface of the waves which shortly overwhelm him; yet still I did hope, though my hopes took no definite shape. The elasticity of my mind as yet prevented it sinking into permanent despair. There were indeed moments when the whole horror of my fate came heavily upon me, but I had hitherto succeeded in shaking such ideas from me. I now cut a long pole, on the top of which I suspended part of my linen as a sort of signal-staff, should any boat pass within sight. This was, however, soon rendered useless for a such a purpose by a heavy fall of rain, which caused it to hang motionless. It had one good effect—its singularity freed me from several flocks of vultures which had from time time settled upon the tree, and whose croaking and harsh guttural sounds had much annoyed me.

Day was fast waning; at intervals I was distressed by vehement hunger, alternating with a deadly nausea; and again and again I minutely examined every accessible portion of the tree, hoping to find something, however disgusting it might be, on which I could feed. Nothing could be found—the waters had driven away all the smaller animals that might have come within my reach. The isolated position of the mimosa, removed it too far from any other tree for the monkeys—thousands of which were sporting within sight—to get into it, or possibly I might have secured one of them.

As night approached, the solitude, in the absence of light, became much more oppressive. Its advent was ushered in by no star,

the grey mist shutting out from view every thing above a particular elevation ; but the sounds that issued from all sides were sufficient indications of its near presence. Darkness was closing around me, and the third night my strange imprisonment found me again extended in my hammock. Sleep had forsaken me—the hours crept slowly on—acute pains shot through my limbs—disturbed visions chased one another through my mind—strange noises issued at times from the woods, as if the whole population was aroused by broad day ; again they died away, and the deep silence was rendered still more impressive by the rushing whisper of the swollen river. It appeared to my longing wishes as if morning would never dawn ; and even when it did, how could its light benefit me ? The night wind was gradually dispersing the fog, and at length the nebulous sky or the tropics came dimly into sight. As I lay gazing upon it meteor after meteor gleamed across it, whilst the rolling of distant thunder served only to remind me of the extent of my misery. The first streak of day-light was just brightening the horizon, when a sound differing widely from those which had been heard struck upon my ear. To my wishful fancy it resembled the booming of fire-arms over the wide waters. It died away ; it came again and again. I was no longer in doubt that such was its nature—but whence proceeding ? Could it be that my late companions were anxiously seeking me ? I fear not, as it came apparently directly across the river ; and, at length, I concluded that some petty, though bloody hostilities, were carrying on in the villages on the southern bank.

A troubled sleep closed my eyelids ; and when I again awoke, the sun had risen above the trees, bounding the horizon. I crawled from my cot ; and the effects of illness, continued mental excitement, and famine were visibly depicted in my weakness, as I found some difficulty in supporting myself amongst the branches. The feeling of hunger was gone for the present, and had given place to a sense of complete exhaustion. I reached a point which had formed my seat on the previous day, and abandoned myself to more settled dependency than I had as yet yielded to. How long I had continued in this state of living death I know not, when my faculties were suddenly roused by the report of a musket ringing upon my ear. In whatever shape humanity might approach, I should welcome it. Rising up hastily I answered by a shout ; which, however, met with no echo. Another shot, but more distant ; and the revulsion of my thronging hopes nearly produced fainting. Again, the sound came close upon me ; when, rounding one of the rocks, a small canoe, rowed by my faithful Zambos, with the padrone in the stern, rushed upon my ravished sight. They were looking eagerly round, occasionally discharging a musket. So much was I bewildered by the certainty of the scene, that I even neglected to hail them as they glided about a hundred yards from me ; and when I did strive to call out, my voice was nearly choked with emotion, so that at first they did not hear me. As their distance from me was rapidly increasing I became fully roused, and shouting with all my might, or rather screaming, I was answered by a loud and joy-

ful halloo. The canoe was instantly put back; and, after considerable efforts, I found myself on board, shaking hands with the brave fellows, in whose eyes tears of gladness were glistening; nor were my own unmoistened.

Their desertion had been quite unwitting. The boat had been drifted down the river; nor did they awake till she ran foul in a grove of palms, and injured herself so materially, that the whole of the following day was spent in repairing her. They had hurried their return, but had been impeded by adverse winds, and by the rising current. The mist had much perplexed them on the second day; and, as soon as it had partially cleared away, the captain with the Zambos, had put off in the canoe, in order that they might make rapid way, and search more closely the shores, leaving the crew to bring up the vessel more leisurely.

They offered me for food the flesh of an iguana, as the greatest delicacy they possessed; but the remembrance of the two that had been fellow-occupants of the zamang-tree, prevented me tasting it, and I proceeded slowly to satisfy myself with dried beef. In a few hours we joined the boat, with shouts of gladness. I was infinitely gratified by the attachment shewn to me by the men. Their anxiety for my safety had been extreme; and they had toiled laboriously to rescue me under circumstances which might have almost justified my abandonment.

The shock of these events had been too great for me; the bodily exposure, the mental torture I had undergone—when the excitement was passed away—left me seriously ill. Till our arrival on the evening of the following day at Carichana, I was attended most sedulously by the whole crew in turns. There I landed, intending to remain whilst the vessel proceeded up the river; and to join them on their return, and again pursue my journey to the extreme navigable parts of the Orinoco. For many days I was in a state of great danger. Under the care of a native doctor, my recovery went on slowly; and nearly six weeks elapsed before I felt myself capable of rejoining my companions, who had made their voyage, and had now been waiting for me nearly a fortnight. The mighty stream had now attained its greatest elevation; and, as we glided over its agitated surface, the cool breezes operated most beneficially upon me, and, upon reaching Atures, I had regained my lost health and strength.

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Selection Department, Oriental Sporting Magazine.

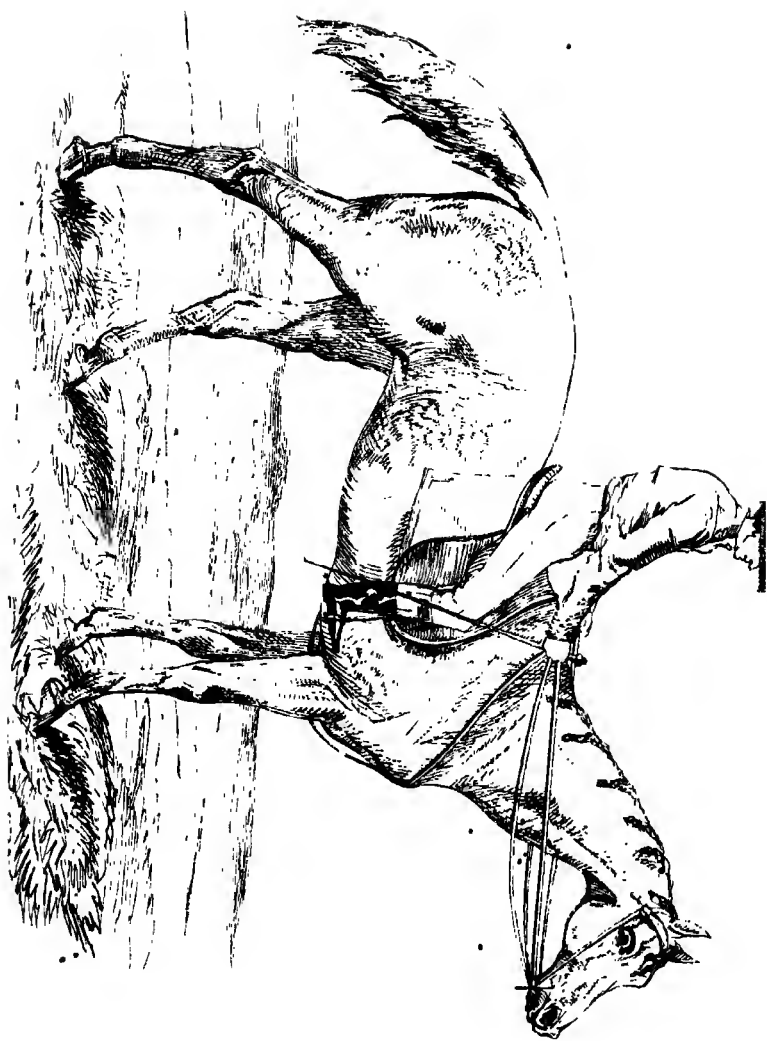
THE MANCHESTER GRAND STEEPLE-CHASE.

We gave in our Journal of last week the result of this steeple-chase (on Thursday), allowed to take rank with the oldest established meetings of the same description. Mounds and banks were raised, ditches and furrows filled up, hurdles erected, and a artificial brook formed, whilst the course was varied by ploughed and grass lands, extending over that part not embraced in the race-course. To obviate the danger from the leap in and out of the new road, a large quantity of sand was laid down. The length of the course was rather more than three miles and a half.

For the principal event of the day, "The Manchester Grand Steeple-chase," the following started :—

Mr Robinson's gr m Fanny Grey (h b) aged	Stagg	1
Earl of Chesterfield's b g Victim, aged	Taylor	2
Mr Buchanan's gr g Alfred, 5 yrs.	Wynne	3
Mr T. P. Mason's b g Prince George, aged	Captain Peel	0
Mr Meale's ch g Sir Henry, aged	Rackley	0
Mr Ithell's b g The Rover, 6 yrs.	Wainwright	0
Mr T. Wesley's ch g Ballybar, aged	Beasley	0
Mr Brotherton's ch m Venom, 5 yrs.	Molancy	0
Mr W. Murray's ch h Election (h b) 6 yrs.	Frisby	0
Mr Hargreave's br h Rochester, aged	Archer	0
Captain Broadley's b g Tom Bowling, 6 yrs.	Fowler	0

Betting : 5 to 2 agst. Alfred, 4 to 1 agst. The Victim, 5 and 6 to 1 agst. Venom, 7 to 1 agst. the winner. The Victim went off more quickly than the others, and soon had a lead of two or three lengths, followed by Election, The Rover, Fanny Grey, and Alfred. At the first hurdle Ballybar refused, and was thrown into the last place of all. The Victim continued to lead round the course, and till approaching to the enclosures, where Fanny Grey came with a rush to the front, crossed the fence leading into the meadow a length or two in advance, and led along it to the fence by the river side. She crossed it on the extreme left, close by the river bank. The Victim, almost at the same moment, crossing on the other side, close by the right hand flag. Some horse, pulling immediately to the right for the brook, crossed Sir Henry and threw him down. Venom, who was following in his track, jumped upon his rider, and all were down together. Rackley was a good deal bruised and hurt, but fortunately no bones were broken. Fanny Grey continued to lead over the artificial brook, followed successively by The Rover, Tom Bowling, Election, Rochester, Alfred, The Victim, and Prince George, all well together. Sir Henry's rider was not able to go on with the race, and Ballybar again refusing at the brook, he and Venom had in reality no more to do with the race. Venom refused at the fence beyond the brook, and Ballybar at the next, and both were then pulled up. The next inclosure—the wheat field near the castle—is intersected by several shallow drains, much more soft and yielding, in consequence of the



water lying in them, than the rest of the field. In one of these, Prince George placed his fore feet, and the ground sinking beneath them, he rolled forward, pitching his rider some distance beyond him. Captain Peel was stunned, and for a time it was feared he was much hurt, but he soon rallied. In the meantime Fanny Grey went on with the lead at a good pace, followed by The Rover, with Tom Bowling third, The Victim, Alfred, and Rochester next; Election, here finding the pace too good for her, falling back. In this way they made the turn by the road leading from the suspension-bridge, and came up to that leading towards the race-course; here Tom Bowling, who was still running in the third place fell, Fanny went on with the lead round the flags in the large grass field near the river, and passed on the outside of one of the white ones, followed by The Rover. The next field was covered by a dense mob, which, as soon as the leading horses had passed, closed in, and made it almost impossible for those behind to get through them. Fanny Grey led towards the race-course, and entered it in close company with The Rover and The Victim, the three flying the fence almost at the same time. About a dozen lengths behind them followed Alfred and Rochester, and some distance behind them came Tom Bowling, who jumped the fence very slowly, and in fact seemed quite beaten. His rider pulled him up soon after. In making the circuit of the course, Alfred and Rochester closed up with the others, and all came round the lower turn in a compact body, Fanny Grey having, however, a clear lead. A good race took place up the straight running towards the winning-post, which Fanny Grey won by about three lengths, never having been headed from the time she took the lead, The Victim beating Alfred only by a neck. Rochester was an indifferent fourth, and The Rover fifth. After this race an objection was made that Fanny Grey had gone on the wrong side of the white flag in the turning field, but, after hearing the evidence of Mr Bake, it was set aside.

We learn, however, by the *Manchester Courier* of Wednesday, that the stakes for the race were then unpaid, and were to be retained by the Clerk of the Course until the dispute was settled.

Fanny Grey is the property of Mr Bold Robinson, of the Old Boar's Head, Manchester. Her victory was hailed with enthusiasm by thousands of spectators.

Illustrated London News, March 17.

PROSPECTUSES OF RACES TO COME.

• MAURITIUS RACES,—1849.

First Day, Monday, August 13.

1st Race.—The Maiden Sweepstakes of £10 each, with £50 added by the Club, for horses which have never won in the Colony.—Weight for age. Heats twice round.

2nd Race.—The Yates' Plate of £50 given by the Club, with £5 entrance. Weight for age. Heats, Yates' Mile.

3rd Race.—A Hack Plate of £15 given by the Club, £2 entrance to the second horse. 10st. each. Heats, Draper Mile. Gentlemen Riders.—Jockeys to carry 7lbs. extra.

Second Day, Wednesday, August 15.

1st Race.—The Turf Club Plate of £40 given by the Club, £5 entrance to the second horse. Weight for age. Three times round.—The winner of the Maiden or Yates' Plate to carry 7lbs. extra.

2nd Race.—The Draper Plate of £40 given by the Club, £5 entrance to the second horse. 10st. each. Heats, Draper Mile.—Gentlemen Riders; allowed 7lbs.

3rd Race.—The Corinthian Plate of £ by voluntary subscriptions of £1 each. £1 entrance to the second horse. 10st. 7lbs. each. Heats, Yates' Mile.—Gentlemen Riders.

Third Day, Saturday, August 18.

1st Race.—The Tradesmen's Plate of £ Handicap, £5 entrance and £1 ft. to the second horse. Heats, twice round.

2nd Race.—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse of £ , £5 entrance to the second horse. Weight for age and inches. Heats, twice round. 14 hands and aged 8st. 7lbs.

3rd Race.—A Hack Plate of £10 given by the Club, £1 entrance to the second horse. Catch weights. Heats, Draper Mile.

4th Race.—A saddle and bridle for ponies not exceeding 12½ hands. Catch weights. Heats, once round.

RULES.

1st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

2nd.—Stakes to be made at the time of entry, with one dollar to the Clerk of the Course.

3rd.—Thorough-bred English, and all Europe and American horses to carry 14lbs. extra.

4th.—Five per cent. will be deducted from winnings for the repairs of the Course.

5th.—Half an hour allowed between each heat.

6th.—All dogs found on the Course will be destroyed.

7th.—After the second bugle has sounded, no carriages will be allowed to cross the Course.

8th.—The days of entry are Saturday the 11th, Tuesday the 14th, and Friday the 17th August, on the Champ-de-Mars, between the hours of 6 and 8 A. M., after that hour double entry.

9th.—The weights for the Tradesmen's Plate will be declared by 12 o'clock on Friday, and acceptances to be made by one o'clock the same day, at the Europe Hotel.

10th.—In all other respects, the established Rules and Regulations of Newmarket will be abided by.

Le Mauricien.

KIRKEE RACES,—1849.

First Day, August.

1st Race.—The Kirkee Derby, a Plate of Rs. — from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M. 2 G. M. forfeit for all maidens. Once round the Course. Weight for age (Byeulla Standard.) To close and name on the 1st July 1849.

2nd Race.—The Kirkee Welter of Rs. — from the Fund, for all horses, with an entrance of 5 G. M. each. 2 G. M. forfeit. Once round the Course, 11st. 7lbs. each. Gentlemen Riders, Maidens allowed 7lbs. The Winner of the Derby to carry 4lbs. extra. To close and name on the 1st July 1849.

3rd Race.—A Plate of Rs. — from the Fund with an entrance of 3 G. M. for all Galloways. Weight for inches, 14 hands, 10st. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile heat. Gentlemen Riders. To close and name the day before the race.

Second Day.

1st Race.—A Give and Take Plate of Rs. — from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M. each, for all horses. Weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 8st. 7lbs. To close and name the day before the race. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

2nd Race.—The Ladies' Purse of Rs. — from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M. each. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile race. Gentlemen Riders. To close and name the day before the race.

3rd Race.—A Plate of Rs. — from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M. each. 2 G. M. forfeit, for all horses. 1 mile. Weight for age, Byculla Standard.

•
Third Day.

1st Race.—The Hussar Cup value 100 Guineas, given by the Officers of the Leath Royal Hussars, for all horses. Weight for age. 1½ mile heats. Gentlemen Riders. 5 G. M. entrance, half forfeit if declared by one o'clock the day before the race. Arab 3 years old 9st.; 4 years old 9st. 12lbs.; 5 years old 10st. 7lbs., six and aged 11st. Country-breds to carry 7lbs. extra. Cape and New South Wales horses 11lbs. extra. English horses 2lbs. extra. Three horses *bona fide* the property of different owners, *not Confederates*, to start, or the Cup withheld. Winners once 5lbs. extra, twice or oftener 7lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Mares and Geldings 3lbs. To close and name on the 1st July 1849.

2nd Race.—A Plate of Rs. — from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M. half forfeit, for all horses, maidens allowed 10lbs. The winner of the Derby 5lbs. Gentlemen Riders. 2 miles. 10st. 7lbs. each. To close and name on the 1st July 1849.

3rd Race.—A Pony Plate of Rs. — from the Fund, for all Ponies, 13 hands and under. Catch weights. ½ mile heats. To close and name the day before the race.

Fourth Day.

1st Race.—The Consolation Stakes of Rs. — from the Fund, with an entrance of 3 G. M. for all horses. Weight for value; ¾ mile heats. Winners to be sold for his declared value if demanded in the usual manner.

2nd Race.—The Deccan Cup on its terms.

3rd Race.—The Hack Plate of Rs. — from the Fund. The winner to be sold for Rs. 300. ½ mile heats. Catch weights.

•
Fifth Day.

1st Race.—The Forced Handicap for all winners during the meeting, 5 G. M. for each race won; optional to losers at an entrance of 5 G. M. each. 2 miles.

2nd Race.—The Beaten Handicap of Rs. — from the Fund. 5 G. M. Entrance; open to all beaten horses of the meeting. Round the Course Heats.

3rd Race.—A Hurdle Race of Rs. — from the Fund, 3 G. M. Entrance, for all horses, over six hurdles 3½ feet high. 11st. Gentlemen Riders. Once round the Course. To close and name the day before the race.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED AT THE ABOVE MEETING.

1st.—All horses running during the Kirkee Meeting for any of the above Plates and Cups to be *bond fide* the property of Gentlemen. No Dealer will be allowed to run a horse.

2nd.—Horses to be aged by the *present* Byculla Rules.

3rd.—No Gentleman allowed to run a horse during the meeting (with the exception of the Pony and Hack Plates) for any stake, who has not subscribed Rs. 35 to the Race Fund.

4th.—Confederates to pay Rs. 35 each; all winners to pay a Course entrance of Rs. 15. Losers a Course entrance of Rs. 5. All communications regarding entrances, &c., to be addressed to the Secretary, Kirkee Races, at Kirkee.

R. C. HOLMES, *Acting Secretary.*

Bombay Telegraph and Courier.

MYSORE RACE MEETING,—1849.

First Day, Thursday, September 6.

1st Race.—The Rajah's Plate—100 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. For all Maiden Arabs. To close 1st August and name the day before the Race. Weight for age. Horses that have never started before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. 2 miles.

2nd Race.—The Galloway Plate—30 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 5 G. M. For all Galloways. To close and name on 1st September. Weight for inches. Maidens allowed 3lbs. Heats 1 mile.

3rd Race.—The Mysore Great Welter—40 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 3 G. M. P. P. for all Arab Horses. To close on 1st September and name the day before the Race. Gentlemen Riders. 11st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 1½ mil.

N. B.—This Race to be run between the heats of the Second Race.

4th Race.—A Hack Stakes for Natives.

Second Day, Saturday, September 8.

1st Race.—The Durbar Stakes—30 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. For all horses. To close and name 1st September. 9st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 2 miles.

2nd Race.—The Commissioners' Plate—Rs. 1,000 from Major General Cubbon. Entrance 20 G. M. H. F. For all Maiden Arab

or Country-bred Horses. To close and name 1st September. 9st. Maidens that have never started before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. Heats 2 miles.

3rd Race.—The Colt's Plate—40 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 3 G. M. P. P. For all Arabs having a Colt's tooth on 1st May. To close 1st September and name the day before the Race. Weight for age. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

N. B.—This Race to be run between the heats of the 2d Race.

4th Race.—A Hack Stakes for Europeans.

Third Day, Tuesday, September 11.

1st Race.—The Palace Stakes—60 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 20 G. M. H. F. For all horses. To close on 1st September and name the day before the Race. Weight for age. Winners once, to carry 3lbs. extra; twice, 7lbs. extra; thrice and oftener 10lbs. extra. 2 miles.

2nd Race.—The Give and Take Plate—20 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 3 G. M. P. P. For all horses. To close on 1st September and name the day before the Race. Weight for age and inches. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Heats $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

3rd Race.—The Little Welter—20 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 5 G. M. For all horses. To close and name the day before the Race. 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile and a distance. The winner of the Great Welter excluded.

N. B.—This Race will be run between the heats of the 2d Race.

4th Race.—Hack Stakes for Natives.

Fourth Day, Thursday, September 13.

1st Race.—The Rajah's Cup—A Cup, value Rs. 2,000, presented by H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. For all Maiden Arabs, purchased from Dealers within the Mysore Territories. To close 1st September and name the day before the Race. 8st. 7lbs. Winner of the Rajah's or Commissioner's Plate to carry 3lbs. extra; of both 7lbs. Maidens that have never started before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. Heats 2 miles.

2nd Race.—The Consolation Cup of 20 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 3 G. M. for all horses. To be valued by their owners, and the winner to be sold for the price so fixed, if claimed within a quarter of an hour, after the race.

Rupees	1000	..to carry..	10st.	0lbs.
"	900	9	8
"	800	9	3
"	700	8	12
"	600	8	7
"	500	8	0
"	400	7	9

1 mile heats. To be checkered with those of the preceding Race.

3rd Race.—A Handicap—for winning and losing horses—forced for the former—optional for the latter. 20 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 3 G. M. Round the Course and a distance.

4th Race.—Hack Stakes for Europeans.

1.—Two horses, *bond fide* the property of different owners, to start for each race or the public money will be withheld.

2.—Horses to be considered as Maidens that have never won Plate, Purse, Match or Sweepstakes before the 1st of May, 1849.

3.—The Standard of Galloways to be 13-3 or under.

4.—Except in the above instances the Rules of the Bangalore Turf Club to be adhered to.

5.—The winner of the Principal Race on each day to give 2 dozen of champagne to the Ordinary.

6.—The Decision of the Stewards to be final.

7.—Communications to be addressed “Secretary to the Mysore Races, Bangalore.”

DESIMONS BARROW, *Secretary.*

19th May, 1849.

Madras Athenæum.

SONEPORE RACES.—1849.

The undermentioned days have been fixed for the ensuing Races, and the following nominations for the first June have been received :—

First day, Saturday, October 27.

Second day, Tuesday, October 30.

Third day, Thursday, November 1.

Fourth day, Saturday, November 3.

Fifth day, Tuesday, November 6.

Sixth day, Thursday, November 8.

First Day.

Sonepore Derby.

Mr Holdfast's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Bonanza.</i>
„	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Blood Royal</i>
Mr Fox's	..	c.	a.	h.	..	<i>Sea Gull.</i>
„	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Wuzeer.</i>
„	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Gun Cotton.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Honeycomb.</i>
Mr Seymour's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Soothsayer.</i>

Sonepore Colonial.

Mr Fitzpatrick's	..	b.	nsw.	m.	..	<i>Sweet Briar.</i>
"	..	b.	nsw.	m.	..	<i>Woodbine.</i>
Mr Holdfast's	..	b.	nsw.	g.	..	<i>Firefly.</i>
Mr Pearson's	..	b.	nsw.	g.	..	<i>The Premier by Mameluke, out of Smart by Emigrant.</i>
Mr Gipp's	..	b.	nsw.	g.	..	<i>Lindenow by Young Gustavus, Dam by Pros.</i>

Third Day.

Civilians' Cup.

Mr Fox's	..	c.	a.	h.	..	<i>Sea Gull.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Wuzeer.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Gun Cotton.</i>
Mr Holdfast's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Bonanza.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Blood Royal.</i>
"	..	b.	nsw.	m.	..	<i>Bellona.</i>
"	..	b.	nsw.	g.	..	<i>Firefly.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick's	..	b.	nsw.	m.	..	<i>Woodbine.</i>
"	..	b.	nsw.	m.	..	<i>Sweetbriar.</i>
Mr Gipp's	..	b.	nsw.	g.	..	<i>Lindenow.</i>
"	..	blk	nsw.	m.	..	<i>Lass of Taraville by Young Gustavus, Dam by Barow.</i>
Mr Pearson's	..	b.	nsw.	g.	..	<i>The Premier.</i>
Mr Holdfast's	..	c.	cb.	c.	..	<i>Pretender.</i>

Fourth Day.

Sonepore Cup.

Mr Holdfast's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Bonanza.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Blood Royal.</i>
"	..	b.	nsw.	m.	..	<i>Bellona.</i>
"	..	b.	nsw.	g.	..	<i>Firefly.</i>
"	..	c.	cb.	c.	..	<i>Pretender.</i>
Mr Fox's	..	c.	a.	h.	..	<i>Sea Gull.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Wuzeer.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Gun Cotton.</i>
Mr Fitzpatrick's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Hon., comb.</i>
"	..	b.	nsw.	m.	..	<i>Woodbine.</i>
Mr Gipp's	..	bk.	nsw.	m.	..	<i>Lass of Taraville.</i>

Fifth Day.

Hutwa Cup.

Mr Holdfast's	..	b.	nsw.	g.	..	<i>Firefly.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Bonanza.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Blood Royal.</i>

Mr Fitzpatrick's	..	b.	nsw.	m.	..	<i>Woodbine.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Honeycomb.</i>
Mr Gipp's	..	blk	nsw.	m.	..	<i>Loss of Taraville.</i>
Mr Fox's	..	c.	a.	h.	..	<i>Sea Gull.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Wuzeer.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Gun Cotton.</i>

F. HARBORD, *Secretary.*

Patna, June 2, 1849.

LAHORE RACES.

First Day, November 8, 1849.

1st Race.—The Lahore Derby of 30 G. M. from the fund, or Maiden Arabs—3 years old, 7st. 7lbs., 4 years, 8st. 4lb., 5 years, 8st. 10lbs., 6 and aged 9st. 1½ Miles. 3 G. M. for horses named on or before the 15th June. 5 G. M. for horses named between that date and 1st August, and 10 G. M. between the 1st August and the 15th September, when the race closes; an entrance of 5 G. M. extra for horses declared to start.

Mr Sim's	..	b.	h.	..	<i>Renegade, aged.</i>
Mr Sim's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Ghorechurra, 5 years.</i>
Mr Sim's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Akali, 5 years.</i>
Kinloch's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Charles.</i>
Kinloch's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Oh! Charles.</i>
Kinloch's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Dear Charles.</i>
Captain John's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Surplice.</i>
Captain John's	..	b.	h.	..	<i>Shaik.</i>
Mr Rawlins'	..	b.	h.	..	<i>Ibrahim, aged.</i>
Mr Rawlins'	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Balmoral, 6 years.</i>
Mr F. Davidge's	..	c.	h.	..	<i>Bamboo, 5 years.</i>
Mr F. Davidge's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Romance, 4 years.</i>
Mr S. Davidge's	..	c.	h.	..	<i>The President.</i>
Mr Pakenham's	..	g.	a.	..	<i>Austerlitz.</i>
Mr Pakenham's	..	b.	a.	..	<i>Copenhagen.</i>
Mr Pakenham's	..	b.	a.	..	<i>Revelation.</i>
Mr Williams'	..	g.	a.	..	<i>The Snatcher.</i>
Zinab-oo-deen's	..	b.	a.	..	<i>Taj.</i>
Zinab-oo-deen's	..	b.	a.	..	<i>Hum Dum.</i>

2nd Race.—The Lahore Free Handicap of 5 G. M. each, with a purse added; an additional 5 G. M. to be paid for horses declared

to start to the Secretary, by 1 P. M. the day before the Meeting. If four horses from different stables start, 15 G. M. added; if six or more 25 G. M. Second horse to receive one quarter of the Stakes. 1½ Miles.

<i>Etonian</i> ,	9st.	10lbs.
<i>Tancred</i> ,	8	10
<i>Emigrant</i> ,	8	10
<i>Reality</i> ,	8	10
<i>Mooltan, late Black Hawk</i> ,	8	10
<i>Sir Charles, late Baron</i> ,	8	10
<i>Fusilier</i> ,	8	7
<i>Holdfast</i> ,	8	7
<i>Revoke</i> ,	8	7
<i>Hector</i> ,	8	7
<i>Master Charles, late Cartouch</i> ,	8	4
<i>Charles, late Toby</i> ,	8	4
<i>The Snatcher</i> ,	8	4
<i>Nutcut</i> ,	8	2
<i>Revenge</i> ,	8	2
<i>Barabbas</i> ,	8	2
<i>Rufus</i> ,	8	2
<i>Balmoral</i> ,	8	2
<i>Ibrahim</i> ,	8	2
<i>Speculation</i> ,	8	2
<i>Domini Skelp</i> ,	8	0
<i>Iron Sides</i> ,	8	0
<i>Lara</i> ,	8	0
<i>Renegade</i> ,	7	7
<i>Bob Allen</i> ,	7	7
<i>Pam</i> ,	7	7
<i>Ganymede</i> ,	7	7
<i>Massaroni</i> ,	7	7
<i>Goojrat, late Prince</i> ,	7	5
<i>Ellenbro'</i> ,	7	0
<i>Gem</i> ,	7	0
<i>Jack Shepherd</i> ,	6	0
<i>Marchioness</i> ,	6	0

Owners of horses handicapped for this race, not accepting by letter to the Secretary on or before the 1st July, their horses will be scratched.

3rd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each. 15 forfeit for Arabs. 10st. 7lbs. G. R. 1 Mile. Maidens allowed 7lbs. to close 1st September and name 1st October.

4th Race.—A Hack Stakes of 1 G. M. each, with 5 G. M. added from the fund 10st. 7lbs. G. R. heats ½ Mile, the Winner to be sold for Rupees 400 if demanded in the usual manner. The Committee to have first refusal. To close at the Ordinary.

Second Day, November 10.

1st Race.—The Give and Take for Galloways, 5 G. M. each. 15 G. added from the fund. 1½ Miles, to close and name 1st October, 14 hands to carry 9st.

2nd Race.—The Gilbert Cup given by Sir Gilbert, for Maiden Arabs, 10st. 7lbs. G. R. 1½ Miles; entrance and day of closing same as the Derby.

Sir Walter's	..	gr.	h.	..	<i>Zubburdust.</i>
Sir Walter's	..	gr.	h.	..	<i>Zumbooruk.</i>
Sir Walter's	..	gr.	h.	..	<i>Punjab.</i>
Sir Walter's	..	b.	h.	..	<i>Wakeel.</i>
Mr Sim's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Ghorchurra.</i>
Mr Sim's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>The Gooroo.</i>
Mr Sim's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Akali.</i>
Kinloch's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Charles.</i>
Kinloch's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Oh! Charles.</i>
Kinloch's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Dear Charles.</i>
Mr Rawlins'	..	b.	h.	..	<i>Ibrahim.</i>
Mr Rawlins'	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Balmoral.</i>
Mr S. Davidge's	..	c.	h.	..	<i>The President.</i>
Mr F. Davidge's	..	c.	h.	..	<i>Bamboo.</i>
Mr F. Davidge's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Romance.</i>
Mr Pakenham's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Austerlitz.</i>
Mr Pakenham's	..	b.	h.	..	<i>Copenhagen.</i>
Mr Pakenham's	..	b.	h.	..	<i>Revelation.</i>
Mr Williams'	..	g.	h.	..	<i>The Snatcher.</i>
Zinab-oo-deen's	..	g.	h.	..	<i>Shah in Shah.</i>

3rd Race.—The Claret Stakes of 25 G. M. each, 15 G. M. forfeit, for all horses, to carry 9st. each; English 21lbs. extra; Maidens allowed 5lbs., 2 Miles. To close 1st September and name 1st October.

4th Race.—Omnibus Stakes, for all Maidens. Calcutta weight for age. 2 Miles. 20 G. M. from the fund. Entrance and the day of closing same as Derby. English horses 1st. extra. Winner of the Derby 5lbs. extra.

Mr Sim's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Akali, 5 years.</i>
Mr Sim's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Ghorchurra, 5 years.</i>
Mr Sim's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>The Gooroo.</i>
Kinloch's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Charley.</i>
Kinloch's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Oh! Charles.</i>
Kinloch's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Dear Charles.</i>
Mr Rawlins'	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Ibrahim.</i>
Mr Williams'	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>The Snatcher, 6 years.</i>
Zinab-oo-deen's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Taj.</i>
Zinab-oo-deen's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Hum Dum.</i>
Mr F. Davidge's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Romance.</i>
Mr F. Davidge's	..	c.	a.	h.	..	<i>Bamboo.</i>
Mr S. Davidge's	..	c.	a.	h.	..	<i>The President.</i>

5th Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each. 10 forfeit; for Maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. each. $1\frac{1}{2}$ Miles. To close 1st September and name 1st October.

Third Day, November 12.

1st Race.—The Lahore Great Welter, for all Horses, 10 G. M. each, with 20 G. M. added from the fund; 11st. each. G. R. English Horses 1st. extra. 2 Miles. To close and name 1st September.

2nd Race.—A Cup given by the Officers of the 14th Light Dragoons, value Rs. 1,000 (or Specie at the option of the Winner) added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. Half forfeit; for all Horses. Three years old 8st. 7lbs., four 9st. 8lbs., five 10st. 11lbs., six and aged 10st 7lbs. Two miles. G. R. English Horses 21lbs. extra, Cape and N. S. Wales Horses 14lbs., Country bred 7lbs. Horses that have never won before this meeting allowed 3lbs. Winner once (*at any time before this Race*) to carry 3lbs. extra; twice 5lbs.; thrice 7lbs. extra. To close and name on the 1st September. Three Horses the property of different owners, not confederates, to start, or the Cup will not be given.

3rd Race.—The Open Stakes of 15 G. M. each, 3 G. M. forfeit, with 20 G. M. added from the fund, for all Horses N. N. I. T. C. weight for age. C. B. 3lbs. extra; Colonial 6lbs. extra; English 21lbs. extra. $1\frac{1}{2}$ Miles. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name 1st September.

4th Race.—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. to close 1st Oct., and name day before the meeting, with 25 G. M. added by *Agha Alli* for all Maiden Arabs purchased from him since 1st March 1848, Calcutta weight for age, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats; 5 nominations and three to start or the purse to be withheld. If there be 10 nominations, and three start, an additional 15 G. M. will be given.

5th Race.—A Hack Stakes of 1 G. M. each, 5 added from the fund, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. The winner to be sold for 200 if demanded in the usual manner; and come to scale with 10st. To close and name the day before the Race. •

Fourth Day, November 14.

1st Race.—The Champion Stakes for all Horses, 10 G. M. each. 5 forfeit. 20 G. M. added from the fund, 9st., $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. To close and name 1st September.

2nd Race.—The Give and Take for all Horses, 14 hands to carry 9st., 10 G. M. each, 15 forfeit.—15 G. M. added from the fund. Heats 1 mile. To close and name 1st September.

3rd Race.—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse of 20 G. M. from the fund, and 5 G. M. each for all Horses, 10st. 7lbs. G. R. English Horses to carry 1st. extra. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name 1st September. Heats 1 mile.

4th Race.—The Charger Stakes of 3 G. M. each, 10 G. M. added from the fund, for horses that have never won public money

except Charger Stakes. Heats $\frac{1}{2}$ mile—10st. 7 G. M. To close and name the day before the Race.

5th Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, 10 forfeit, for Arabs. 2 Miles—8st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close 1st September and name day before the meeting.

Fifth Day, November 16.

1st Race.—A Forced Handicap for Winners during the Meeting, Hacks and Chargers excepted, 5 G. M. each, and 2 G. M. in addition for each Race won. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

2nd Race.—The Beaten Purse, for beaten horses of the Meeting, to be handicapped by the Stewards, 5 G. M. each, 20 G. M. added from the Fund. 1 mile.

3d Race.—The Consolation Stakes for all horses. Horses valued at 300 Rs. to carry 9st., an additional 7lbs. for every hundred above. 1 mile Heats. To close and name the day before the Race, 10 G. M. added from the Fund. Entrance 2 G. M.

4th Race.—A Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 3 G. M. for all Ponies, 9st. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Heats $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

5th Race.—A Cup or Purse, value 500 rupees, given by a Lover of Sport, for all horses. Gentlemen Riders, 2 miles; Arabs 10st.; Cape and New South Wales horses 7lbs. extra; English horses 1st. extra. Maidens allowed 7lbs.; entrance 5 G. M.; and 5 G. M. extra for all horses declared to start; will close and name 15th October.

N.B.—Any Gentlemen having horses not named in the *Free Handicap* are requested to forward their names to the Secretary by 1st June.

RULES.

The N. N. I. Turf Club rules to be in force. No horses allowed to start unless the owner has subscribed 5 G. M., except for the Hack, Ponies and Charger Stakes. Entrances to be made in writing to the Secretary. The winner of each Race except the Hack, Charger and Ponies, to pay 16 Rs. to the Fund. Each horse trained on the new Course to pay 8 Rs. to the Fund. No horse to walk over for more than one Race—the Champion excepted.

The Stewards will settle the order of running at the Ordinary; each day, for the next day's Racing.

An Ordinary Tiffin will be held the day before each Race day at 1 P. M. Public money to be withheld or given at the option of the Stewards should three horses from different stables not start.

The Stewards reserve to themselves the power to alter, if it be found necessary, the dates of Racing and order of running, but no change will be made in the weights or distances.

STEWARDS.

Major Charles Stewart, Captain Thomas Sissmore, Captain Pringle Shortreed and Captain Francis Peyton.

H. P. BURN, *Secretary.*

Mofussilite.

IND. SPORT. REV.—VOL. IX., NO. XVIII.

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PROSPECTUS OF THE CALCUTTA RACES—1849-50.

FIRST MEETING.

First Day, Saturday, December 29, 1849.

1st Race.—The Calcutta Derby Stakes for Maiden Arabs. Two miles. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started before the days of naming allowed 5lbs. An entrance of Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of May 1849. Fifteen G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of October, when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the fund and a Sweepstakes of Twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

If there are 20 nominations the second horse to save his stake, if 30 nominations, the second horse to receive 50 G. M.

Mr St. George's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Sir Henry.</i>
Mr Pye's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Barefoot.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Talisman.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Young Honeysuckle, late Mayflower.</i>
Mr Holdfast's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Blood Royal.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Giraffe.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Bonanza.</i>
Mr Newman's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Revolution.</i>
"	..	bk.	a.	h.	..	<i>Pluto.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Gazelle.</i>
"	..	roan	a.	h.	..	<i>Cavalier.</i>
Mr Brown's	..	roan g.	a.	c.	..	<i>Baby Rattler.</i>
"	..	roan g.	a.	c.	..	<i>Sir Robert.</i>
"	..	roan g.	a.	c.	..	<i>Paul Jones.</i>
"	..	roan g.	a.	c.	..	<i>Sir Charles.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Bedouin.</i>
"	..	iron g.	a.	c.	..	<i>The Iron Duke.</i>
Mr Charles'	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Meteor.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Ploughboy.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Cyclone.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Goodwood.</i>
Mr Grey's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Kafilah.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	c.	..	<i>Zuburdust.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	c.	..	<i>Caravan.</i>
Abdool Rayman names	..	b.	a.	c.	..	<i>Hurna.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	c.	..	<i>Kullian.</i>
Mr Return's	..	g.	a.	c.	..	<i>Reserve.</i>

2nd Race.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., H. F. for all horses. Two miles. 8st. 7lbs. each. English horses to carry 7lbs. extra. To close and name the 1st of October.

3rd Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. The Gilbert Mile. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry as under. To close the 1st of December, and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

3 years,..	8st. 9lbs.
4 do....	9st. 5lbs.
5 and upwards,..	9st. 11lbs.

4th Race.—The Colonial Stakes for Maiden Cape, Australian and Country-bred horses. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started before the days of naming allowed 5lbs. An entrance of Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of May 1849. Fifteen G. M. for horses named between that date and 1st of October, when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the Fund and a Sweepstakes of Twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Holdfast's	..	b. nsw. g.	..	<i>Firefly.</i>
"	..	b. nsw. g.	..	<i>Gladiator.</i>
Mr Pye's	..	b. nsw. f.	..	<i>Datura</i> , by Sir Charles, out of <i>Young Lady Emily</i> .
"	..	b. nsw. h.	..	<i>Vanish</i> , by <i>Egremont</i> , out of <i>Lady Jane</i> .
Mr Charles'	..	b. nsw. f.	..	<i>Lady Augusta</i> , by <i>Gil Blas</i> , out of <i>Governess</i> , by <i>Operator</i> —her dam <i>Grisette</i> , by <i>Camerton</i> , out of a <i>Sheik</i> mare.
"	..	c. nsw. f.	..	<i>Effie Deans</i> , by <i>Dover</i> , out of <i>Calendar</i> .
"	..	g. nsw. g.	..	<i>Boomerang</i> , by <i>Vagabond</i> , out of a <i>Skeleton</i> mare.
Mr Brown's	..	b. nsw. g.	..	<i>Surveyor.</i>
"	..	b. cp. h.	..	—
Mr Return's	..	ch. cb. c.	..	<i>Massaroni</i> , out of an imported Arab mare, by the English Horse <i>Tiptoe</i> , by <i>Bay Middleton</i> .
Mr Grey's	..	ch. cb. f.	..	<i>Hebe.</i>
"	..	gr. cb. c.	..	by <i>Vizier</i> , dam <i>Popsey</i> .

Second Day, Tuesday, January*1, 1850.

1st Race.—Fifth year of Allipore Champaigne Stakes of 50 G. M. each, 10 Ft. if declared the day before the Meeting, and H. F. if the day before the race, for all Arabs entitled to run as maidens on the

30th December, 1848. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Maidens on the 1st of October, 1849, allowed 7lbs. Closed.

2nd Race—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. Craven weights and distance. English horses to carry 5lbs. extra, Arabs and C. B. allowed 5lbs., Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the 1st December and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

3rd Race.—The Auckland Stakes of 50 G. M. each, H. F. and only 10 G. M. Ft. if declared the day before the meeting, for all horses. Two miles. English horses to carry 1st. extra. To close and name the 1st December.

2 years,..	a feather.
3 „	6st. 12lbs.
4 „	7st. 12lbs.
5 „	8st. 5lbs.
6 and aged	8st. 8lbs.

4th Race.—The Omnibus Stakes for Maiden horses. R. C. and a distance. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry weight as follows :

3 years,..	8st. 9lbs.
4 „	9st. 5lbs.
5 and upwards..	9st. 11lbs.

Horses that have been beaten in the Derby or Colonial allowed 5lbs. An entrance of 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of May 1849. 15 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of October, when the race will close. 50 G. M. from the Fund, and a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made by 2 p. m. the day before the race. If there are 15 nominations the second horse to save his stake; if 25 nominations to receive 50 G. M.

Mr Brown names	..	br. e. c.	..	<i>Harlestone.</i>
Mr Brown's	..	b. nsw. g.	..	<i>Surneyor.</i>
„	..	roan g. a. c.	..	<i>Raby Rattler.</i>
„	..	roan g. a. c.	..	<i>Paul Jones.</i>
„	..	iron g. a. c.	..	<i>The Iron Duke.</i>
„	..	roan g. a. c.	..	<i>Sir Robert.</i>
Mr Pye's	..	b. nsw. f.	..	<i>Datura.</i>
„	..	b. nsw. h.	..	<i>Vanish.</i>
„	..	g. a. h.	..	<i>Young Honeysuckle.</i>
„	..	b. a. h.	..	<i>Barefoot.</i>
Mr Holdfast's	..	g. a. h.	..	<i>Blood Royal.</i>
„	..	g. a. h.	..	<i>Giraffe.</i>
„	..	b. a. h.	..	<i>Bonanza.</i>
„	..	b. nsw. g.	..	<i>Firefly.</i>
„	..	b. nsw. g.	..	<i>Gladiator.</i>
„	..	b. c. g.	..	<i>The Precocious Youth.</i>

Mr Charles'	..	b. nsw. f.	..	<i>Lady Augusta.</i>
"	..	c. nsw. f.	..	<i>Effie Deans.</i>
"	..	c. e. h.	..	<i>Crassus</i> , by <i>Emilius</i> , out of <i>Variation.</i>
Mr Newman's	..	g. a. h.	..	<i>Revolution.</i>
"	..	bk. a. h.	..	<i>Pluto.</i>
"	..	g. a. h.	..	<i>Gazelle.</i>
"	..	roan a. h.	..	<i>Cavalier.</i>
Mr Return's	..	ch. cb. c.	..	<i>Massaroni.</i>
Abdool Rayman names	..	b. a. c.	..	<i>Hurna.</i>
"	..	g. a. c.	..	<i>Kuliyani.</i>
Mr Grey's	..	ch. cb. f.	..	<i>Hebe.</i>
"	..	g. a. h.	..	<i>Kafilah.</i>
"	..	g. a. c.	..	<i>Zuburdust.</i>
"	..	g. a. c.	..	<i>Caravan.</i>

Third Day, Thursday, January 3.

1st Race.—Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., H. F., and 15 G. M. forfeit if declared the day before the Meeting, for all horses. Two miles. English horses to carry the same weight as in the Omnibus Stakes. Maidens allowed 10lbs.; The Winner of the Omnibus Stakes to carry 7lbs. extra. To close and name the 1st of October.

3 years,..	7st. 4lbs.
4 "	8st. 4lbs.
5 "	8st. 12lbs.
6 and aged	9st. 2lbs.

2nd Race.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., H. F. for all horses. St. Leger Course, 8st. 7lbs. each. English horses to carry 7lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name the 1st of October.

3rd Race.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for Maiden Horses. Three-quarters of a mile. 9st. each. Arabs allowed 10lbs. To close the 1st of October and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

4th Race.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., H. F., for Maiden Arabs. The Gilbert mile, 8st. 4lbs. each. To close and name the 1st of October.

Fourth Day, Saturday, January 5.

1st Race.—Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 Forfeit, for Maiden Arabs. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have been beaten in the Derby allowed 7lbs. To close and name the 1st of October.

2nd Race.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for all horses. Three quarters of a mile, 9st. each. Arabs allowed 7lbs., Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the day before the first meeting, and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

3rd Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for maiden C. B. horses. Weight for age, T. I. To close and name the first December.

4th Race.—The Calcutta Turf Club Purse, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. St. Leger Course. For all horses to be handicapped by the Stewards the day before the race. To close and name the day before the meeting.

Fifth Day, Tuesday, January 8.

1st Race.—A Purse of 50 G. M. given by Sheik Ibrahim for all Maiden Arabs, sold by or belonging to him since the 1st of January 1849. Round the Course. Calcutta weight for age. Five G. M. for all horses entered on or before the 1st of May 1849. Ten G. M. for horses entered on or before the 15th November 1849. And 20 G. M. for horses entered between that date and the day before the meeting, when the subscription will close. A further sum of 10 G. M. for all horses not scratched by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Pyc's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Barefoot.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Talisman.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Young Honeysuckle.</i>
Mr Holdfast's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Giraffe.</i>
Mr Newman's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Gazelle.</i>
"	..	roan	a.	h.	..	<i>Cavalier.</i>
Mr Grey's	..	g.	a.	c.	..	<i>Zuburdust.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Kafilah.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	c.	..	<i>Caravan.</i>

2nd Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all Arabs. Craven weights and distance. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the 1st of October and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

3d Race.—The Newmarket Stakes of 15 G. M. each, with 20 G. M. added from the Fund, for all horses that have started during the meeting. The Gilbert mile. Winners once during the meeting to carry 7lbs. extra, twice 10lbs. extra, thrice and oftener 1st. extra. To close and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

3 years	7st. 0lb.
4 "	8st. 2lbs.
5 "	8st. 10lbs.
6 and aged	9st. 0lb.

Sixth Day, Thursday, January 10.

1st Race.—The Bengal Club Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 Ft. for all horses, 2 miles. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry the same as in the Omnibus Stakes, the Winner of the Omnibus Stakes to carry 5lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close and name the 1st of October. If there are 15 nominations, the second horse to receive 50 G. M.

2nd Race.—Free Handicap Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 5 F., for all horses, T. I. Horses' names to be given in by 2 p. m. on the 5th day of the meeting, and weights to be published by 9 o'clock a. m. the day before the race.

3rd Race.—A Purse of 20 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M., for all horses. The Gilbert mile. Calcutta weight for age. The Winner to be sold with his engagements for Rs. 2,000, with the option of being sold for Rs. 1,800, Rs. 1,600, or Rs. 1,200. If to be sold for Rs. 1,800, to be allowed 5lbs., if for Rs. 1,600, to be allowed 10lbs., and if for Rs. 1,200, to be allowed 20lbs. To close and name, and prices to be declared by 2 p. m. the day before.

Seventh Day, Saturday, January 12.

1st Race.—A Forced Handicap for Winning horses only; for which all winners of 100 G. M. during the meeting must enter, optional to other winners. Entrance 10 G. M. and 5 per cent. on all winnings in excess of 100 G. M. Two miles.

2d Race.—Free Handicap Purse of 25 G. M. for horses that have started and not won 100 G. M. during the meeting. Entrance 20 G. M., 5 Forfeit. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Horses' names to be given by 2 p. m. on the 6th day of the meeting.

Horses that have started at any meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta subsequent to the 5th of November 1849, allowed 5lbs. in all races where public money is given, Selling Stakes and Handicaps excepted.

In all races for public money the same to be withheld unless there are three subscribers to the race.

In all races for public money, the terms of which contain no special provision regarding the second horse, whenever there is a *bona fide* start of three or more horses on separate interests, the second horse to receive back his stake; and where there are 10 or more subscriptions to the race and a start as above, to receive double the amount of his stake.

All forfeits are to be declared the day before the race by 2 p. m., except where otherwise specified in the terms of the race.

R. STOPFORD,	} Stewards.
WM. GREY,	
E. K. O. GILBERT,	

JAULNAH RACES.

First Day, December 1849.

1st Race.—Jaulnah Derby—One and three quarter miles. Weight for age for Maidens of the season. 250 Rs. from the Fund, with 90 Rs. Entrance, H. F. To close the 1st November, and name the day before the race.

2nd Race.—Galloway Plate—One mile heats, for all Galloways. Weight for inches, 14 hands carrying 10 stones. 100 Rs. from the Fund, with 30 Rs. entrance, P. P.

3rd Race.—Little Welter—One and half a mile, for all horses 10st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 120 Rs. from the Fund, with 40 Rs. entrance. P. P. Gentlemen Riders.

4th Race.—Cheroot Stakes—For all horses, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. Catch Weight. 75 Rs. from the Fund with 15 Rs. each entrance. Post entrances allowed at 20 Rs. P. P. Gentlemen Riders. The winner to be sold for 300 Rs., if demanded in the usual way.

Second Day, December 1849.

1st Race.—Great Welter—One mile heats, 11st. for all horses. Maidens allowed 9lbs.—Winners on 1st day, 4lbs. extra. 150 Rs. from the Fund, with 50 Rs. entrance. P. P. Gentlemen Riders.

2nd Race.—Sweepstakes—For all Maidens, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 9st. The winner of the Derby 9lbs. extra. 150 Rs. from the Fund, with 75 Rs. entrance. H. F. To close and name on 1st November.

3rd Race.—Ladies' Purse—One and three quarter miles, weight for age and inches. Winner of any Race during or before Meeting 3lbs., of two or more 7lbs. extra. 120 Rs. from the Fund, with 40 Rs. entrance. P. P.

4th Race.—Hack Stakes—Three quarter mile heats. 10st. 7lbs. 75 Rs. from the Fund, with 20 Rs. entrance. P. P. The Winner to be sold for 300 Rs., if demanded in the usual way.

Third Day, December 1849.

1st Race.—Winning Handicap—Two miles. To be Handicapped by persons appointed by owners of horses. 200 Rs. from the Fund, with 60 Rs. entrance for each race won: optional to losers, at an entrance of 60 Rs. P. P. (except Cheroot, Hack, and Pony Plates)

2nd Race.—Beaten Plate—Half mile Race. To be handicapped by persons appointed by owners of horses. 100 Rupees from the Fund, with 40 Rs. entrance. P. P.

3rd Race.—Hurdle Race—10st. 7lbs. 100 Rs. from the Fund, with 30 Rs. entrance. P. P. on its terms.

4th Race.—Poney Race—One mile. Catch weights. 50 Rs. from the Fund, with 15 Rs. entrance. P. P.
One Sack Race, and two Foot Races, on their terms.

Rules for the Jaulnah Races.

1.—Byculla Rules to be observed without deviation, unless otherwise specified in Prospectus.

2.—The 35th Byculla Rule not to apply to Hack, Cheroot, Galloway, Hurdle, or Poney Plate.

3.—Training horses to pay 4 Rs., winners nine, and losers three rupees, for repairs of Course.

4.—Ageing and measuring on 1st November, at the Cavalry Mess House.

5.—Horses from other Cantonments allowed 3lbs.

6.—The Meeting to commence on such day, between the 10th and 31st December 1849, as may be fixed on by the Stewards, and published by them before the 1st November next.

7.—No person, not in a Race, is on *any account* to ride on, or near the Course, at the time of running for any race.

8.—All horses training or galloping on the running Course, without the permission of the Stewards, to be fined at their discretion.

9.—Horses not coming to the Post, to start at the time specified in the Steward's notice, will be fined two Pagodas.

10.—In all Catch weight Races, for which there is to be a Lottery, the rider's name to be declared prior to the Lottery, and in all Sky Races, Confederacies made at the time to be declared.

Bombay Times.

PROSPECTUS OF THE TITALYA RACES FOR 1850.

First Day, Monday, January 7.

1st Race.—The Titalya Derby of 20 G. M., 5 G. M. entrance for all Maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. each. R. C.

2nd Race.—The Titalya Colonial Stakes of 15 G. M., 5 G. M. entrance for all Maiden C. B., Cape, and Australian Horses. R. C. and a distance. Calcutta weights for age.

3rd Race.—Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., 10 P. F. for all Horses. 8st. 7lbs. each. R. C.

4th Race.—Poney Purse of 5 G. M., 1 G. M. entrance. Catch weights. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Second Day, Wednesday, January 9.

1st Race.—*Civilians' Purse* of—G. M., 5 G. M. entrance for all Horses. English 10st., Cape, C. B. and Australian 9st., Arabs 8st. 7lbs. Winners once 3lbs., twice or more 5lbs. extra. R. C. and a distance.

2nd Race.—*Titalya Cup*—15 G. M., 5 G. M. entrance for all Horses. Calcutta weight for age. R. C. English 1st. 7lbs. extra.

3rd Race.—*Titalya Welter* of 15 G. M., 5 G. M. entrance, for all Horses. Arabs 10st. 7lbs., Australian, Cape and C. B. 11st., English 12st. R. C.

4th Race.—*Hack Stakes* of 5 G. M., 2 G. M. entrance, 10st., $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. The winner if claimed in the usual manner to be sold for 400 Rupees.

Third Day, Friday, January 11.

1st Race.—*Forced Handicap* for all winners of public money. Optional to winners of private Purse. Hacks or Ponies, 10 G. M., 4 G. M. entrance. To be handicapped by the Stewards, R. C.

2nd Race.—*Free Handicap* for all horses that have started and not won during the Meeting 10 G. M., 4 G. M. entrance. To be handicapped by the Stewards, R. C.

3rd Race.—*Titalya Fair Purse* of 10 G. M., 1 G. M. entrance for all horses purchased at the Fair of 1850, 10st. one mile.

4th Race.—*Poney Purse* of 5 G. M., 1 G. M. entrance. Catch weight; $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

5th Race.—*Titalya Steeple Chase* over 2 miles of country selected by the Stewards. A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., H. F. for all horses 11st. Arabs allowed 1st.

Length of Course about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. All the Races close and name at the Ordinary the day before Race.

The Rules as published in the *Titalya Prospectus* of 1848, to be applicable, with this exception that a horse walking over is entitled to the whole of the Purse, Stakes and Entrances.

H. HOLM,
Secy. Titalya Races.

Dinapore, 9th June, 1849.

MADRAS SPRING MEETING FOR 1850.

First Day, Saturday, January 12.

1st Race.—The Maiden of 30 G. M. with a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, for all Maiden horses named on or before the 1st July—10 G. M. each for all named between that date and 1st September, when the Race will close—an entrance of 10 G. M. for each horse declared to start—8st. 4lbs. the Winner of the Bangalore Derby or Omnibus Stakes 5lbs. extra, of both 7lbs. extra, other Winners (Handicaps excepted,) 3lbs. extra.—2 miles.

2nd Race.—The Little Welter, a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, with 20 G. M. from the Fund, for all Arabs, 10st. 7lbs.—1 Mile Heats. Gentlemen Riders. To close and name the day before the race.

3rd Race.—The Arab Stakes, a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., H. F. with 25 G. M. added for all Arabs, 9st.—Maidens allowed 5lbs.—1½ Miles. To close and name the 1st of September.

Second Day, Tuesday, January 15.

1st Race.—The Governor's Cup, a Cup, value one hundred Guineas, given by the Right Honorable Sir H. Pottinger for all Maiden Arabs.—Heats 1½ Miles. Entrance 200 Rupees. Weight for age Byculla Standard. The Second Horse to save his Entrance money. To close on the 1st January 1850, and name the day before the race.

2nd Race.—The Great Welter, a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, with 25 G. M. from the Fund, for all Horses 11st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 10lbs.—1½ Mile and a distance. Gentlemen Riders. To close and name the day before the race.

3rd Race.—The Ladies' Purse, a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., H. F. with 25 G. M. added, for all Horses, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 8st. 7lb., winners during the Meeting to carry 4lbs. extra.—1½ Miles. To close and name the 1st of September.

Third Day, Thursday, January 17:

1st Race.—The Guindy Stakes, a Sweepstakes of 30 G. M., H. F. 10 if declared on or before the 1st of December, and only 5 if declared on or before the 1st of October next, with 50 G. M. added. The 2d Horse to save his Stake. For all Horses weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. The winner of the Bangalore Derby to carry 5lbs. extra; Horses that have started twice in 1849 and never won, allowed 3lbs. Three *bonâ fide* opposing Horses to start, or the public money will not be given.—1½ Mile. To close on the 1st February 1849, and name the day before the race—22 Subscribers.

2nd Race.—The Auction Stakes, a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, with 20 G. M. from the Fund, for all Horses.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ Miles Heats. The 2nd Horse to save his Stake. The Winner to be sold.

If to be sold for	1,000	Rupees to carry	10st.
If „ for	800	Rs. to be allowed	5lbs.
If „ for	600	Rupees „	10lbs.
If „ for	500	Rupees „	14lbs.

To close and name the day before the race. The winner to be sold by Auction after the race, and any surplus over the selling price to go to the Racing Fund.

3rd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., with 20 G. M. added, for all Horses. Arabs 8st. 4lbs., Cape and Australian 8st. 12lbs., English 9st. 12lbs.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To close and name the day before the race.

Fourth Day, Saturday, January 19.

1st Race.—The Nabob's Cup, value 875 Rs. in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, for all horses named on or before the 1st July—10 G. M. for all horses named between that date and the 1st September, when the Race will close, an entrance of 10 G. M. for each horse declared to start, 9st. Maidens allowed 6lbs.—the Winner of the Pottinger Cup, or Guindy Stakes 5lbs. extra, if both 7lbs. extra—2 miles.

2nd Race.—The Whinn Plate, a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., with 20 G. M. from the Fund, for all Horses, weight for age, and weight for inches— $\frac{3}{4}$ mile Heats. To close and name the day before the Meeting.

3rd Race.—A Purse, of 20 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all horses, to be handicapped by the Stewards the day before the race. Horses not standing the handicap to pay 5 G. M.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To close and name the day before the Meeting.

Fifth Day, Wednesday, January 23.

1st Race.—The Club Handicap Stakes of 20 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. each, for all Horses named before the 1st July, 5 G. M. for all named after that date and before the 1st Sept. and 10 G. M. if named after that date and before the 1st January, when the race will close. Horses to be handicapped by the Stewards and weights declared by 2 o'clock the day before the race.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile Heats. If the Stakes exceed 1,000 rupees the second horse to receive 200 rupees.

2nd Race.—The Mysore Stakes, a Sweepstakes of 30 G. M., with 50 G. M. added, 10 G. M. F. if declared on or before the 1st January 1850, for all Arabs entitled to run as Maidens at the Madras Meeting in January 1849. Horses entitled to run as such in January 1850, allowed 5lbs. Weight for age.— $1\frac{3}{4}$ Miles. To close on the 1st of October, and name on the day before the Meeting.

3rd Race.—The Pony Plate,— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile Heats, 1 G. M. entrance, 5 G. M. added—Catch weights.

Sixth Day, Friday, January 25.

1st Race.—The Select Cup, on its terms value 200 Guineas.

2nd Race.—The Winning Handicap, for which all winners during the Meeting must enter, a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, with 20 G. M. from the Fund.—2 miles.

3rd Race.—The Beaten Handicap, of 30 G. M. for all beaten horses of the Meeting, 3 G. M. entrance— $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Second horse to save his stake.

4th Race.—The Hack Stakes,— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile Heats. 1 G. M. entrance and 5 G. M. from the Fund. Winner to be sold for 150 Rs. Catch weights. To close and name the day before the race.

1.—Maidens on the 1st of May 1849, to run as such during the Meeting.

2.—Cape and Australian horses to carry 5lbs. English horses 21lbs. above the specified weight.

3.—Three *bond fide* Subscribers to each Race, or the Public Money to be withheld.

4.—A Horse walking over for Public Money, to receive only half of it, and no Horse to walk over more than once for Public Money during the Meeting.

5.—All Nominations and Entrances to be addressed to the Stewards of the Madras Races, Club House, and all Entrances to be delivered at the Club House before 12 o'clock at noon on the day preceding the race.

6.—In all other respects the Rules of the Madras Course to be observed.

E. P. THOMPSON, Esq.	}	Stewards.
SIR H. MONTGOMERY, Bt.		
Major REID, C. B.		
Captain HAY,		
W. H. ROSE, Esq.		
S. D. BIRCH, Esq.		

Madras Athenæum.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LUCKNOW RACES FOR 1850.

First Day, Saturday, January 12.

1st Race.—The Lucknow Derby, for all Maiden Arabs, 2 miles, 8st. 7lbs. each, 5 G. M. for all horses named on or before the 1st July, 10 G. M. for horses between that date and 1st November, 1849, when the Race will finally close, and an entrance of 15 G. M. each for horses declared to start. Entrance to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the Race.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 25 G. M., given by Ameen-ood-Dowlah, for all horses, Calcutta weight for age, $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P. To close on the 1st November, and name the day before the Race.

3rd Race.—Haek Purse of 50 Rs. from the Fund, 16 Rs. entrance, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. G. R. 11st. 7lbs. each. Winner to be sold for Rs. 350.

Second Day, Tuesday, January 15.

1st Race.—Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, H. F., for all Maidens, 9st. each; round the Course. Horses that have never won allowed 5lbs. To close on the 1st November, and name the day before the Race.

2nd Race.—The Minister's Purse (if given) of 50 G. M., for all horses, Calcutta weight for age, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. Maidens that have won allowed only 3lbs., Maidens that have not won allowed 7lbs. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P., to close on the 1st November, and name the day before the Race.

3rd Race.—A Purse of 20 G. M. from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., for all horses, 2 miles, 8st. 7lbs. each. Winner once during the Meeting to carry 5lbs. extra, and Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close on the 1st November, and name the day before the Race.

4th Race.—Poney Stakes of 32 Rs. from the Fund, 10 Rs. entrance, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats, catch weight.

Third Day, Thursday, January 17.

1st Race.—Syud Ahmed's Purse of 25 G. M., for all Arabs purchased from him, from the 1st January, 1849, to 1st January, 1850, 8st. 7lbs. each, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F. To close on the 1st January, 1850, and name the day before the Race.

2nd Race.—The King's Purse (if given), viz. a Purse of 100 G. M., for all horses, 8st. 12lbs. each. Heats R. C. and distance. Entrance 15 G. M., P. P. Winners once during the Meeting 3lbs. extra, twice or oftener 7lbs., maidens allowed 7lbs. To close on the 1st November, and name the day before the Race.

3rd Race.—A Give and Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 5 G. M., H. F. 1 mile. To close and name the day before the Race.

Fourth Day, Saturday, January 19.

1st Race.—A Purse of 20 G M. for all Maidens that have not won previous to this day. Round the Course, 8st. 12lbs. each. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P. To close on the 1st November, and name the day before the Race.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 25 G. M., for all Horses, given by Mahomed Ali Khan, 1½ heats, 8st. 7lbs. each. Winner once during the meeting 3lbs. twice 5lbs. and three times 8lbs. extra, maidens allowed 5lbs., entrance 10 G. M., P. P. To close on the 1st November and name the day before the Race.

3rd Race.—Lucknow Welter 10 G. M., for Horses, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. P. P. G. R. 1½ miles. Arab and Country-breds 11st. 4lbs., Cape and New South Wales 11st. 11lbs., English 12st. 7lbs. Horses that have not won Purse, Plate, Match or Sweepstakes on or before the day of coling allowed 5lbs., on the day of running 10lbs. to close on the 1st November and name the day before the Race.

Fifth Day, Tuesday, January 22.

1st Race.—A Purse of 25 G. M., given by Newab Amcen-ood-Dowlah for all Horses, 9st. 2 miles. Maidens that have won allowed 5lbs., that have never won allowed 10lbs. 5 G. M. for Horses named on or before 1st July, 10 G. M., for horses between that date and 1st November 1849, when the Race will finally close and an entrance of 15 G. M. each for all horses declared to start. Entrance to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the Race.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 15 G. M. 1 mile Heats, entrance 5 G. M. for each nomination, to be handicapped by the Stewards. Nomination, to be sent in by 12 o'clock the day before the Race.

3rd Race.—Cheroots—3 G. M., from the Fund, for all Horses, 1 G. M. entrance, 1 mile, each-weights, the winner to bring his cheeroot lighted to the Weighing Stand. The Winner to be sold for Rs. 350 if claimed.

Sixth Day, Thursday, January 24.

1st Race.—Winners' Handicap, for which all winners (Hacks, Ponies, Give and Take and Welter excepted) must enter, optional to losers; 10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P. R. C.

2nd Race.—Losers' Handicap, 10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 5 G. M., H. F., 1½ mile.

3rd Race.—Consolation Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 5 G. M., P. P. 1 mile Heats; horses valued at

1200	Rupces to carry	9 12
1000	" "	9 5
800	" "	9 0
600	" "	8 7
400	" "	8 0

1st. The Calcutta Rules to be generally applicable to these Races.

2nd. Every owner of Horses and every member of the confederacy must subscribe 50 rupees to the Races except the owners of horses who only start for Hacks, Ponies, Give and Take or Welter Stakes.

3rd. Sealed nominations when not otherwise provided for, to be sent to the Secretary by 1 o'clock P. M., the day before each Race; no nomination to be received unless accompanied by the entrance money.

4th. In case of deficiency in the Fund, a proportional deduction will be made from the sum fixed for each Race; and in the event of their being an excess, the amount to be expended in Races.

5th. In the event of any Subscriber leaving the station on duty, or sick leave, before the Races take place, his subscription will not be demanded, or, if paid, it will be returned.

6th. All disputes to be settled by the Stewards, and their decision, as respect the disposal of the public money, to be final.

7th. Maidens on the 1st October, 1849, to be considered maidens for the season.

8th. English horses to carry 1½st. extra in all Races.

9th. Two horses *bonâ fide* from different stables to start for each public purse; in the event of only one horse coming to the post, the owner will receive the forfeits and half the public money.

10th. Winning horses to pay 6 Rs.; Losers 2 Rs. for Race Course repairs.

11th. Settling day to be the day after the termination of the Races.

12th. The Stewards have the power to fine any Jockey wilfully neglecting to obey the instructions of the starter in a Race, to the amount of Rs. 50.

EDWARD C. CLAY, 66th N. I.

Secretary, Lucknow Races.

Mofussilite.

HYDERABAD RACES FOR 1850.

First Day, Tuesday, February 5.

1st Race.—The Hyderabad Derby for Maiden Arabs. Two miles. Calcutta weight for age. 50 Rupees each for horses named on or before the 1st September, 1849. 100 Rupees for horses named between that date and 1st December, 1849, when the race will close. 400 Rupees from the fund, and an entrance of 200 Rupees for all horses declared to start.

2d Race.—Galloway Plate of 100 Rupees each, P. P., with 250 Rupees from the fund, for all horses 14 hands and under. Weight for inches. 14 hands to carry 9st. Heats, one mile and a quarter. To close on the 1st December, 1849, and name the day before the race.

3d Race.—The Minister's Plate of Rupees, with a subscription of 200 Rupees each, P. P. for all horses. Heats one mile. Maidens allowed 4lbs. To close on the 1st December, 1849, and name the day before the race.

4th Race.—A Sweepstakes of one G. M. each, with 80 Rs. from the fund, for all horses. Half mile. 11st.

Second Day, Thursday, February 7.

1st Race.—A Cup value 500 Rs. presented by Lieutenant Colonel D. A. Fenning of the Madras Cavalry, with a subscription of 200 Rs. each, P. P., for all horses. 8st. 7lbs. One and three quarter miles. Maidens allowed 4lbs. The winner of either the 1st or 3d Race 1st Day, to carry 7lbs. extra. To close and name on the 1st December, 1849.

2nd Race.—Great Welter of 100 Rs. each, P. P. with 250 Rs. from the fund, for all horses. 11st. Gentlemen Riders. One and a half mile and a distance. To close and name the day before the race. Winners of any other Welter, 7lbs. extra.

3d Race.—Omnibus Stakes, entrance according to price, with 250 Rs. from the fund, for all horses. The winner to be sold if claimed in the usual manner within half an hour after the race. Heats, one and a quarter mile.

VALUE.		ENTRANCE.		WEIGHT.
Rs.	500	Rs.	50	9st. 7lbs.
"	600	"	60	9st. 12lbs.
"	700	"	80	10st. 2lbs.
"	900	"	100	10st. 7lbs.
"	1100	"	125	11st. 0lb.

4th Race.—The Seurry Stakes of one G. M. each, with 80 Rs. from the fund, for all horses. Heats half mile. 10st. 7lbs. Winner of the Sweepstakes first day, to carry 5lbs. extra.

Third Day, Saturday, February 9.

1st Race.—The Union Plate of 150 Rs. each, P. P., with 300 Rs. from the fund. 8st. 7lbs. Maidens on the day allowed 4lbs. Heats, one mile and a half. To close on the 1st December, 1849, and name the day before the race.

2nd Race.—The Little Welter of 100 Rs. each, P. P., with 250 Rs. from the fund for all horses. 10st. Winners of the Great, or any other Welter, to carry 5lbs. extra. One mile and a half. To close on the 1st December, 1849, and name the day before the race.

3rd Race.—The Minister's Plate of Rs. with a subscription of 200 Rs. each, P. P., for all horses. Heats, one and a half mile and a distance. 8st. 10lbs. Maidens allowed 4lbs. The winner of the 1st or 3rd race 1st day, or 1st race 2nd day, to carry 7lbs. extra. The winner of either two of these, 10lbs. extra. To close 1st December, 1849, and name the day before the race.

Fourth Day, Tuesday, February 12.

1st Race.—The Resident's Plate of 500 Rs. with a subscription of 200 Rs. each, P. P., for all horses. Heats, one mile and a half. 9st. Maidens allowed 4lbs. Maidens on the day allowed 7lbs. The winner of the 1st or 3d race 1st day, or 1st race 2d day, or 3d race 3d day, to carry 7lbs. extra; the winner of any two of these to carry 10lbs. extra. The winner of any three of these to carry 14lbs. extra. To close on the 1st December, 1849, and name the day before the race.

2d Race—The Frantic Stakes of 50 Rs. each, with 150 Rs. from the fund, for which all horses entered for the Sweepstakes 1st day, and Scurry Stakes must enter. Optional to all horses at an entrance of 75 Rs. each. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Heats, three quarter of a mile.

3d Race.—Poney Plate. Half mile heats. Catch weights. For all Ponies 13 hands and under. 50 Rs. from the fund, with a subscription of 10 Rs. each, P. P.

4th Race—The Whim Plate of 250 Rs. from the fund, with a subscription of 100 Rs. each, P. P., for all horses. Weight for age and inches. 14 hands and aged to carry 9st. One and three quarter miles. To close on the 1st December, 1849, and name the day before the race.

Fifth Day, Thursday, February 14.

1st Race.—Forced Handicap of 200 Rs. each, H. F., with 300 Rs. from the fund, for which all winners of the Meeting, excepting those of the "Sweepstakes" 1st day, "Scurry Stakes," and "Frantic Stakes," must enter. Optional to losers at an entrance of 100 Rs. each, H. F. horses to be handicapped by Gentlemen selected by the owners of horses, and Acceptances to be declared at the Ordinary the day before the race. 2 miles.

2nd Race.—Handicap of 100 Rs. each, with 20 Forfeit, with 200 Rs. from the fund, for all the beaten horses of the Meeting. Heats, one and a half miles.

3rd Race.—Hurdle Race of 30 Rs. each, with 150 Rs. from the fund, for all horses.—One and a half miles. Six Hurdles. To close and name the day before the race.

Arabs.....	10st.	7lbs.
Cape and New South Wales.....	11st.	0lb.
English.....	11st.	7lbs.

RULES.

Hyderabad Currency.

The Rules of the Bangalore Turf Club will be strictly adhered to, with the exception that a Subscription of two G. M. qualifies for "the Sweepstakes," last day, "Scurry" and "Frantic Stakes," and Hurdle Race.

All Nominations and Entries to be addressed to "The Secretary Hyderabad Races, Hyderabad Club."

Should there be any deficiency of Funds (which is not expected), an equal per centage will be deducted from each Plate, Purse, or Sweepstakes.

Maidens on the 1st October, 1849, to run as such during the Meeting.

The decision of the Stewards to be final.

Major OSBORNE, 19th Regt. N. I.	} Stewards.
Captain BRICE, Horse Brigade.	
Captain DAVIDSON, Nizam's Cavalry.	
Captain KELSO, 3rd Light Cavalry.	
Mr CROWLY, 3rd Light Cavalry.	

Madras Athenæum.

BERHAMPORE RACES FOR 1850.

First Day, on or about the 25th February.

1st Race.—The Berhampore Derby, for all Maiden Arabs. Sonopore weight for age. R. C. The winner of the Calcutta or Sonopore Derby 7lbs. extra.* 20 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 5 G. M. 3 G. M. forfeit. To close and name on the 1st of Nov.

2nd Race.—The Berhampore Colonial Stakes for all maiden C. B., Cape and N. S. Wales horses, Sonopore weight for age. R. C. The winner of the Calcutta or Sonopore Colonial 7lbs. extra. 20 G.

M. from the Fund. Entrance 5 G. M. 3 forfeit. To close and name on the 1st November.

3rd Race.—The Newmarket Stakes of 15 G. M., H. F. for all horses. Sonopore weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 1 mile. To close on the 15th December.

4th Race.—A Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund for all horses. Entrance 2 G. M. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. 11st. each. Gentlemen riders. The winner immediately after the race to be put up to auction—and sold to the highest bidder above 500 Rs., anything bid over 500 Rs. to go to the Race Fund.

Second Day.

1st Race.—A Purse of 50 G. M. presented by the Nawab Nazim of Bengal, on its terms.

2d Race.—A Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund for all horses. Weight for age and inches. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To close on the 1st December. Entrance 5 G. M., H. F.

3d Race.—The Bibury Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund for all horses. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 5 G. M., H. F. To close and name on the 15th February.

4th Race.—The Goodwood Stakes of 15 G. M., H. F. for all horses. Sonopore weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To close on the 15th December.

Third Day.

1st Race.—Master Mathew's Purse of 25 G. M. on its terms.

2d Race.—The Criterion Purse of 15 G. M. from the Fund for all Maiden horses. Craven weights and distances. Heats. Entrance 5 G. M., H. F. To close and name on the 15th December.

3d Race.—A Handicap Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund for all horses. R. C. To close and name on the 15th December. Entrance 10 G. M. 2 forfeit. Weights to be declared by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

4th Race.—The Spear Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund for all horses from whose backs contested first spears have been taken during 1849 or 1850. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. 11st. each. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 3 G. M. To close and name the day before the Meeting.

Fourth Day.

1st Race.—Shaik Ibrahim's Purse of 20 G. M. on its terms.

2d Race.—The Berhampore Welter Purse of 15 G. M. from the Fund for all horses. R. C. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To carry weights as under :—

3	years old.....	9st.	5lbs.
4	10	0
5	10	9
6	and aged.....	11	0

3d Race.—A Purse of 8 G. M. from the Fund for all Ponies. 8st. each. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile heats. Entrance 3 G. M. 1 forfeit. To close and name the first day of the Meeting.

Fifth Day.

1st Race.—Winners' Handicap. 10 G. M. from the Fund. Forced to winners of upwards of 20 G. M. public money, optional to other winners. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F.

2nd Race.—Losers' Handicap. 15 G. M. from the Fund for all horses who have started for and not won public money. Entrance 5 G. M., H. F. No horse can enter for this race who has been declared distanced in any race during the meeting.

3d Race.—Consolation Purse of 5 G. M. from the Fund for all horses. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile heats. To carry weight as under. If to be sold for

1000 Rs.	10st.	0lb.
900 „	9	9
800 „	9	2
700 „	8	10
600 „	8	4
500 „	8	0

The Terms of the Nawab's Purse, &c., &c., will be published hereafter. •

J. SCOTT,
Secretary.

DEYRAH RACES.

First Day, Tuesday, September 25, 1849.

1st Race.—The Maiden Plate of Rs. 300 for all horses 8st. 7lbs. each. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance 8 G. M., H. F.

2nd Race.—A Silver Cup value Rs. 500, presented by a lover of Sport, for all horses. Arabs 9st. ; Colonial horses and Country-bred 9st. 9lbs. ; English 10st. 9lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 1 mile heats. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F.

3rd Race.—The Hack Plate of Rs. 100 for all horses. G. R.—11st. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M.

Second Day, Thursday, September 27.

1st Race.—The Mussoorie Cup, value Rs. 500, for all horses. R. C. Weight for age. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F.

2nd Race.—The Consolation Stakes of 10 G. M. for all horses, G. R. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. The winner to be sold for Rs. 500, 9st. 7lbs.; if for Rs. 600, 10st.; Rs. 700, 10st. 7lbs.; Rs. 800, 11st. Entrance 3 G. M., H. F.

3rd Race.—The Welter of 15 G. M. for all horses. G. R. 10st. 7lbs. 1 mile. Entrance 5 G. M.

Third Day, Saturday, September 29.

1st Race.—The Tradesmen and Innkeeper's Plates on its terms.

2nd Race.—The Winners' Handicap, for which all Winners of public money must enter. Poney and Hack Plate excepted. Entrance 4 G. M., H. F. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

3rd Race.—The Poney Plate of Rs. 60, for all ponies, 13-1 and under. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats. Entrance 1 G. M.

All Races, except the Hack, Poney, and Consolation Purse, to close and name on the 15th August.

Winning horses to pay Rs. 8, and Losers Rs. 4 for each race, for Race Course repairs.

In the event of there not being sufficient funds to pay in full, the Mussoorie Cup and Public Money advertised, an equal per centage will be deducted.

New North Indian Turf Club Rules.

Major BEATY,	} Stewards.
Major MAYNE,	
Capt. DRYSDALE,	

WM. JOHNS, *Secretary.*

Mofussilite.

PROSPECTUS FOR THE BOMBAY RACES,—1850.

First Day, Tuesday, February 5, 1850.

1st Race.—The Dealers' Plate, value 100 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each, H. F., and only 5 G. M. Forfeit if declared by the 1st January 1850; 2 miles. Weight for age for all Arabs imported after the 1st September 1848, and purchased from either of the following stables—Sorabjee Dadey Suntook's, Bazunjee Fuekeera's, or Aga Mahomed Bauker's. The second horse to save his stake. To close and name on the 1st May 1849. Horses imported after the 1st September 1849 allowed to enter until the 1st December.

Mr Elliot's

.. g. a. h. *Araby.*

..

.. roan a. c. *Red Roan.*

Hajee Abdool Wahab's	.. ng. g. a. c.	<i>Arrow.</i>
"	.. g. a. h.	<i>Tiger.</i>
"	.. g. a. h.	<i>Sir Robert.</i>
"	.. b. a. c.	<i>Child of the Islands.</i>
"	.. b. a. c.	<i>Minuet.</i>
"	.. g. a. c.	<i>Lochinvar.</i>
"	.. fleabitten a. c.	<i>Shamrock.</i>
"	.. g. a. c.	<i>Young Monarch.</i>
"	.. g. a. c.	<i>Comet.</i>
"	.. ng. g. a. c.	<i>Wulundesc.</i>
Aga Mahomed Banker's	.. g. a. h.	<i>Timour.</i>
"	.. g. a. c.	<i>Chrane.</i>
"	.. g. a. g.	..
Mr Kimp's	.. b. a. c.	<i>Grey Jacket.</i>
Colonel Forster's	.. fleabitten a. h.	<i>Annexation.</i>

2nd Race.—The Forbes' Stakes of Rs. 400 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, 5 G. M. forfeit for all horses; weight for age 2 miles. Maidens of the season allowed 5lbs. To name on the 1st October, and horses allowed to enter until the 1st December, upon double stakes and forfeits.

3rd Race.—The Give and Take of Rs. 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each for all Horses; weight for inches; 14 hands carrying 8st. 7lbs.—1½ miles heats.

Second Day, Thursday, February 7.

1st Race.—The Derby. Rs. 400 from the fund for all Arabs, Maidens of the season. To close and name on the 1st October 1849; weight for age 1½ miles. Maidens that have started before the day of closing to carry 4lbs. extra. 5 G. M. subscription, with an entrance of 10 G. M. for all horses declared to start.

2d Race.—The Welter. Rs. 400 from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F., for all horses 11st. Gentlemen Riders 1½ miles and a distance. To name on the 1st October, and horses allowed to enter until the 1st December upon double stakes and forfeits. Maidens of the season allowed 5lbs.; Maidens imported after the 1st September 1848 allowed 10lbs.

3rd Race.—The Drawing-Room Stakes of Rs. 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all Arabs, 8st. 7lbs.—1 mile.

Third Day, Saturday, February 9.

1st Race.—A Cup value £100 presented by Meerza Ali Mahomed Khan, Esquire, for all Arabs, 1½ miles and distance, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. if declared the day before the Meeting, and only 2 G. M. if declared on the 1st August.

To close and name on the 1st May,—weight as follows :—

Winners of 2 Seasons	10st. 0lb.
Do. of 1 do.	9 4
Horses that have started, but <i>not</i> won before the day of naming.... ..	8 7
Horses that have not started before the day of naming, but which were imported <i>before</i> the 1st September 1849.. .. .	8 0
Do. do. do. <i>after</i> the 1st September 1849.. .. .	7 7

The Winner of the Dealers' Plate or Derby to carry 5lbs. extra.

Two horses from different stables to start or the Cup to be withheld for a Handicap. The day and terms to be fixed by the Stewards at the time.

Hajee Abdool Wahab's ..	g. a. c.	<i>Milo.</i>
" ..	g. a. h.	<i>Tiger.</i>
Aga Mahomed Banker's ..	g. a. h.	<i>Timour.</i>
" ..	g. a. c.	<i>Ghivane.</i>
" ..	g. a. h.	<i>Surplus.</i>
Mr Hope's ..	g. a. h.	<i>Red Jacket.</i>
Mr Spurious' ..	g. a. h.	<i>Liberty.</i>
" ..	b. a. h.	<i>Upright Judge.</i>
Mr Kimp's ..	b. a. c.	<i>Great Promise.</i>
Colonel Forster's ..	g. a. h.	<i>King of Scotland.</i>
" fleabitten a. h.	<i>Annexation.</i>

2nd Race.—A Sweepstakes of Rupees 500 each, H. F. for all Maidens and Winners of one season ; to close and name on the 1st October 1849. Maidens on the day of starting allowed 7lbs.

3rd Race.—The Galloway Plate, Rupees 100 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile Heats ; weight for age. Maidens on the day of starting allowed 5lbs.

Fourth Day, Tuesday, February 12.

1st Race.—A Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each, H. F. for all horses Maidens of the season ; 2 miles, 8st. 4lbs. Maidens that have started before the day of closing to carry 4lbs. extra. A Winner of the " Derby," " Dealers' Plate," " Cup" or either of the Sweepstakes, to carry 4lbs. extra ; of any two of them 10lbs., three or more 1st. To close on the 1st October and name the day before the Race.

2nd Race.—The Malet Stakes, of Rupees 400 from the Fund. A Handicap ; Gentlemen Riders. Open to all horses that have started during the meeting $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; 10 G. M. entrance. 2 G. M. forfeit for not standing' the Handicap. Entrances to be made by 8 A. M. the day before the Race. Weights to be announced by 12 o'clock, and declarations as to standing, or not, to be made with the other nominations of the day.

3rd Race.—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse, for all horses ; Rupees 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each ;

1 mile Heats; 8st. 7lbs. The Winner of the Drawing-Room Stakes to carry 7lbs. extra.

Fifth Day, Thursday, February 14.

1st Race.—The Winners' Handicap, for all Winners during the meeting; 5 G. M. for each Race won; optional to Losers, at an entrance of 5 G. M. 2 miles.

2nd Race.—The Beaten Plate, Rupees 300 from the Fund. Handicap open to the Beaten horses of the meeting, 10 G. M. entrance; 1½ miles heats.

No Horses to be allowed to start for the "Derby," "Forbes Stakes," "Welter," or either of the Sweepstakes that is not the *bond fide* property of a Gentleman on the day of closing.

Rule No. 15 is not applicable to Meerza Ali Mahomed Khan's Cup, or the "Dealer's Plate."

Telegraph and Courier.

ENTRANCES TO THE BANGALORE RACES UP TO 1st
APRIL 1849.

Bangalore Derby.

Capt. Macartney's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Heart of Oak.</i>
Mr Sparrow's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Moonbeam.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>George.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	b.	..	<i>Sir Henry.</i>
Mr Ireland's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Ace of Trumps.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Fugitive.</i>
Mr Boynton's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Blacklock.</i>
"	..	brown	a.	h.	..	<i>Black Chance.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Discount.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Grey Mornus.</i>
"	..	ch.	a.	h.	..	<i>The Baronet.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	c.	..	<i>Uncle Toby.</i>
Mr Cavendish's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Looloo.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Bandoolah.</i>
Col. St. Maur's	..	ch.	a.	h.	..	<i>Rufus.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	c.	..	—
Mr Ems's	..	ch.	a.	h.	..	<i>Moses.</i>
Mr Charles'	..	g.	a.	c.	..	<i>The Spy.</i>
Capt. Campbell's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Warlock.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>War Eagle.</i>

Captain O'Leary's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Bronze.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Amulet.</i>
Mr South's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Benbow.</i>
The Cup.						
Mr Sparrow's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>XL.</i>
Mr Ireland's	..	w.	a.	h.	..	<i>Lightening.</i>
"	..	b.	nsw.	h.	..	<i>Paul Pry.</i>
Mr Boynton's	..	ch.	a.	h.	..	<i>The Baronet.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Grey Momus.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Discount.</i>
"	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Uncle Toby.</i>
Capt. Campbell's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Warlock.</i>

The Omnibus Stakes.

Mr Sparrow's	..	b.	a.	h.	..	<i>Sir Henry.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Moonbeam.</i>
Mr Ireland's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Thunder.</i>
"	..	w.	a.	h.	..	<i>Lightening.</i>
"	..	b.	nsw.	h.	..	<i>Paul Pry.</i>
"	..	b.	capc	h.	..	<i>The Unknown.</i>
Mr Boynton's	..	b.	nsw.	h.	..	<i>The Brigadier.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Discount.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Blacklock.</i>
"	..	ch.	a.	h.	..	<i>Baronet.</i>
"	nutmeg	g.	a.	c.	..	<i>Smuggler.</i>
Capt. Campbell's	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>Warlock.</i>
"	..	g.	a.	h.	..	<i>War Eagle.</i>

The Derby and Cup are open until 1st August with entrances at 10 G. M. each, and the Omnibus at 20 G. M.

DESYMONS BARROW, *Secretary,*
Bangalore Races.

April 1st, 1849.

Madras Athenæum.

AGRA RACES.

Proposed Prospectus of Agra Races to come off in November, should the funds permit, date of running and all particulars will be advertized hereafter.

First Day.

1st Race.—Agra Derby, for all Maiden Arabs, 9st. 1 mile, entrance 10 G. M., with — G. M. from the Fund. To close and name day before the race.

2nd Race.—Taj Purse of — G. M., for all horses, 9st. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, entrance 10 G. M., Maidens allowed 7lbs.

3rd Race.—A Purse of — G. M., for all Galloways, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats, catch weights, entrance 3 G. M.

Match of 20 G. M. to 10 G. M., $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr Hawksley's	b.	e.	m.	Volumnia,	12st.
Mr George's	ch.	a.	h.	Advance,	10st.

Second Day.

1st Race.—A Purse of — G. M., for all Arabs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Calcutta weight for age, entrance 10 G. M., Maidens allowed 7lbs.

2nd Race.—Welter, for all horses, 1 mile, entrance 5 G. M., 11st. with — G. M. from the Fund.

3rd Race.—Poney Plate, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, catch weights, entrance 1 G. M.

Third Day.

1st Race.—A Purse of — G. M., for all horses, N. N. I. Turf Club, weight for age, Round the Course, entrance 10 G. M., Maidens allowed 7lbs.

2nd Race.—Cheeroot Stakes, for all horses, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile 11st. entrance 2 G. M. Winner to be sold for 500 Rs.

3rd Race.—Hack Purse of — G. M., $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats, 10st. 7lbs. entrance 2 G. M.

Fourth Day.

1st Race.—Forced Handicap, for all Winners of the Meeting, Hack, Poney and Consolation excepted, 1 mile, entrance 5 G. M. with — G. M. from the Fund.

2nd Race.—Beaten Purse of — G. M., for all Losers, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, entrance 3 G. M.

3rd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, P. P. for all Arabs, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile 9st., Maidens allowed 7lbs.

4th Race.—Selling Purse of — G. M., for all horses, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats, weight for price, entrance 2 G. M.

300	8st. 7lbs.
400	9st. 0lb.
500	9st. 7lbs.
600	10st. 0lb.

and 7lbs. for every 100 Rs. under or over, any horse to be sold at the price he enters.

N. N. I. T. Club Rules to be in force, Cape, N. S. W. and English Horses, to carry weight as in Calcutta.

Any disputes to be referred to the N. N. I. Turf Club for their decision.

Agra Messenger.

SUPPLEMENT TO SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

EPSOM RACES.

TUESDAY, May 22.—The Cockney Jubilee opened most unpropitiously; rain poured down unceasingly the whole day, unless when relieved by a storm of hail. Few and far between were the spectators, though the sport was rather above the average description. The Craven ended in a dead heat, the stakes being divided between the owners of Black Eagle and Swordplayer. Mr Gratwicke's elegant filly the Countess carried off the Woodcote, and Mr Death's Antagonist the Manor Stakes. During the races, betting on the great event of the morrow was carried on with considerable spirit, the friends of the Dutchman—those who had fearlessly stuck to him since last July—found their courage evaporate as they beheld the course fetlock deep in mud, while the tempters around harped upon the reputed softness of the Bay Middleton blood; a perfect rush took place to back Nummykirk, and that Irish brute Chatterer, whilst the gallant son of Ion, known to be a stickler in dirt occupied a forward rank, all this had the effect of driving back the Dutchman a point or two in the betting. For ourselves we had long nailed the *tarlatan* to our mast head, and had determined to do or die under the Eglington colours, but Tuesday found us haunted with the fear of Touchstone's son, who, if breeding ever told, should have pluck and endurance to carry him through everything.

WEDNESDAY, May 23.—The morning broke heavy and lowering, but after a few preliminary showers, the day cleared up and was everything that could be desired. So much has been said and sung, painted and pencilled anent the peculiar features of the Derby Day, that we may be excused making any further mention thereof, than to observe that the attendance seemed rather thin, accounted for no doubt by the variable weather. The number of ladies and of patrician visitors seemed also wonderfully small. The friends of the "Flyer" found renewed courage as the weather cleared up, and reports of a screw being loose about "The Kirk," brought him and Tadmor out in immense force, leaving off respectively at 2 to 1. Nummykirk and Clatterer both out of favour.

The race was fixed for half-past 2 o'clock, and by a few minutes after that time the horses, 26 in number, including no less than six from John Scott's stable, were conducted to the post and started without a mistake.

The Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3-yr-olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. The second horse to receive 100 sovs. out

of the stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police regulations. Mile and a half. 237 subs.

Lord Eglington's The Flying Dutchman.....	(Marlow)	1
Mr Godwin's Hotspur	(Whitehouse)	2
Colonel Peel's Tadmor	(Flatman)	3
Lord Clifden's Honeycomb.....	(Robinson)	4

Mr Bowes's The Knout, Lord Bateman's Goodwood, Mr Burgess' The Crowner, Lord Stanley's Uriel, Sir C. Monek's Vanguard, Mr Farrance's The Old Fox, Sir C. Cockerill's Thibault, Lord Eglington's Elthron, Mr A. Nicholl's Nunnykirk, Lord Exeter's Glucalvon, Mr Campbells's Robert de Brus, Mr H. Hill's Henry of Exeter, Mr Watt's Chatterer, Mr B. Green's Westow, Sir J. Hawley's Vatican, Sir G. Heathcote's Companion, Mr Peckley's Old Dan Tucker, Mr Disney's Montagn, Mr Gratwicke's Landgrave, Mr Jaques's Chantrey, Mr Nicholl's Woolwich, Duke of Rutland's c. by Charles XII., out of Flambeau's dam, also started.

Lord Eglington declared to win with The Flying Dutchman. Westow went in front immediately after starting, and made play at a moderate pace, followed by Chantrey, Tadmor, Vatican, Elthron, Uriel, Henry of Exeter, and Nunnykirk, the Dutchman, and Old Dan Tucker lying close up. This order was maintained for rather more than a quarter of a mile. Westow then dropped into the rack and Vatican assumed the command, Uriel, Elthron, Hotspur, Tadmor, and Nunnykirk lying with him, immediately in their wake coming Old Dan Tucker the Duke of Rutland's colt, and The Flying Dutchman. On reaching the turn the front rank was thinned by the defeat of Elthron and Nunnykirk, the leading horses from this point to the corner being Vatican, Uriel, Hotspur, and the two favourites. Vatican and Uriel were beaten before they got to the road, and the race was left to The Flying Dutchman, Hotspur, and Tadmor, the former being first, the half-bred horse at his side, Tadmor third. Colonel Peel's horse was in difficulty half-way up the distance, but Hotspur made a gallant fight of it, and was so nearly level with his opponent opposite the stand that the issue appeared very doubtful, the Dutchman, however, ran the stoutest, and won by half a length. Tadmor struggled on to the end, and was not beaten more than a length from the winner. Honeycomb laid off in the early part of the race, but passed his horses one by one in the straight running, and obtained a bad fourth place. Uriel was fifth, and the Duke of Rutland's colt sixth. Chatterer never showed in front. The race was run in 3 minutes, 12 seconds slower than last year.

The result of the Derby will be a heavy blow to the "ring," scarcely a man, we should say, escapes. Lord Eglington and his friends, and the "public," win all the money. The Caren Stakes came off about 4 o'clock, and the heats being run in quick time, the races were brought to a conclusion at an early hour.

The Flying Dutchman is a dark brown colt, standing over 15 hands 2 inches, remarkably well made, and a racer all over. He is by Bay Middleton out of Barbelle, the dam of Van Tromp, &c.

The Carew Stakes were carried off, after a severe struggle, by Old Bokara, beating Taffrail by a head only, Pottinger being a good third.

For the Burgh Stakes, run in heats, Mr Burgen's Hind of the Forest was named the victor, and was claimed ; this being a selling stakes.

BETTING ON THE COURSE.

THE OAKS.

11 to 2 agst Sister to Arkwright.

11 — 2 „ Clarissa.

6 — 1 „ Glaucia.

6 — 1 „ Woodlark.

12 — 1 „ Imperatrix (taken).

12 — 1 „ Escalade.

14 — 1 „ Lady Superior.

St. LEGER.

2 to 1 agst the Flying Dutchman.

Horse News, May 24.

RACING CALENDAR

FOR

1849.

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RACING CALENDAR.

LUCKNOW RACES.*

Length of Course $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile and 64 yards.

FIRST DAY.

1ST RACE.—A Sweepstakes for all Maidens $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 8st. 7lbs. each, 5 G. M. for horses, named on or before the 1st July. 10 G. M. for horses between that dates 1st November, when the race will finally close and an entrance of 15 G. M. for horses declared to start. 23 Nominations.

Nawab Mahomed Alce's	b. s. h.	<i>Grandmaster</i> ,	1
Mr Fox's	g. a. h.	<i>Gaylad</i> ,	2
Mr Hope's	w. a. h.	<i>Whitelock</i> ,	3
Nawab Alee Nukhic's	br. a. h.	<i>Voltigeur</i> ,			
Mr Lewis'	g. a. h.	<i>Ariel</i> ,			
Mr Henton's	b. a. h.	<i>Chusan</i> ,			
Bux Alee's	g. a. h.	<i>Rhodeish</i> .			

A most beautiful race: at the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, all the horses were in a line, at the $\frac{1}{2}$ in *Grandmaster*, *Gaylad*, *Ariel* and *Whitelock* were altogether, *Grandmaster* winning by a head.

Time,—2m. 59s.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 25 G. M. given by Nawab Amcen-ood-Dowlah for all horses. Calcutta weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. 10 G. M. P. P. 8 Nominations.

Mr Fox's	b. a. h.	<i>Soldierlad</i> ,	4 years,	7st. 11lbs.	1	1
Mr Hope's	g. a. h.	<i>Scratch</i> ,	5 years,	8st. 13lbs.	2	2
Mr Lewis'	b. c. m.	<i>The Belle</i> ,	aged,	9st. 2lbs.		
Mr Henton's	b. a. h.	<i>Farewell</i> ,	aged,	9st. 5lbs.		
Nawab Mahomed Alce's	g. a. h.	<i>Bedouin</i> ,	6 years,	8st. 10lbs.		
Nawab Alee Nukhic's	g. a. h.	<i>Seahorse</i> ,	6 years,	9st. 3lbs.		

The beautiful *Belle* after some little trouble was persuaded not to dance the Polka, and at the word they all went in a rush from the post. The *Belle* and *Scratch* running the first $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in 54s., where the *Belle* dropt from want of condition and *Scratch* kept along to the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile running it in 1m. 24s., and keeping the lead to the last quarter, where Barker's careful riding told and he landed *Soldierlad* a winner by half a length in 2m. 26s.*

* The second heat was won by the *Lad* in 2m 27s.

* Better late than never. We could not account for the fact of the Lucknow Races being wholly unreported. We are much obliged to our Correspondent.—A. E.

3D RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. P. P. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs.

Mr Cardinal's	b. a. h.	<i>Plenipo</i> ,	9st. 5lbs.	..	1
Nawab Mahomed Alee's	g. a. h.	<i>Echo</i> ,	8st. 12lbs.	..	2

Won easily by *Plenipo* in 4m. 4s.

4TH RACE.—Hack Purse won by b. a. h. *Jerry*.

SECOND DAY.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. H. F. for all Maidens. Calcutta weight for age. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Winner once 5lbs. extra. 9 Nominations.

Mr Fox's	b. a. h.	<i>Soldierlad</i> ,	8st. 9lbs.	..	1
Mr Hope's	w. a. h.	<i>Whitelock</i> ,	8st. 13lbs.	..	2
Nawab Alee Nukhie's	br. a. h.	<i>Volligreur</i> ,	8st. 13lbs.	..	3

2D RACE.—The Minister's Purse of 50 G. M. for all horses. 9st. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Heats R. C.

Nawab Mahomed Alee's	..	<i>Grandmaster</i> ,	1	1
Mr Cardinal's	..	<i>Plenipo</i> ,	2	3
Mr Hope's	..	<i>Scratch</i> ,	3	2
Mr Henton's	..	<i>Farewell</i> ,				
Mr Lewis'	..	<i>The Belle</i> ,				

Grandmaster got a very long start of some four or five lengths, *Smirke* having gone before the word was given, for which he should have been fined. The 1st heat was won by a neck from *Plenipo*, *Scratch* being as much behind the latter and the 2d from *Scratch* in the same manner, *Plenipo* taking *Scratch's* place in the 1st heat. *The Belle* impatient at starting but running kindly when once off, it was a pity she had not been longer in work.

Time,— $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile 2m. 56s.—R. C. 3m. 1s.—2d heat, R. C. 3m. 2s.

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. P. P. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Nawab Alee Nukhie's	..	<i>Volligreur</i> ,	1
Mr Fox's	b. c. h.	<i>Cape Lad</i> ,	2
Mr Hope's	..	<i>Problem</i> ,	3

Problem ran sulky and would not try to gallop.

Time,—1m. 26s.

4TH RACE.—Pony Staker won by *Culprit*.

THIRD DAY.

1ST RACE.—Syed Ahmud's Purse of 25 G. M. for all horses purchased from him during 1848. 8st. 7lbs. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. Entrance 10 G. M. 5 Nominations.

Mr Hope's	g. a. h.	<i>Scratch</i> ,	1
Mahomed Alee's	g. a. h.	<i>Echo</i> ,	2
Mr Henton's	b. a. h.	<i>Chusan</i> ,	3

Won in a walk—in 3m. 11s.

2D RACE.—The King's Purse of 100 G. M. for all horses. Calcutta weight for age. R. C. heat. Entrance 15 G. M. P. P. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Horses that have not won allowed 12lbs. 7 Nominations.

Nawab Mahomed Alee's	..	<i>Grandmaster,</i>	1
Mr Hope's	..	<i>Whitlock,</i>	2
Mr Henton's	..	<i>Farewell,</i>			
Mr Lewis'	..	<i>The Belle,</i>			
Nawab Alee Nukhie's	..	<i>Voltigeur,</i>			
Mr Jones'	..	<i>Soldierlad,</i>			

To the surprise of all spectators, *Whitlock* led from the post in both heats, and was only beaten by *Grandmaster* in the 1st heat by a head, in the 2d heat by half a length.

Time,—1½ miles 2m. 56s.—R. C. 3m. in both heats.

3D RACE.—Galloway Purse of 8 G. M. 3 G. M. entrance. R. C. and distance.

Mahomed Alee's	..	<i>Echo,</i>	1
Mr Lewis'	..	<i>Ariel,</i>	2
Mr Heath's	g. a. h.	<i>Tarifa,</i>	3

FOURTH DAY.

1ST RACE.—Handicap for Winners ; optional to Losers. 10 G. M. from the Fund. 10 G. M. P. P. 1½ miles.

Plenipo,
Grandmaster,
Scratch,
Voltigeur,
Farewell,

Won by *Plenipo* in 2m. 56s.

2D RACE.—Losers' Handicap of 10 G. M. from the Fund. 10 G. M. 1½ miles heats.

<i>Farewell,</i>	1	1
<i>Problem,</i>	2	2

Problem sulky as soon as caught.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 6s. ;—2d heat, 3m. 11s.

3D RACE.—Consolation Purse.

Mr Henton's	g. a. h.	<i>Java.</i>
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SECOND MEETING,—1st Day, Jan. 13.

1ST RACE.—Lucknow Derby for Maiden Arabs. 20 G. M. from the Fund. R. C. and distance. 8st. 7lbs. each winners once 7lbs. extra.

Mr Fox's	..	<i>Gaylad,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	..	1
Nawab Alee Nukhie's	..	<i>Voltigeur,</i>	9st. 0lb.	..	2
Mr Hope's	..	<i>Whitlock,</i>	8st. 7lbs.	..	3

Whitlock fell at the post. *Gaylad* shut up on hearing the whip applied to *Voltigeur*, who could not give his opponent 7lbs.

Time,—3m. 11s.

2D RACE.—Nawab Mahomed Aleo Khan's Purse of 25 G. M. for all horses. 1½ miles heats. 8st. 7lbs. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P. 9 Nominations.

Mr Hope's	..	<i>Plenipo</i> ,	1	1
Mahomed Aleo's	..	<i>Grandmaster</i> ,	2	2
Mr Henton's	..	<i>Farewell</i> .				

Plenipo had passed into Mr Hope's stable and was ridden in first rate style by old Panchoo.

Time,—2m. 55s.—2d heat, 2m. 56s.

3D RACE.—Hack Purse won by Jerry.

SECOND DAY.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all maidens. Calcutta weight for age. R. C. and distance. 10 G. M. P. P. winner once 7lbs. oftener 10lbs. extra. 7 Nominations.

Nawab Aleo Nukhie's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Magnet</i> ,	8st.	4lbs.
Mr Fox's	..			<i>Gaylad</i> ,	9st.	6lbs.
Mr Hope's	..			<i>Whitelock</i> .		

Won by *Magnet*. *Whitelock* quite unable to go a yard.

2D RACE.—Nawab Ameen-ood-Dowlah's Purse of 25 G. M. for all horses. Calcutta weight for age. 1½ mile heats. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens that have never won allowed 10lbs.

Nawab Mahomed Aleo's	..	<i>Grandmaster</i> ,	8st.	6lbs.
Mr Hope's	..	<i>Plenipo</i> ,	9st.	5lbs.
Nawab Aleo Nukhie's	..	<i>Voltigeur</i> ,	8st.	6lbs.

Grandmaster carried 8st. 6lbs, *Plenipo* 9st. 5lbs. which added to the Course being very heavy from the rain, gave the race to *Grandmaster* without much trouble. This horse was in luck throughout the meetings having never carried above 8st. 6lbs.

3D RACE.—Lucknow Welter of 10 G. M. Entrance 5 G. M. P. P. 5 entrances 1½ mile.

Mr Hope's	..	<i>Scratch</i> .
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THIRD DAY.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 25 G. M. given by Nawab Moonowur-ood-Dowlah, to be handicapped by the Steward. 2 miles 10 G. M. P. P.

Mr Henton's	..	<i>Farewell</i> ,	1
Mr Hope's	..	<i>Plenipo</i> ,	2
Mr Fox's	..	<i>Gaylad</i> ,	3
Nawab Aleo Nukhie's	..	<i>Magnet</i> ,	4

All the horses going off, except *Farewell*, to whom the galloping was beneficial.

2D RACE.—Cheroot Stakes.

Won by Bag Mag.

FOURTH DAY.

1ST RACE.—Winners' Handicap of 10 G. M. P. P. 1½ mile.

Mr Hope's	..	<i>Plenipo</i> ,	1
Mr Henton's	..	<i>Farewell</i> ,	2
Mr Fox's	..	<i>Gaylad</i> ,	3
Alec Nukhie's	..	<i>Magnet</i> ,	4

Won by *Plenipo* who was 6 lengths behind at the ½ mile in. *Farewell's* rider took him away from the post and thus in the opinion of many put his chance out. The Betting was much in favor of *Farewell* and in the Lottery of 50 G. M., he fetched 36. *Plenipo* only 5 G. M.

Time,—2m. 56s.

2D RACE.—Losers' Handicap.

Nawab Alec Nukhie's	..	<i>Voltigeur</i> .
Walked over.		

JULLUNDUR SKY RACES.

FIRST DAY, March 2, 1849.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 100 Rs. for all Arabs. Entrance 2 G. M. 9st. 7lbs. each. ¾ mile race.

Mr Lloyd's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Rufus</i> ,	..	Mr Cuminc	1
Mr D'Aguilar's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Unknown</i> ,	2
Capt John's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Speculation</i> ,	3
Mr W. W—fle's	c.	a.	h.	<i>Reindeer</i> ,	4

Won easy—Time, 1m. 32s.

2D RACE.—Pony Race. ¼ mile heats. Catch weights.

Mr Lloyd's	p.	p.	pony	<i>Fairy</i> ,	..	Native	..	1	1
Mr Booth's		g.	pony	<i>Peter Simple</i> ,	2	2

Won easy—Time,—29s.—30s.

3D RACE.—Hurry Scurry. ¼ mile heats, 9st. 7lbs. each. Entrance 2 G. M.

Mr Lloyd's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Gem</i> ,	1	1
Mr W—ggle's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Balls</i> ,	2	2
Mr D'Aguilar's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Unknown</i> ,	3	3
Mr Ditch's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Tom Thumb</i> ,	4	4

Won easy.—Time,—28s. and 29s.

SECOND DAY.

1ST RACE.—Flying Brigade Handicap Purse. 1 mile. Entrance 2 G. M.

Capt. John's	..	<i>Speculation</i> ,	9st.	..	Native Rider	1
Mr Lloyd's	..	<i>Rufus</i> ,	11st.	2
Mr Penton's	..	<i>Roebuck</i> ,	9st.	7lbs.	..	3

Won with difficulty, although *Rufus* gave the winner 2st. Got a bad start, was badly, very badly ridden.

Time,—2m. 7s.

2D RACE.—Give and Take of— G. M. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M. 14 hands to carry 10st.

Capt. John's	g.	a.	g.	<i>Sal-'im-on-a-'ac</i> ,	10st.	..	Native	1	1
Mr Ingleby's	g.	a.	g.	<i>Taffy</i> ,	9st.	2	2

No Race, any part of the way. Won easy.

Time,—1st heat, 1m.—2d heat, 59s.

3D RACE.—Consolation Stakes of ——. Entrance 1 G. M. Weight for valuation

Mr Lloyd's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Gem</i> ,	10st.	..	Mr Cumine	1	1
Mr Bailey's	br.	a.	h.	<i>Coarse Hair</i> ,	11st.	2	2
Mr Ingleby's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Hawk</i> ,	10st.	3	3

Time,—1st heat, 59s.—2d heat, 1m.

THIRD DAY.

1ST RACE.—Winner's Handicap. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Mr Lloyd's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Gem</i> ,	9st.	..	Mr Cumine	1
Capt. John's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Sal-'im-on-a-'ac</i>	9st.	2

Won easy.—Time,—1m. 35s.

2D RACE.—Loser's Handicap. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Mr W—gle's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Balls</i> ,	9st.	7lbs.	Owner	1
Mr D'Aguilar's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Unknown</i> ,	10st.	0lb.	..	2
Mr Thompson's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Hawk</i> ,	9st.	7lbs.	..	3

Won easy.—Time,—1m. 38s.

3RD RACE.—Handicap. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Mr Lloyd's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Massaroni</i> ,	..	Mr F. Thompson	1
Capt. John's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Speculation</i> ,	..	Native	2

A beautiful Race, *Massaroni* held a length behind to the distance when M Thompson landed him a winner by masterly riding, half a length.

Time,—1m. 34s.

4TH RACE.—Match. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

Mr B—'s	..	<i>Mischief</i> ,	1
Mr Booth's	..	<i>Peter Simple</i> ,	2

Won in a canter.

5TH RACE.—Match. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

Mr Kill Pot's	..	<i>Cicero</i> ,	1
Mr Stoddart's	..	<i>Hotspur</i> ,	2

Won easy.

SWELLENDAM RACES.

FIRST DAY, March 21, 1849.

1ST RACE.—The Untried Purse, value £10, for Horses bred in the District. Weight for age. Mile heats. Entrance 10s.

H. Kunn's	ch. h.	<i>Napoleon</i> ,	4 yrs. by Catalonian	6 1 1
J. Hannebal's	bl. c.	<i>Prince James</i> ,	2 yrs. by Gammonbox	1 2 4
C. Chandler's	gr. c.	<i>Jim Crow</i> ,	3 yrs. by Prince Albert	2 3 0
H. Hodgson's	b. g.	<i>Panda</i> ,	3 yrs. by Catalonian	3 0 0
P. Van der Spuy's	b. h.	<i>Metternich</i> ,	5 yrs. by Metternich	0 0 3
F. Muller's	b. c.	<i>Dispute</i> ,	2 yrs. by Wahab	0 0 0
J. Falck's	b. c.	<i>Mambrino</i> ,	3 yrs. by Mambrino	0 0 0
A. Van der Byl's	br. c.	<i>Pallas</i> ,	2 yrs. by Gustavus	dis.

The first heat was a well-contested one, *Prince James* winning after a close race with *Jim Crow*—*Napoleon* saving his distance. The 2d and 3d heats won by *Napoleon* easily.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 57s ; 2nd heat, 2m. ; 3d heat, 2m. 4s.

2D RACE.—The Subscription Cup, value £22 10s., with £15 added by the Club, for Horses bred in the District. Mile and a half heats. Weight for age. Three horses to start or no Race. Entrance £1.

R. Bacham's	br. c.	<i>Frank</i> ,	3 yrs. by Prince Royal	1 1
G. Ratray's	b. h.	<i>Chevalier</i> ,	5 yrs. by Gustavus	2 4
E. B. Hoffman's	b. c.	<i>Emperor</i> ,	3 yrs. by Gustavus	3 3
Mr Legrange's	b. h.	<i>Sweep</i> ,	5 yrs. by Gammonbox	4 2
M. du Pless's	b. h.	<i>Sir Harry</i> ,	5 yrs. by Blucher,	5 5

Frank won both heats, and astonished the knowing ones. He made the running without being collared, and won each time by a length.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 1s. ; 2d heat, 2m. 58s.

3D RACE.—The Two years old Stakes, a Sweepstake of £1 10s. each, P. P., for two years old Colts and Fillies. One mile, open to the Colony. Entrance 10s. (22 Subscribers.)

C. Wyld's	b. c.	<i>Young O'Connell</i> ,	by O'Connell	1
J. Falck's	b. c.	<i>Alphonso</i> ,	by O'Connell	2
F. Legrange's	b. c.	<i>Gammonbox</i> ,	by Gammonbox	3
P. Terblan's	br. c.	<i>Farmer John</i> ,	by Young Gustavus	4
F. Muller's	b. f.	<i>Tilly</i> ,	by Gammonbox	5
G. Ratray's	bl. c.	<i>Blackstone</i> ,	by Gustavus	6
H. Hodgson's	bl. c.	<i>John Gallopade</i> ,	by Gallopade	7
A. Van der Byl's	ch. f.	<i>Jenny Lind</i> ,	by Ottoman	8
E. B. Hoffmann's	gr. c.	<i>Wildrake</i> ,	by Wildrake	0
J. B. Guthrie's	br. c.	<i>Pioneer</i> ,	by Pioneer	0
M. Steyn's	br. c.	<i>Pinza</i> ,	by Prince Albert	0
P. Van der Spuy's	b. c.	<i>Alonzo</i> ,	by Mambrino	0
Wm. White's	gr. c.	<i>Merry Monarch</i> ,	by Metternich	0

There was a splendid start for this race, *Young O'Connell* taking the lead and keeping it to the end, winning an honest true-run race in 1m. 55s. ; *Alphonso* a good second. The third and fourth horses pretty well up.

4TH RACE.—The Ladies' Purse, value £10, with £5 presented by Lady Smith, open to the Colony. Weight for age. Mile and a half heats. Entrance 15s.

P. Terblan's	bl. h.	<i>Flytrap</i> ,	4 yrs. by Young Gustavus	1	1
G. Rattray's	b. g.	<i>Don't-Trust-Me</i> ,	6 yrs. by Muding Longkloof	2	3
C. Muller's	gr. c.	<i>Speculator</i> ,	3 yrs. by Gammonbox	3	4
T. Leграuge's	ch. f.	<i>Crissie</i> ,	3 yrs. by Gammonbox	4	2
M. Steyn's	gr. h.	<i>Sir Henry</i> ,	5 yrs. by Humphrey	dis.	

In the first heat for this race *Sir Henry* took the lead for three quarters of a mile, when his jockey was thrown and distanced. *Flytrap* being second at the tree, won the first heat in 3m., and the second in 3m. 5s. *Don't-Trust-Me*, a good second, closely followed by *Speculator*.

SECOND DAY, Thursday, March 22.

1ST RACE.—The Agricultural Purse, value £10, for Horses bred in the District, two and three years old, that have not started previous to this Meeting. Weight for age. Mile heats. Entrance 10s.

C. Chandler's	gr. c.	<i>Jim Crow</i> ,	3 yrs.	..	3	1	1
P. Muller's	h. c.	<i>Dispute</i> ,	2 yrs.	..	5	2	1
J. Munik's	br. c.	<i>Pioneer</i> ,	2 yrs.	..	1	dis.	
J. Emmet's	h. c.	<i>Don Quixote</i> ,	3 yrs. by Ottoman	2	3	0	
H. Hodgson's	b. g.	<i>Panda</i> ,	3 yrs.	..	1	5	0
J. Falek's	b. c.	<i>Manbrino</i> ,	3 yrs.	..	6	4	dr.
H. Kunn's	br. c.	<i>Bluster</i> ,	3 yrs. bred by owner	7	dr.		
A. Van der Byl's	br. c.	<i>Paljas</i> ,	2 yrs.	..	8	dr.	

The first heat in this race was won easily by *Pioneer*, in 2m. 2s., but running away after passing the winning post, and getting into some rough ground, his Jockey dismounted, and was declared distanced in consequence. The race was afterwards won by *Jim Crow*, doing the next in 2m., and the last in the same time.

2D RACE.—The Turf Club Purse, value £15, open to the Colony. Two mile heats. Weight for age. Three horses to start or no Race. Entrance £1.

M. Leграuge's	b. h.	<i>Sweep</i> ,	5 yrs.	4	1	1
T. Leграuge's	ch. f.	<i>Crissie</i> ,	3 yrs.	1	2	2
G. Rattray's	b. h.	<i>Chevalier</i> ,	5 yrs.	2	3	3
M. Steyn's	gr. h.	<i>Sir Henry</i> ,	5 yrs.	3	4	4
P. Terblan's	bl. h.	<i>Flytrap</i> ,	4 yrs.	drawn.		

This was a good race for the first 1½, between *Sir Henry* and *Chevalier*, when *Crissie* coming up took the lead, and kept it, *Sweep* saving his distance. The 2nd and 3rd heats were won by *Sweep*, by a neck with *Crissie*.

3D RACE.—The District Purse, value £10, open to the Colony, the winners of the Cup to carry 10lbs. extra, of any other Purse 7lbs. Mile and a half heats. Weight for age. Entrance 10s.

G. Rattray's	b. g.	<i>Don't-Trust-Me</i> ,	6 yrs.	..	1	1	0
J. Munik's	bl. c.	<i>Pirate</i> ,	3 yrs. by Gustavus	2	3	0	
C. Muller's	gr. c.	<i>Speculator</i> ,	3 yrs.	..	3	4	0
H. Kunn's	ch. h.	<i>Napoleon</i> ,	4 yrs.	..	5	2	0
P. Fourie's	b. h.	<i>Wellington</i> ,	1 yrs. by Blucher	1	5	0	
R. Badham's	br. c.	<i>Frank</i> ,	3 yrs.	..	dr.		

T. Legrange's	ch. f.	<i>Crissie</i> ,	3 yrs.	..	dr.
E. B. Hoffman's	h. c.	<i>Emperor</i> ,	3 yrs.	..	dr.

In the first heat of this Race, *Pirate* and *Wellington* took the lead for about a mile, waited on by *Don't-Trust-Me*, who won a severe race at last by a neck,—*Pirate* second. The 2nd heat was also won by *Don't-Trust-Me*, in a close race with *Napoleon*.

Time,—3m. 10s.

4TH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of £1 each, P.P., open to the Colony, for horses of all ages. *Weight for age Half mile heats. Gentlemen riders. The winner to be sold for £40, if demanded in the usual way. Entrance 10s

F. Muller's	br. h.	<i>Gammonbox</i> ,	4 yrs. by Gammonbox	1	1	0
M. Steyn's	br. c.	<i>Fireaway</i> ,	3 yrs. by Prince Albert	2	2	0
M. Muller's	br. h.	<i>Bochy</i> ,	5 yrs. unknown	3	4	0
J. Otto's	ch. h.	<i>Bachelor</i> ,	4 yrs. unknown	4	3	0
M. Legrange's	br. h.	<i>Laurel</i> ,	5 yrs. by Laurel	5	5	0

The first heat was won with some difficulty by *Gammonbox*, the 2nd heat easily.

THIRD DAY, *Friday*, March 23.

1ST RACE.—The Breeders' Purse, a Subscription of £7 10s. each, P. P., added to a Sweepstake of £3 each, for all two years old Colts and Fillies, bred by the Subscribers. Colts to carry 100lbs., Fillies 97lbs. Dutch weight. One mile. (This subscription is binding for five successive years, commencing from the year 1848.) Entrance 15s. (14 Subscribers.)

T. Legrange's	b. c.	<i>Gammonbox</i> ,	bred by Legrange,	..	
		by Gammonbox	1
J. Falck's	b. c.	<i>Alphonzo</i> ,	2
J. Emmett's	b. c.	<i>Young O'Connell</i> ,	3
G. Van Dyk's	bl. c.	<i>John Gallopade</i> ,	bred by G. Van Dyk,	..	
		by Gallopade	0
C. Muller's	b. f.	<i>Tilly</i> ,	bred by M. Legrange,	..	
		by Gammonbox	0
A. Van der Byl's	ch. f.	<i>Jenny Lind</i> ,	bred by P. L. Cloete,	..	
		by Ottoman	0
E. B. Hoffman's	gr. c.	<i>Wildrake</i> ,	bred by J. Kotze,	..	
		by Wildrake	0
A. Muller's	br. c.	<i>Dandy</i> ,	bred by A. Muller,	..	
		by Gammonbox	0
M. Legrange's	bl. c.	<i>Prince James</i> ,	bred by M. Legrange,	..	
		by Gammonbox	0
M. Steyn's	br. c.	<i>Aliaza</i> ,	bred by P. G. Steyn,	..	
		by Prince Albert	0
P. Van der Spuy's	b. c.	<i>Mingo</i> ,	bred by F. Van Zyl,	..	
		by Mambrino	0

This was the most interesting race of the Meeting. The start was not a very good one, but as good as could have been expected by 11 two year olds. All pretty well together for the first half mile, when *Alphonzo* took the lead at his best pace, which he maintained for the next $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile, when he resigned, *Gammonbox* taking his place which he kept till the end. *Alphonzo* and *O'Connell* a good 2nd and 3rd.

Time,—1m 58s.

2^d RACE.—The Welter Stakes of £3 each, P. P., open to the Colony. One and a half mile, 3 years old to carry 142lbs., 4 years old 154lbs., 5 years old 160lbs. 6 years old 166lbs., aged, 169lbs. Dutch weight. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 10s. to go to the Club.—(15 Subscribers.)

P. Terblans's	bl. h.	<i>Flytrap</i> ,	4 yrs.	1
M. Lezrange's	b. h.	<i>Sweep</i> ,	5 yrs.	2
R. Badham's	br. c.	<i>Frank</i> ,	3 yrs.	3
F. Muller's	gr. c.	<i>Speculator</i> ,	3 yrs.	4
J. B. Guthrie's	ch. h.	<i>Alexander</i> ,	4 yrs. by Gustavus out of Caroline	5		
E. Hoffman's	b. c.	<i>Emperor</i> ,	3 yrs.	6
M. Steyn's	gr. h.	<i>Sir Henry</i> ,	5 yrs.	7
G. Rattray's	b. h.	<i>Chevalier</i> ,	5 yrs.	dr.

Emperor, *Flytrap*, and *Frank*, took the lead at a good pace, *Emperor* falling back at the 1st half mile, leaving it between *Flytrap* and *Frank*; *Flytrap* always a head in front, which position *Frank* could not alter,—*Sir Henry* and *Sweep* well up for the mile, when *Sir Henry* resigned, leaving the race between *Flytrap*, *Sweep*, and *Frank*.—*Flytrap* ultimately winning a severe race by half a length in 3m. and 3s. *Sweep* second, beating *Frank* by a neck.

3^d RACE.—A Handicap, for all horses that have ran during the Meeting, value £10. Mile and a half heats. Post Entrance 10s.

G. Rattray's	br. g.	<i>Don't-Trust-Me</i> ,	6 yrs. 134lbs.	2	1	1
T. Lezrange's	ch. f.	<i>Crisse</i> ,	3 yrs. 101lbs.	1	2	3
H. Kinn's	ch. c.	<i>Napoleon</i> ,	3 yrs. 122lbs.	7	3	2
M. Plessis's	b. h.	<i>Sir Harry</i> ,	4 yrs. 120lbs.	3	4	0
P. Van der Spuy's	ch. h.	<i>Max</i> ,	4 yrs. 116lbs.	4	0	0
P. Farrie's	b. h.	<i>Wellington</i> ,	4 yrs. 110lbs.	5	4	0
E. Hoffman's	b. c.	<i>Emperor</i> ,	3 yrs. 100lbs.	0	0	0
H. Steyn's	br. c.	<i>Fireway</i> ,	3 yrs. 97lbs.	0	0	0

The first heat was won by *Crisse*, in 3m. 4s. beating *Don't-Trust-Me* by a length. The 2nd and 3rd heats won cleverly by *Don't-Trust-Me*.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 5s. ; 2nd heat, 3m. 8s.

4TH RACE.—The Hack Race, value £7 10s., (which requires no particular notice, except that it was run in 3m. 2s., a pretty fair time for hacks, and won by a horse called *Hyer*), brought the meeting to a close, and it may be said that better running and a better display of horses was never seen on the Swellendam Course. Those racing gentlemen from the Cape District who paid us a visit for the first time, will, it is hoped, be more fortunate on a future occasion, as they will see that it requires a horse *fit to run*, as well as good, to stand a chance of winning with the class of horses now met with here. There is a new Stand to be built and already a numerous list of subscribers for the "Welter" and "Two-year old Stakes" for next year, which gives every promise of as good a meeting as every one, even the losers, acknowledge this to have been.

AUTUMN MEETING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN TURF CLUB.

FIRST DAY, Monday, April 23, 1849.

1ST RACE.—The Produce Stakes, being a Subscription of £15 each. P. P., added to a Sweepstakes of £10 each. P. P., for all 3 years olds, bred by Subscribers, and which have not started for the *Breeders' Purse*, in September 1848. Colts, 8st., Fillies, 7st. 10lbs. One mile and a half. 8 Subscribers.

Mr Hoffman's	b. c.	<i>Laurel</i> , by <i>Laurel</i> , bred by Mr de Jongh	.. 1
Mr Louw's	r. c.	<i>Sir James</i> , late <i>Trepid</i> by <i>Wildrake</i> , bred by Mr Kotze.	.. 2
Mr J. Van der Byl's	c. f.	<i>Vanity</i> , by <i>Gustavus</i> , bred by the owner	.. 3
Mr J. Van Reenen's	r. c.	<i>Sultan</i> , by <i>Glaucus</i> , bred by the owner	.. 4
Mr C. Mostert's	r. c.	<i>Indus</i> , by <i>Gustavus</i> , bred by the Hon'ble Mr Van der Byl.	.. 5

Laurel made all the running, got clear of his horses in the first half mile, was never approached afterwards, and won in a canter by 20 lengths.

Time,—3m. 0s.

2D RACE.—The Trial Stakes.—A Sweepstakes of £5 each. H. F., with £20 added from the Race Fund for all 2 years olds. Colts, 8st., Fillies, 7st. 10lbs. Three quarters of a mile.

Mr Hoffman's	g. c.	<i>Wildrake</i> , by <i>Wildrake</i> , bred by Mr Kotze	1
Mr J. Van der Byl's	b. f.	<i>Grace Darling</i> , by <i>Gustavus</i> , bred by the owner	2
Mr Louw's	r. c.	<i>Agitator</i> , by <i>O'Connell</i> , dam by <i>Morisco</i> , bred by Mr Melek	3
Mr J. Van Reenen's	br. f.	<i>Dieid</i> , by <i>Glaucus</i> , dam by <i>Albion</i> , bred by the owner	4

Grace Darling had a good start which she made the most of, but was caught at last by *Wildrake*, and both came to the whip at the distance. They both ran very stout to the finish, when the Colt just managed to win by a head.

Time,—1m. 29s.

3D RACE.—The Turf Club Purse, of £30, added to the *Gradlock Cup*, for all Horses. Entrance, £3 each, and £1 forfeit for Horses that do not start. Half the entrances and half the forfeits to go to the Winner. Heats, 2 miles,—Weight for age, and 7lbs. allowed to Horses that have never won on the Green Point Course.

Mr Van Reenen's	c. f.	<i>Selina</i> , 3 years, by <i>Glaucus</i> , bred by the owner	.. 1 dis.
Mr Hoffman's	blk. c.	<i>Sideboard</i> , 4 years, by <i>Sideboard</i> , bred by Mr Melek	.. 2 dis.
Mr Van der Byl's	br. f.	<i>Mary Ann</i> , 3 years, by <i>Gustavus</i> , bred by the owner	.. 0 dis.

1st Heat.—They all made a waiting race till the last mile, when *Sideboard* and *Selina* made play together, and went along at a good pace. The filly began to draw a-head in the last half mile, and in the last quarter had the race quite safe,

winning very easily. Last mile, 2m. *Mary Ann* in trying to save her distance—lost it.

2d Heat.—Both horses lay well together for the first mile which was running 2m., but after that the filly had the race to herself. *Selina* and *Sideboard* were both distanced, having both carried 3lbs. over weight ! !

Time,—4m. 17s.

4TH RACE.—The Welter.—A Purse of £30, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. II. F., for all Colonial bred Horses that have not won on the Green Point Course. One mile and a half. 3 years old, 9st. 7lbs.; 4 years old, 10st. 9lbs.; 5 years old, 11st. 3lbs.; 6 years old, and aged, 11st. 7lbs.

Three Horses to start, each from a separate Stable, or no race.

Mr Bayley's	c. c.	<i>Jereed</i> ,	3 years, by <i>Jereed</i> , dam the imported	
		mare <i>Post-Haste</i> , bred by Mr Bayley	1
Mr P. van Breda's	b. c.	<i>Fitz Humphrey</i> , 4 years, by <i>Humphrey</i> , bred by Mr		
		Kotze	2
Mr Hoffman's	b. c.	<i>Emperor</i> , 3 years, by <i>Gustavus</i> , bred by Mr		
		Van der Byl	3
Mr Louw's	g. c.	<i>Fear Not</i> , 4 years,	4
Mr Van Reenen's	b. c.	<i>Camel</i> , 3 years, by <i>Discount</i> , dam by <i>Albion</i> ,		
		bred by the owner	0
Mr Blake's	b. g.	<i>Don't-Trust-Me</i> , 6 years,	0
Mr Mostert's	b. c.	<i>Prince Albert</i> , 4 years, by <i>Gustavus</i> ,	0

Jereed the favorite against the field. *Prince Albert* made the running to the first half mile, when *Fitz Humphrey* came to the front and the pace improved. *Jereed* collared the leading horse immediately after, made him safe half a mile from home, and won in a canter, never having put into his stride in any part of the race.

Time,—3m. 4s.

SECOND DAY, Wednesday, April 25.

1ST RACE.—His Excellency the Governor's Purse, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. II. F., for all Horses. Two miles. Weight for age. A Winner on the first day to carry 7lbs. extra.

Mr Bayley's	c. c.	<i>Jereed</i> ,	3 years, 7lbs. extra	Thomas	1
Mr J. Van Reenen's	c. f.	<i>Selina</i> .	3 years,	2
Mr Hoffman's	b. f.	<i>Maria</i> ,	4 years,	3

Jereed made the running by himself, *Selina* lying some lengths behind for the first half mile when she began to close. They were close together at the mile, and went along the Stand at a clipping pace, *Maria* being beaten off very soon. *Selina* had enough of it half mile from home, and *Jereed* pulling back to her till they reached the Stand, then came away, and won very easily by a length.

Time,—1m. 11s.—last mile, 2m.

2d RACE.—The New Market Sweepstakes of £3 each. II. F., with £20 added from the Race Fund, for all Colonial-bred Horses. Heats, one mile. 2 years old, 7st.; 3 years old, 8st. 5lbs.; 4 years old, 9st. 8lbs.; 5 years old, 10st.; 6 years old and aged, 10st. 4lbs.

A Winner once to carry 7lbs., twice or oftener 14lbs. extra. The Winner to pay £3 to the Race Fund.

Mr J. Van Reenen's	r. c.	<i>Sultan</i>	3 years, 4 0 0
Mr Mostert's	b. c.	<i>Prince Albert</i>	4 years, 3 0 0

AUTUMN MEETING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN TURF CLUB. 63

Mr Wylde's	c. c.	<i>Rustic</i>	3 years,	0	0	0
Mr J. Van der Byl's	b. f.	<i>Grace Darling</i>	2 years,	2	2	0
Mr Thomas'	b. h.	<i>Energy,</i>	5 years,	5	0	0
Mr Hoffman's	bl. c.	<i>Sideboard,</i>	4 years,*	0	0	0
Mr Van Breda's	b. c.	<i>Fitz Humphrey,</i>	4 years,	0	2	0
Mr Louw's	r. c.	<i>Sir James,</i>	3 years,	1	0	2

* 11lbs. extra.

1s Heat.—*Sir James* took the lead, kept all the way and won easily by two lengths.

2d Heat.—*Sideboard* went off at great pace, choked off every thing in $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile and won in a canter.

3d Heat.—All well together for $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile, when *Sideboard* went in front—and had the rest of the race to himself.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 5s. ; 2d heat, 2m. ; 3d heat, 2m.

3d RACE.—The Tradesmen's Purse, of £25, with the Town Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. H. F., for all Colonial-bred Horses that have not won on the Green Point Race Course before the first day of the Meeting. Heats, one mile and a half. Weight for age. A Winner on the first day to carry 7lbs. extra.

Mr Hoffman's	b. c.	<i>Laurel,</i>	3 years,	7lbs. extra	..	1	3	0	dr.
Mr Van der Byl's	c. f.	<i>Vanity,</i>	3 years,	2	2	3	0
Mr J. Van Reenen's	br. f.	<i>Handmaid,</i>	3 years,	by <i>Glancus,</i>					
				bred by the owner..		0	0	1	1
Mr Blake's	b. g.	<i>Don't-Trust-Me,</i>	5 years,	0	1	2	2

1st Heat.—*Laurel* and *Vanity* made a good race of it all the way, the Cult winning with difficulty in 3m. 8s.

2d Heat.—*Don't-Trust-Me* won cleverly by a length in 3m. 8s.

3d Heat.—*Handmaid* having lain by in the two previous heats, came out fresh and beat the others easily.

4th Heat.—Ditto ditto.

THIRD DAY, Friday, April 27.

1st RACE.—The Visitors' Handicap, value £30, added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each. H. F., for all Horses that have run during the Meeting. Heats, one and half mile. Entrances to be made by 1 p. m., on Thursday, 26th.

Mr Van Reenen's	ch. f.	<i>Selina,</i>	3 years,	7st. 12lbs.	..	1	1	—
Mr Bayley's	ch. c.	<i>Jereed,</i>	3 years,	8st. 7lbs.	..	2	3	
Mr Hoffman's	bl. c.	<i>Sideboard,</i>	4 years,	9st. 3lbs.	..	3	2	

Jereed the favorite against the field, but he was quite amiss, and looked when he was stripped for the first heat, as if he had just finished it. *Selina* and *Sideboard* made play neck and neck at a killing pace for three quarters of a mile, when *Sideboard* began to drop, and *Jereed*, who had been lying some lengths behind, gradually made up his ground. He got within a length of the filly at the distance, but never quite reached her and was beaten by a length in 2m. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Considering the weight and the heavy Course the time is better than the best of many of the past Meetings.

2d Heat.—Ran nearly as the last, except *Jereed* pulled up early in the race and that *Selina* won more easily than before.

Time,—3m. 1s.

2D RACE.—The Staff Purse of £20, given by the Personal Staff of His Excellency the Governor, added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each. H. F., for all Colonial-bred Horses. Heats, one mile. Same Weights as for the *New Market Sweepstakes*. A Winner once to carry 7lbs.; twice or oftener, 14lbs. extra. The Winner to be sold for £100, if claimed; but allowed 5lbs. if priced at £80; 10lbs. at £60; and 20lbs. at £40. Entrances to be made, *specifying prices*, by 1 p. m., on Thursday, the 26th inst.

Mr Thomas' b. h. *Energy* 5 years, 8st. 8lbs. .. 1 1

Mr Hoffman's b. c. *Emperor*, 3 years, 6st. 4lbs. .. 2 dr.

Mr Van Reenen's br. f. *Handmaid*, 3 years, 5st. 11lbs. .. 3 2

Energy won both heats very easy in 2m. 1s. and 2m. 2s. *Emperor* fell lame in the first heat and was drawn.

3D RACE.—£5 added to a Sweepstakes of £1 each. P. P., for all Horses that have not won on the Green Point Course. Heats, half a mile. Catch Weights, not under 10st. 7lbs. Post Entrances. Gentlemen Riders. The Winner to be sold for £40, if claimed.

Won by Mr Blake's b. g. *Don't-Trust-Me* (rode by Mr Day, R. N.) in *four* heats, beating 13 others.

The Course was heavy.

WEIGHTS FOR AGE FOR THE AUTUMN MEETING.

2 Years old	5st. 12lbs.	5 Years old	9st. 12lbs.
3 —————	7st. 10lbs.	6 —————	10st. 2lbs.
4 —————	9st. 3lbs.	Agud	10st. 4lbs.

Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

**AUTHORITIES FROM WHICH THE RACING CALENDAR
IS COMPILED.**

Lucknow Races, Our own Correspondent.
Jullundur Sky Races, Mofussilite.
Swellendam Races, Sam Sly's African Journal.
Autumn Meeting of the South African Turf Club, Our own Correspondent.

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